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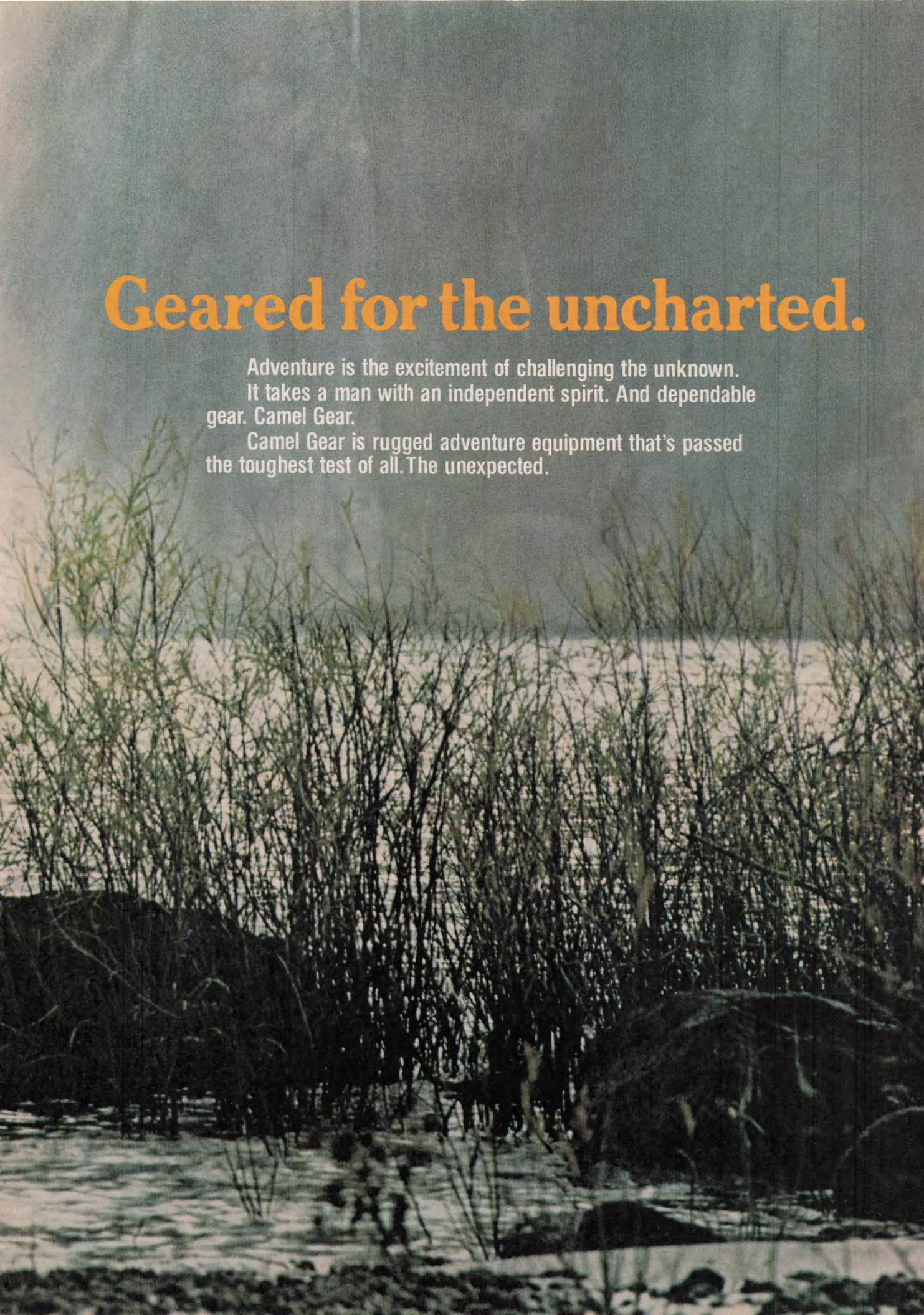

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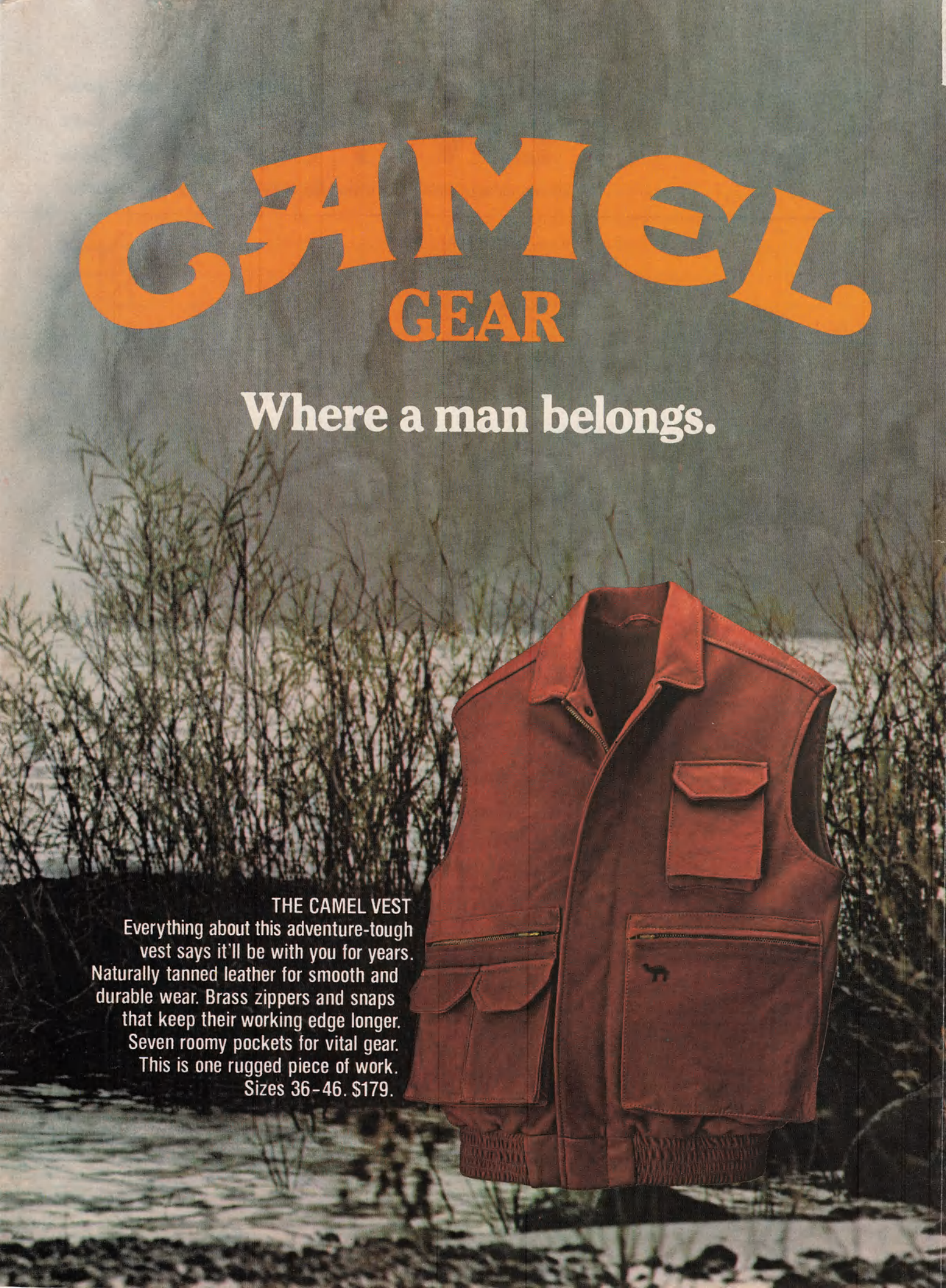

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This month's cover features Pet of the Month Linda Kenton. She was photographed by Bob Guccione using a Minolta camera and the Cokin Filter System. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 196.

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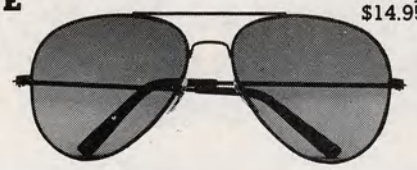

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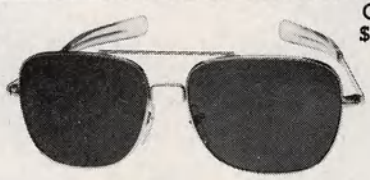

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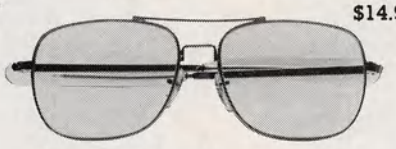

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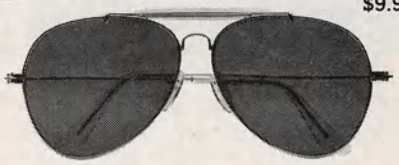

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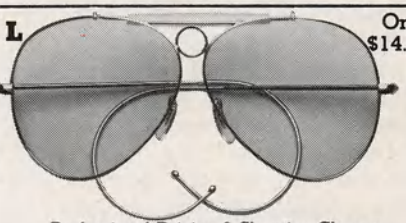

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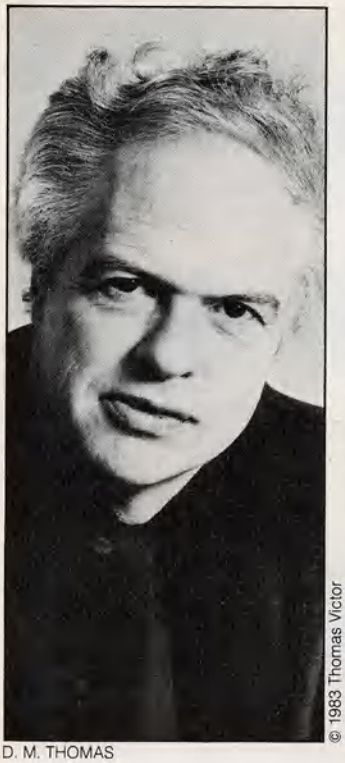

D. M. THOMAS

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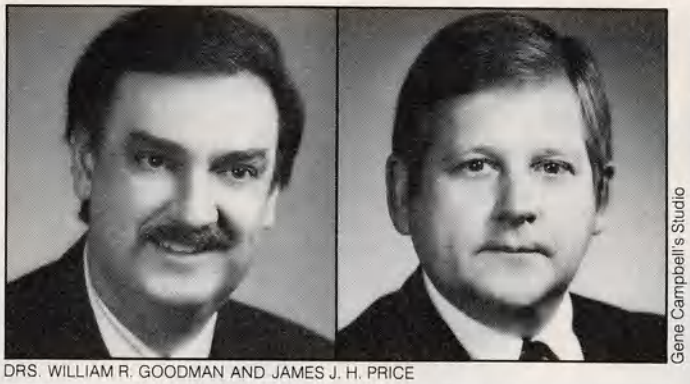

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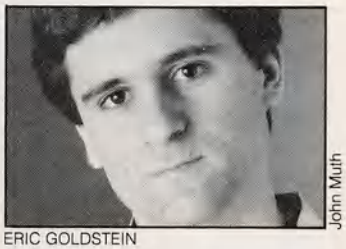

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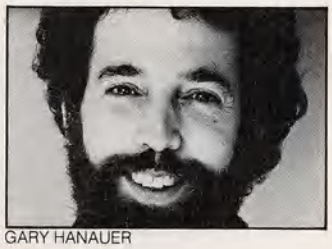

GARY HANAUER

HOUSECALL

They spend most of their adult lives behind the forbidding stone walls of maximum-security penitentiaries, subject to the kind of random, brutal violence that finally numbs a person to any emotion except constant terror. When they eventually get out, many of them are mentally disturbed . . . their marriages destroyed, their bodies broken. No–we're not talking about convicted criminals. The subjects of this month's lead article are the truly forgotten men and women who spend more time behind bars than most prisoners–the correction officers who are responsible for them. In this shocking, explosive report (page 62) author **Michael Disend** describes the often insane and always deadly world of the prison guard. Unlike most members of the mass media, who take notice of these people only when they're taken hostage in prison revolts, Disend spent several weeks inside some of New York State's toughest maximum-security prisons, interviewing guards and inmates who talked with brutal candor about their daily existence. "I go by the cemetery in town," one officer told Disend, "and each day I think, 'Is today the day?' If people here say they aren't scared, they're bullshitting. You just keep drifting along, hoping it's not your day to be a victim." Providing the story behind the headlines of the next deadly prison revolt, Disend's article is all too contemporary and timely.

Jerry Falwell's Moral Majority crusade and "Old Time Gospel Hour" television ministry have also become timely–thanks in great part to the popular series of investigative articles we've published about them over the last few years. This month, in an eyewitness report, two ordained minister-professors at Lynchburg College, in Falwell's hometown, describe what it's like to live in a city where "Falwell has come closest to his dream of Christian America" (page 80). Drs. **William R. Goodman, Jr.** and **James J. H. Price** whose book *Falwell: An Unauthorized Profile* created a storm of controversy in Lynchburg last year, speak out against what they see as an appalling misuse of power. "As southerners, Virginians, ordained ministers, and citizens of Lynchburg," they write, "we utterly reject Falwell's use of the Bible, his twisting of passages of that greatest of books to support his social and political agenda."

Jerry Falwell and his followers would probably be as outraged by the subject of this month's interview as they are by any free-spirited and freethinking individual, but we're sure that you will find **Gina Wilson,** proprietress of the Salt Wells Villa Guest Ranch in Nevada, as engaging and delightful as her "ranch" is profitable. You see, Madam Wilson runs the best legalized whorehouse in the country, and, in a spirited and down-to-earth interview with **Gary Hanauer** (page 116) she explains how she motivates her girls, why prostitutes make perfect wives, and how she deals with clients who arrive for "meetings" dressed in women's stockings or asking to be crucified.

The White Hotel, by **D. M. Thomas,** was one of the most critically acclaimed and popular novels of recent years. In his new novel, *Ararat*, Thomas returns to mankind's ancient obsessions with sex and death to brilliantly–and horribly–evoke one of our century's least-known holocausts–the genocide of millions of Armenians in 1915. *Ararat*, which will be published by Viking Press in the United States and by Lester & Orpen Dennys, Ltd., in Canada, is a story you'll never forget. Our exclusive excerpt begins on page 120.

Every recent survey agrees–teenagers are losing their virginity at increasingly early ages. In these days of total sexual openness, where pre-teens strut about in designer jeans and giggle knowingly at the ever present sexual innuendo on television, being a virgin is definitely out, and the sooner a kid "loses it," the better. Right? Well . . . we sent writer **Marjorie Rosen** out to talk to several recently deflowered teens. What she discovered, as described in their own words, may prove to be very surprising (page 76). And don't miss the special questionnaire on page 78. We want to hear *your* story–for an important update to be published in a future issue.

Other exciting features this month include a look at the latest in outdoor gear, worn by **William Katt,** the star of television's superhit series "The Greatest American Hero" (page 152); the ultimate automotive confrontation, the Ferrari vs. the Maserati–a special report by **Reggie Jackson,** surely another Great American Hero (page 146); divorce lawyer **Sidney Siller**'s warning about "Wife Rape"–the latest women's lib legal hustle (page 104); research editor **Eric Goldstein**'s report on homeless Vietnam veterans–among today's most tragic victims (page 102); and a sensational ten-page portfolio of the unsurpassed erotic art of the Orient (page 126).

Our lovely May Petlings are equally unsurpassed, this or any other month . . . as you would be the first to appreciate . . . a bountiful garland of May flowers, all in lovely bloom for your delight.

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MAY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

I just finished reading the letter in your December issue that was written by the twenty-eight-year-old college teacher who found herself mesmerized by, and then feasting upon, her nineteen-year-old student's cunt. The letter really blew my mind, to the point that I had to finger-fuck myself on the spot. And it also gave me the courage to tell your readers about my own initiation into the world of lesbian sex, since there are some similarities.

I am the wife of a college professor, also twenty-eight years old, and, if I do say so myself, have a knockout body, measuring 37-26-36. Our sex life together has always been very fulfilling, and I thought until this past summer it couldn't be better.

During the summer my husband was busy with summer sessions while I spent much of my free time lounging and sunbathing around our backyard pool. During this time I had gotten to know the young girl who lived next door rather well. Anita often joined me at the pool. We shared drinks and conversation while soaking up the sun. She was a former student of my husband's. And I must tell you that she has the face and figure of a goddess. I spent many hours admiring her five-foot-eight-inch frame with its 38-24-36 measurements. Her tits particularly turned me on, since we often removed our tops and I thus had ample opportunity to see them in all their glory. They jut straight out from her chest and have the biggest nipples I have ever seen. I'm sure she caught me staring at them more than once. And I remarked to Steve on several occasions that she really had a super body.

Anyway, Anita and I had been sunbathing together for several hours on that particular day. We had both removed our tops and, having had more to drink than usual, I dozed off. Sometime later, I was aroused by a tugging on my left hand. When I awoke, I found Anita kneeling over me, pulling my hand up over my head. Her naked tits hung right in front of my face. By the time I had sufficiently awakened to realize what was happening, she had secured both my wrists to the lounge chair above my head, using both our tops for ropes. I asked her what she was doing and she replied that she was going to make love to me. She had obviously had quite a lot to drink, for this wasn't at all like the girl I knew.

I began to struggle at my bonds but found that I couldn't free my hands. Anita then smiled and said, "Just lie back and enjoy it. I've seen how you look at me and I know that you want to do it." And then, lowering those magnificent tits of hers toward my face, she said, "Suck them! Suck my tits hard!" I opened my mouth and she thrust her right nipple into it. This was my very first time with another woman. But even as I sucked and licked her hard nipple, I knew that I was hooked. It tasted delicious and it filled my mouth with its firmness.

Anita fed me first her right and then her left tit and I worshiped both of them. When she sat up, both of us were breathing hard. And then she said, "God, that felt good. Penny! You really know how to suck tits. Let's see if you're as good with something else." She brought her hips up toward me and I noticed for the first time that she had also removed her bikini bottom. Her beautiful pussy glistened with her juices. She was obviously very excited from the tit-sucking and with the thought of forcing me to eat her. Lowering her pussy to my mouth, she said, "Eat my cunt, bitch!" Her words sent a shiver over me. I had never experienced anything like this before. My tongue flicked out and I got my first taste of pussy juice. It was even more delicious than her tits, and I licked and sucked her cunt lovingly. I wanted my hands free so that I could hold her ass cheeks while I ate. I begged, "Please untie me." But she only ground her cunt deeper into my mouth and replied, "Not yet, baby. I'm going to fuck you first!" And then she screamed out her orgasm as her come flooded my mouth. "Suck my cunt, baby! Drink all my juice!" And I did.

As Anita withdrew that luscious pussy, I tried to follow. But, being tied down, my pursuit was in vain. And I heard myself utter a moan of frustration. It was at that moment that her promise to "fuck you" seared into my brain. I lay there gasping for breath. I had never been so excited and so in need of relief in my life. I felt Anita move down over my stomach. And then I felt her spread my legs. She said, "Don't worry, baby. I'll get you off." And then she lifted my ass and, spreading my legs as wide as they would go, she drilled her left tit into my cunt. I felt her huge nipple fucking my clit as I went crazy with lust. "Yes, yes," I hissed. "Fuck me with your big tits! Fuck my cunt! I've never felt anything like this! Fuck me hard!" She changed tits, ramming her right nipple into me. It felt like a cock, it was so big and hard. And then I burst into my own climax.

I lay there sobbing for joy and thanking her for fucking me. I asked her to untie me. And she said, "First you have to agree to

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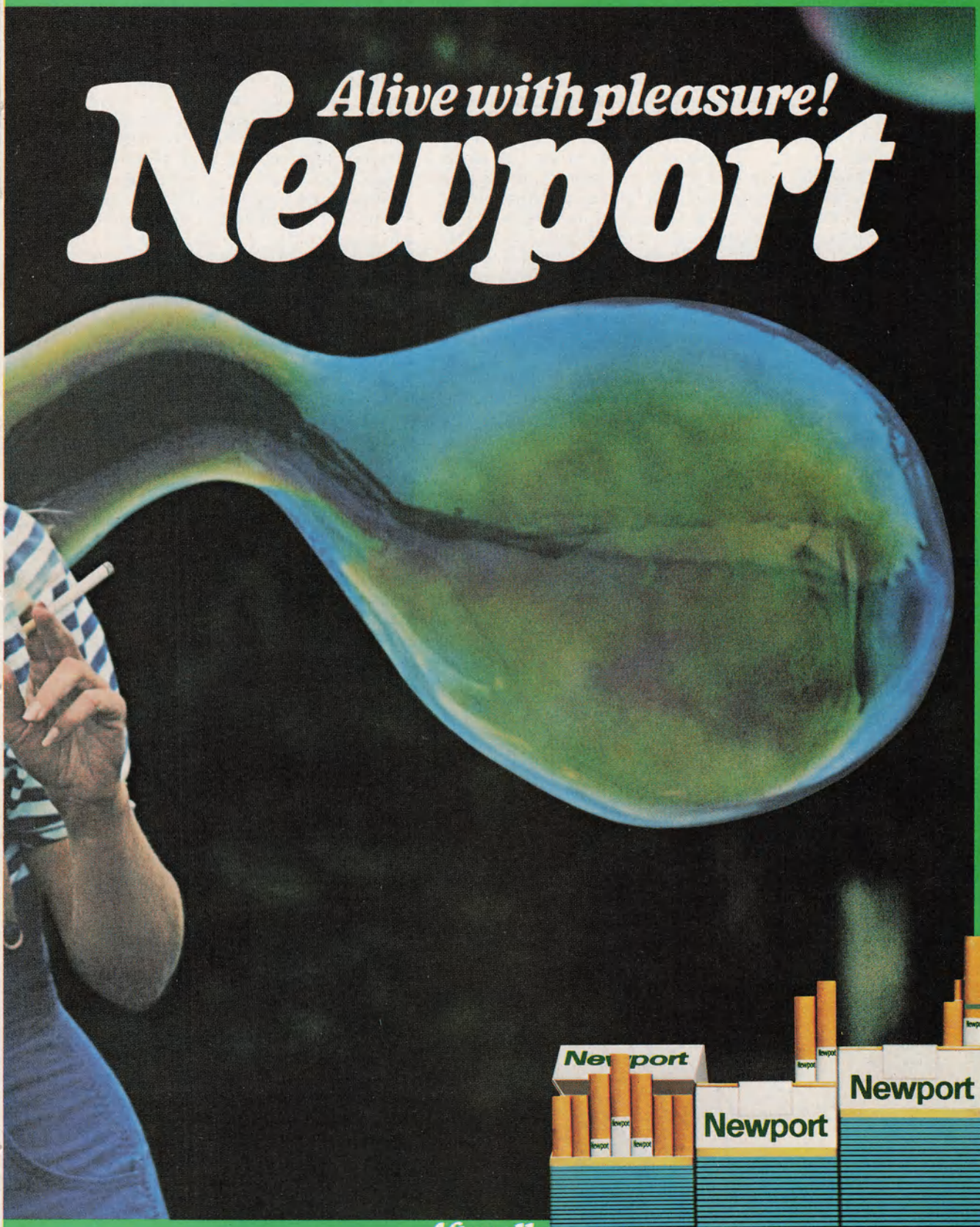
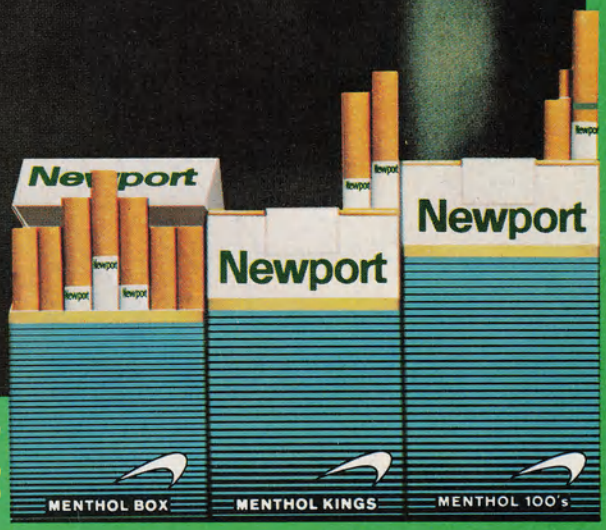




After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

my terms." Her nipples glistened with my juices. "You are now my slave. You must agree to suck my cunt on command. At all times when we are alone, you must be nude so that I have access to your tits and cunt. Do you agree to my conditions?"

I couldn't believe it when I heard myself say "Yes!"—*Name and address withheld*

HOW-TO

As you know this is the year 1983. It is the decade of sex and fun. There are, in my opinion, only about 4 percent of the female population over eighteen years old who are still technically virgins. Even though 100 percent of all women over the age of eighteen give blowjobs and get their cunts eaten every week, only about 92 percent of those young ladies love to swallow your come and love you to shoot on their face. Ninety percent of those young females love you to suck and fuck their nice firm tits every week. And my favorite, which is anal sex, is practiced by about 77 percent of all young honeys every week. I think those 77 percent have wisecracks (get it?), and I believe the remaining 23 percent would like anal love but are too shy to ask their man. Men, it is our job to see that every female gets a cock up her tight ass every weekend. Now, I shall tell you in my expert opinion the best ways to approach this matter.

I am now twenty-three years old and have been butt-fucking women since my senior year in high school. Believe me, I also get blown, and I tit-fuck, eat pussy, and screw cunt with each woman I date every week. I estimate that I have cornholed about 130 women since my first time, which was my senior prom. The how-to guide is now going to begin.

First, I believe every woman with a shapely rear expects to and would like to be ass-fucked every week. They want to do more with that fine ass than sit on it.

Second, to get your honey in the mood, you must show interest in her fabulous ass. You must, during your foreplay, caress and fondle her buns and crack. Next, flip her over onto her stomach so you can rub her buttocks with your hands in a circular motion. Next you should kiss and lick her great derriere and tell her how pretty it looks. Then, after a few minutes, begin to finger her hole. Be gentle in doing this, as you do not want to hurt her. Finger-fuck her anus, moving your finger in a circular motion to expand the hole for about three minutes. Positively, you must suck and tongue her ass hole to show her that you are not turned off.

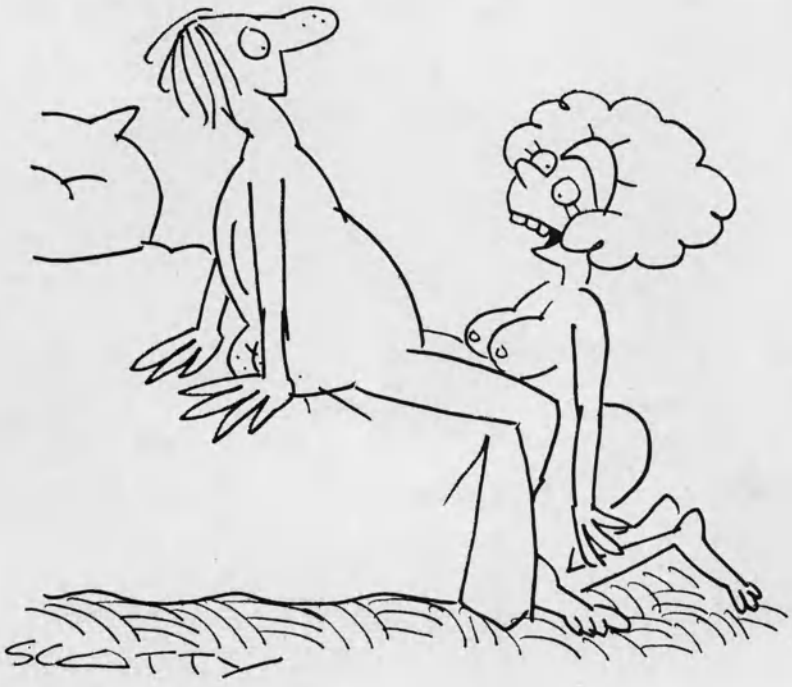
Next, after the rimming of her rectum, while she is still on her stomach, sit on her thighs and rub your cock in the crack between her wonderful buns. This is called frottage and feels great to the both of you.

Now you are ready to plow her delicious, tasty, beautiful tunnel. There are three positions in which this can be done. You can have her get on her hands and knees (doggie-style) and have her reach back and spread her cheeks so you have full access to her bung. Or you can have her lie on her back and throw her legs up over her shoulders. This gives good access to her ass hole and also enables you to finger her cunt and kiss and suck her tits. Or, finally, you may lie on your back with your knees up and have her sit on your cock, facing you. This is the best position for beginners, because it allows her to take in your prick at her own pace.

When you are ready to fuck you must first lube her ass hole and your cock with a lubricating cream. Then you must enter her hole slowly to allow the lips to open. It will take about three minutes after that for her to adjust to the intruder. Her ass hole will be so tight, hot, smooth, and deep that you will probably want to come. But wait, because when you start fucking her chute it will feel even better. The sight of your dick fucking in and out her lovely, expanded ass hole will drive you crazy. Plus, if you are fucking her doggie-style or if she is sitting on you, have her let go of her cheeks so you can feel them rubbing your cock.

You will be able to pump only for about four or five minutes before you will come. When you are coming, shoot some into her and then pull out and shoot her buns with come. Most women will be so happy that they will rub your come into their cheeks.

Happy butt-fucking.—*Name and address withheld*



"You mean it'll cure the common cold? I can't swallow that."

WATER BABY

I, like many other women, read *Penthouse*. Although my husband buys *Penthouse* for the beautiful and sexy women you present each month, I love it for the "Forum" correspondence. I must say they leave me horny as hell!

I thought perhaps I'd share my way of masturbating with all the other women *Penthouse* readers, so they too can feel my version of an enjoyable orgasm.

Often my husband has a very busy business schedule, leaving me without sex sometimes during his late working hours. At times I find myself overly horny and I need to come!

One day my husband called me and said he'd be coming home late again. With nothing else to do, I decided to take a long, hot bath to pass the time. I turned on the bath water and began taking off my clothes. I started feeling a little aroused when my hand brushed my clit while taking off my panties. So I softly rubbed my clit and hopped in the bathtub.

The water waving over my clit began to really make me horny. I found myself trying to get closer and closer to the rapid water crashing out of the spout down onto my clit. I decided to get even closer, so I sat on my ass and drew my legs up as I lay on my back. The only part of me that could feel the crashing water was my clit, and then the water trickled over and down my

crack. It made my clit so sensitive that I now had become terribly horny. I knew I had to get even closer to the rapidly pounding water. It felt so sexy!

I then found out I could sit on my ass and lie comfortably on my back. Having my ass lying over the drainage hole, I then lifted my legs up so that they were comfortably resting on the wall that the water faucets are on. I then adjusted the water so that it was flowing warmer and faster.

I began lifting my ass up closer and closer to the tap. My clit was still ever so aroused. I felt the drain release plug right near my ass hole and slowly guided it into me. Once the drain release switch was inside my ass hole and the water was pounding on my clit, I began riding it, moving up and down, faster and faster. I began feeling the penetration of the switch up my ass and found myself overtaken by a shattering orgasm. This left me exhausted on the tub's floor!

I completed my bath and later on showed my husband my newfound toy! He got really horny listening and asked me to do it for him. Being so open with him, I decided to show him. He loved it!

Since then my husband often watches me masturbate with the bathtub and sometimes he even gets in and kneels over the top of me so I can suck his long, hard cock while I come from my penetrating drain and water bash!—*Name and address withheld*

WHAT A CATCH!

The reason I am writing is that my wife and I have a fantastic sex life and enjoy all forms of sexual pleasures and fantasies. The only thing we have not participated in is the swinging scene, although we have come very close. The closest we've come is having nude photos of my wife developed by a public developer. We fantasize that they keep copies and look at my wife's pussy, ass, and tits. It just gives us a big thrill to think that they come looking at her pictures.

As I say, we've tried all kinds of sex. We masturbate each other. Also, sometimes my wife will dance in front of me and tease me with her pussy as she plays with herself. She makes me jerk off and she watches. This really turns her on. Sometimes she lets me come only a little bit. She continues to play with herself and teases me by making me beg to come in her mouth. She takes some of my come and rubs it on her pussy where I can see it. Then she turns around, bends over, and spreads her ass cheeks apart so I can see her ass hole. Then she makes me take some of my come on my finger and rub it around her hole and get it slippery so I can slide my finger in. All the while she continues to masturbate. By now she is really wet and slippery, and she spreads her legs right in front of me to show me how wet she is. If there is more come seeping out of my cock, she will again take some on her finger and put it up her cunt so I can see. Then she tells me to beg to eat her.

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She lets me get on the floor with my face close to her cunt. Then she lets me lick her. Boy, does it taste good with her juices and my come mingled together! At this point we are really both close to coming, so she has me get up and sit in a chair. Then I jerk off while she kneels in front of me with her mouth close to my cock. But she just teases it with the tip of her tongue. Then when she is about to come on her own, she sticks her fingers way up inside her. As she comes she puts her mouth close to my cock, sticks out her tongue, and catches all my come as it spurts out of my cock.—*Name and address withheld*

NATURE BOY

The letter in your December issue about the lady in the van who was turned on watching men masturbate reminded me of an incident in my life last summer. I'm a twenty-four-year-old female and was out hiking and taking pictures in the mountains nearby when I accidentally came upon a young man walking around in the nude. Since his back was to me and he hadn't seen me yet, I hid to watch his activities. When he turned slightly, I could see he had a very nice erection. Having always wanted to watch a man masturbate, I was very turned on and could feel my pussy start to lubricate. With my hands shaking I got my camera out and started snapping pictures of him. He seemed to be in his early twenties and had a nice body, which was covered in oil. He had a very nice tan all over. As I watched, he rubbed oil on his penis and stroked it slowly up and down. He would do that for a few minutes and then stop, and I could see his penis twitching and throbbing like it was just about to come. Although he seemed only average in size, it was very nice, since it stuck almost straight up from his body and had a very nice head. His show went on for over an hour, until he finally climaxed and shot a load about three feet in the air. I could hear his groans from my hiding place as he pumped several spurts out of his beautiful cock. By this time my panties were soaked and I could feel my clit throbbing with excitement. I tried to get up the courage to go over and tell him what I had watched, but somehow I couldn't.

When I got my pictures developed, I had some very good shots of him, which I masturbate to constantly. I only wish I would have had the nerve to talk to him that day, and I hope I can find some men in the future who will let me watch and maybe photograph their nude poses. Of course, I'd love to help them in their fantasies too.—*Name and address withheld*

A REAL LIFT

About a year ago I was living with a very unfulfilled sex life. Sex with my wife got to be boring and I longed for some new pussy. I really didn't want to pay for it, so I tried the singles-bar route. Being twenty-six, thirty pounds overweight, and slightly balding, this wasn't getting me laid.

Some guys at work belonged to a health club, so I joined with them. It took me about two months to slim down, and by then I had an interest in body-building. After six months of five-day-a-week, two-hour-a-day workouts, I was becoming somewhat muscular. My biceps are thirteen inches and I have a large chest to match. Every day I was getting more than my share of looks from the female population. I bought some clothes that accentuated my new body and started on the prowl again. This time I met with success, as I was getting laid about three times a week. It seemed like the more my muscles would grow, the more women I attracted.

Last week for my wife's birthday I wanted to get her a long satin robe. The saleswoman in the lingerie shop was a superattractive woman of about forty, with a figure that looked more like an eighteen-year-old's. She was showing me some robes when she went to the back to get some new arrivals. When she returned, I noticed that she had opened two buttons on her blouse and had on a half-cup-type bra. I was stealing glances at her half-naked tits when she caught me and asked me if I wanted to see more. Who would say no?

It was already past closing time, so she locked up and we went to the back room. She gave me a private showing of her favorite lingerie. After she put on an all-white ensemble—see-through bra, garter belt, G-string, and white stockings, she handed me a pair of bikini briefs and asked me to pose for her. As I stood in front of her, striking all the muscleman poses I could remember, she started rubbing her pussy with the one hand and her tits with the other. My dick was getting harder than I ever remember it and was straining against the flimsy material. She knelt in front of me and slowly pulled my briefs down. My cock is only seven inches long but it is also six and a half inches around.

She started covering my dick with kisses as she continued rubbing her pussy. Slowly she sucked more and more of my cock into her mouth until more than half of my dick was inside her. No woman had ever been able to give me a blowjob without her teeth rubbing against my fat dick, but her mouth felt like a piece of liver surrounding me. After about ten minutes of this exquisite treatment, she lay back on the floor, tore off her G-string, and said, "Put that beer can into my aching pussy."

Her pussy was the juiciest and hottest I have ever experienced. While I was pumping away at her she was telling me how much she loved my body and how much my big, muscular arms turned her on. I then scooped her up, and without missing a lick, screwed her while holding her over me. She had a very loud and active orgasm, which lasted nearly two minutes. Since she was so turned on by my strength, I held her over my face as I licked

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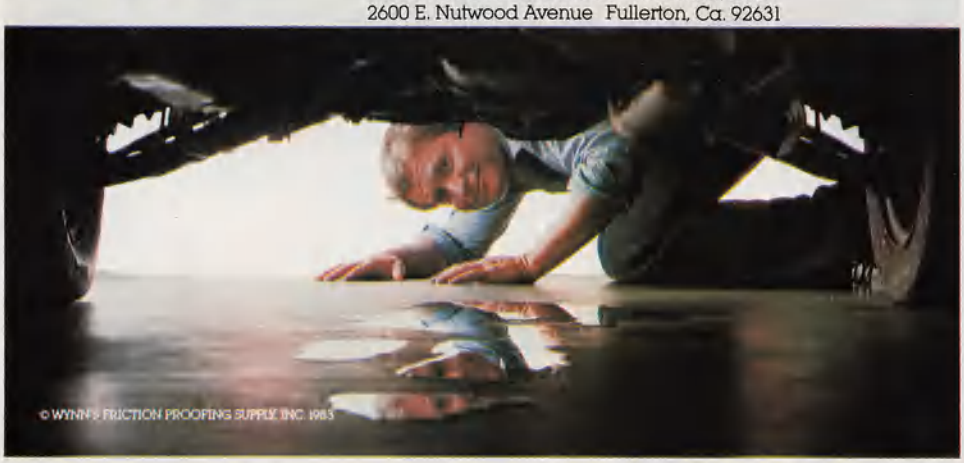

her clean. I then held her over my cock so she could do the same to me. In all, she spent about half an hour off the ground, and this really turned her on. She said she felt totally submissive and younger with that treatment.

She has asked me to model some men's underwear next week for a select group of her friends. She says they all are very much into muscular bods and assures me of having some fun after the showing.—*Name and address withheld*

OUR LITTLE SECRET

I am twenty-seven years old and an executive with a large firm. My position affords me a great deal of prominence in our town, which also means that I have to be very careful of what I do outside the office. The restriction is most unfortunate, because I also happen to be a transvestite. I've been cross-dressing since I was young enough to know what I was doing. Throughout my life, I've had the usual battles that most transvestites do—the guilt, the anguish, the denial, and finally the relief of mature acceptance. I am forced, however, to restrict my activities to home or the infrequent business trip.

Which brings me to my story. I had to go out of town for a week on business about a month ago. Rather than allow my houseplants to wither away, I entrusted the task of watering to a neighbor of mine, a recently divorced twenty-five-year-old lady who lives in my condo complex. I told her to make herself at home and to borrow any books or records she may want while I was gone. I didn't think of attempting to hide my female attire, but even if I had, the sheer size of the wardrobe would have made it difficult. My trip was uneventful and I returned as scheduled.

Ursula, my neighbor, was out when I called to let her know I was back. I unpacked, gave everything a "once-over," and climbed into the shower. Being clean and having fresh-shaven legs and face, I put on a beautiful white lace corselette with matching bikini, and a pair of new Dior stockings. I was applying makeup in the mirror, putting on my false eyelashes and nail polish, when I heard a knock on the door.

I immediately froze. All the lights were on, as was the stereo—whoever it was knew I was at home. Before I could say or do anything, I heard the key in the lock and Ursula's voice asking if anyone was at home. I told her to wait a minute, that I'd be right out. Well, she started walking toward my voice, turned the corner into my bedroom, and saw my slip and dress on the bed with my high heels on the floor. "So they *are* yours!" she laughed, and with that walked right into the dressing room where I was.

There was nothing I could do or say. We just stared at each other for what seemed like an eternity. I tried to stammer some excuse, but to no avail. Ursula said, "Well, don't you look sexy! Very, very nice. You have a beautiful collection of clothes, by the way." Seems that she had made herself at home and had explored all my dresser drawers and closets while I was gone, discovering in the process my transvestite reading material and magazines.

She told me to finish getting dressed—in my women's attire—and she would pour us some wine. I figured that, under the circumstances, I might as well, and a few minutes later came into the living room. Ursula had me do a few turns, as if to be a model on a runway at a fashion show. I sat down and we sipped our wine in silence. She stated that she was certainly surprised, but for me not to worry—our friendship wouldn't change for the worse. As a matter of fact, she was glad to find a girl friend finally.

We talked about my trip and the local goings-on and finished the wine. We were both getting a little loose, laughing and talking like any two young women. She began to run her hand up and down my legs, sending waves of erotic electricity through me. I began touching her in return, and before either of us knew it, we were exploring each other's mouth with our tongues. Her fingers traveled up my smooth thighs and felt my hard dick straining against my lace panties. I couldn't believe it—this was a dream come true.

Our dresses were off in a second and we were on the floor. Her pussy was moist and heavenly as I stroked it. "Take your panties off," she commanded in a low moan. The feelings I experienced as she feverishly ran her hands over my lace-encased body is something I'll never forget. By now I couldn't wait any longer and drove my throbbing organ into her awaiting cavern. Within a few seconds, we both climaxed, one right after the other. It was truly incredible.

We lay there for a while before Ursula suggested that we call it a night. She reassured me that my secret was safe and that I shouldn't worry. I started to walk her to the door, but she said, "Wait a minute, on second thought, you're not getting rid of me so easy." She turned around and headed back to the bedroom. She picked out a silk teddy for me to put on and pulled back the sheets. We both climbed in, and before long we were making love again—this time much more slowly and sensuously. We awoke in each other's arms the next morning, which made me realize that it wasn't all just a dream.

Since then, Ursula comes over every night. We go out like a regular couple and come home to make love like two women. She'll be moving in with me as soon as she can find a buyer for her place. We're also planning a few weekend shopping excursions, so we'll be two girl friends around the clock. Ursula is also helping me with my makeup technique in order that I can pass in public. This relationship is growing deeper and stronger every day.

Finishing third in the Baja 1000 was terrific. The way we did it was unbelievable.

The Baja.

A strip of land below the California-Mexico border. It can go from an elevation of 6,000 feet all the way down to sea level at the drop of a sombrero. Its terrain is made up of jagged rocks, sand washes, a dry lake bed, tide pools, mud, silt beds, you name it. If you're a snake or a lizard, it's paradise. If you're an automobile or truck, it's hell.

Yet it was on this God-forsaken strip of land that this year's most newsworthy accomplishment in the world of trucking took place.

The scene—the annual Pernod/Score Baja 1000. The accomplishment—the third place finish in the mini pick-up class of the absolutely unheralded entry of the Isuzu 4 x 4 pick-up. The only diesel entry in the entire race, and the first imported truck to finish the race.

An achievement that becomes somewhat heroic when one considers these facts. The Baja 1000 is a prestigious race that most truck manufacturers usually enter at substantial cost with crews, drivers and multiple truck entries. The Isuzu 4 x 4 was a single entry, with only its driver and owner, Henry Simpson, his co-driver, John Comacho and a very small crew.

Not only that, all the other entries benefitted from highly modified racing engines and transmissions. While the Isuzu benefitted from years of engineering know-how and required only a stock diesel engine and stock transmission.

And we did all of this in the remarkable time of 28 hours. While vehicles finishing behind the Isuzu, or not finishing at all, included Chevy S-10, Mitsubishi, Datsun and Ford.

All of which goes to prove what a land of opportunity America truly is. Because after 60 years of proving how tough we are all over the world, we could prove it here, in only 28 hours.

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1. To enter, complete an Official Entry Blank or handprint your name, address, zip code and telephone number on a plain 3" x 5" piece of paper and mail to KOOL "146 M.P.H. Sound System" Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 3550, Libertyville, IL 60048. Winning entries must contain the correctly completed line "There's only one way to play it... _____," found on any KOOL ad or product display; using the official entry blank or the alternative entry form. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.

2. Enter often, but each entry must be mailed separately. Entries must be postmarked by September 30, 1983, and received by October 15, 1983. No postcards, metered mail or mechanically reproduced entries will be eligible to win.

3. Winners will be determined by a random drawing by H. Olsen & Company, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. The odds of winning will be determined by the total number of your entries and the total number of entries received.

4. Winners will be notified by mail. To obtain a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to KOOL Winner List, P.O. Box CC, Libertyville, IL 60048, between December 1, 1983 and December 31, 1983.

5. All prizes will be awarded. All prize winners must claim their prizes on or before November 30, 1983. No cash or any other substitution for prizes as offered will be allowed.

6. Only one prize per family. Prizes are not transferable prior to award. LIABILITY FOR TAXES IS THE SOLE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE WINNERS.

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There's only one way to play it.

I only wish that your other readers could be as lucky as I've been.—*Name and address withheld*

A SOFT TOUCH

I am a shapely, twenty-one-year-old girl with brown hair, blue eyes, and what I'm told is a very sexy body. Although I've never had an experience with a woman before, I've always fantasized about it. My boyfriend, Ed, encourages my fantasies—he likes the idea of me making it with another woman. He is twenty, in college, and last weekend my fantasy came true when I was visiting him.

I was taking a hot bath in the dorm. I started to massage my firm breasts and stomach with bath oil, and thinking of the pretty girls I had seen in the dorms, I started to feel a deep throbbing in my cunt. I slid a finger into my snatch, working it all the way in, licking my lips in anticipation of what Ed was whipping up for me.

Suddenly I heard a knock on the door, and in comes Ed with this gorgeous girl. "Baby," he says, "this is Suzie. She saw you today and she . . ."

In the meantime, Suzie wasted no time stepping out of her tight, faded jeans. She is about five-five, with a slender, athletic build, great tan, shapely legs, blond, shaggy hair, and a sexy, full mouth. She knelt down beside me, shirt still on, took one of my breasts in her hand, and started to nibble and suck it. This sent fire shooting between my legs, especially because my boyfriend was just standing there watching us, which turned me on all the more. She said in my ear, "Your breasts are so soft, I want to rub them with mine, then I want to suck your cunt, so get out of the tub." I got out of the tub and lay down on the carpet. My body was all wet and oily and shaking with desire. She knelt before me and coaxed, "Open your legs." Ed, by this time had his cock out and was lazily stroking himself. She fell on me and started biting and sucking my nipples and then took off her shirt to reveal her perfect, large, round breasts, which she pushed into mine, and whispered in my ear, "Do you want me to fuck you now?"

"Yes, yes," I moaned, "I want you so badly." She slid one finger in my cunt and then two, pumping them in and out. Ed was biting my tits and neck and kissing me. Then she started to suck my clitoris while I grabbed her head and ground my hips in her face, saying, "Suck my cunt. Split me open, you cunt, I know you love it." I couldn't believe these words were coming out of my mouth, but it just made me have an exploding orgasm. Her tongue was long and expertly going deep inside me on each thrust. I was watching Ed approach orgasm—he was pumping his cock, saying, "Oh, you bitch, I'm going to come all over your face." He moved to kneel over me, knees on either side of my head, while she was still eating me, and stuck his cock over my mouth and jerked off, some of it in my mouth. I swallowed every drop. Suzie then said, "Turn over, I want to do something dirty to you." I turned over, my heart pounding, on hands and knees, and she started to lick my cunt again. My ass hole was throbbing. She was saying, "What do you want? Tell me, beg me." I didn't want to say it, but the words spewed out—"Lick my ass hole, stick your tongue in my ass." She made her tongue stiff against my hole and then soft, not penetrating. I was shaking, begging. Ed went under me and slipped a few fingers in my snatch, and played with my breasts. Then Suzie smacked my ass a few times and teased the hole a little before sinking her tongue all the way in. She thrust it in and out. It felt so slimy and good. She grabbed my ass cheeks and pulled them apart and moaned while she thrust her tongue deep in my anus. "Fuck me," I gasped. "Fuck me with your tongue." Ed was working his fingers in and out of my cunt as I climaxed again and again. Then finally spent, we collapsed in a heap. Actually, I'm the only one who was really spent, but Ed and I managed to take care of Suzie later on that night. But that's another story.—*Name and address withheld*

"Sea captain? Hell no. I'm an abortionist."

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

Long a fan of "Forum," I thought I'd write about a planned event that my wife, Wendy, and I, and Roberta and Mike, a couple very close to us, shared recently.

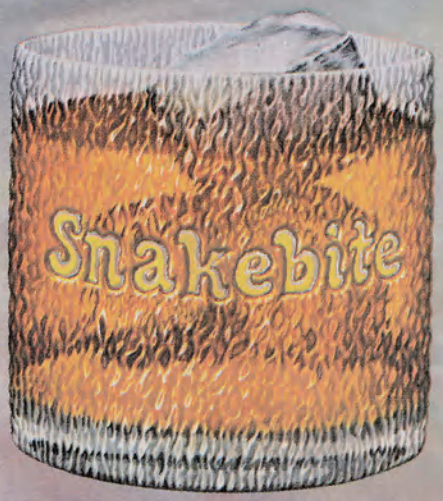
Roberta was about to celebrate her thirty-fourth birthday. Mike and I conspired to make this an event none of us would forget. Together we composed a highly erotic poem, describing in detail how she would have to lick and suck our cocks thirty-four times, have her breasts and cunt sucked and lapped thirty-four times, etc. You get the picture.

My wife dressed for the occasion in a floor-length skirt slit to the crotch, with no panties, and a see-through blouse. Wendy is in her thirties, stands five-eight, with 34C breasts featuring large, brown nipples. She has a very hairy pussy, with a large clit, all held up by a great pair of legs and a nicely curved ass. She's a lovely lady who thinks if there is anything nicer than sex, the man above kept it for himself.

Roberta, the guest of honor, is about five-four, brunette, and sexily plump. Her small, nicely rounded breasts have nipples that stick out a measured three fourths of an inch. Her cunt, her most outstanding feature, is light pink, has beautifully defined lips, and a very sensitive clit. She shaves most of her pubic hair off. An aura of sex emanates from both girls, and when they are horny, their cunts don't just get juicy, they practically drip.

Roberta and Mike arrived for dinner around 7 P. M. When they arrived we all sang "Happy Birthday" to Roberta and drank a toast. After kissing Roberta hello I fell to my knees, opened her wraparound skirt, and kissed her on the cunt. She was

MIX WITH YUKON JACK AND GET BITTEN.



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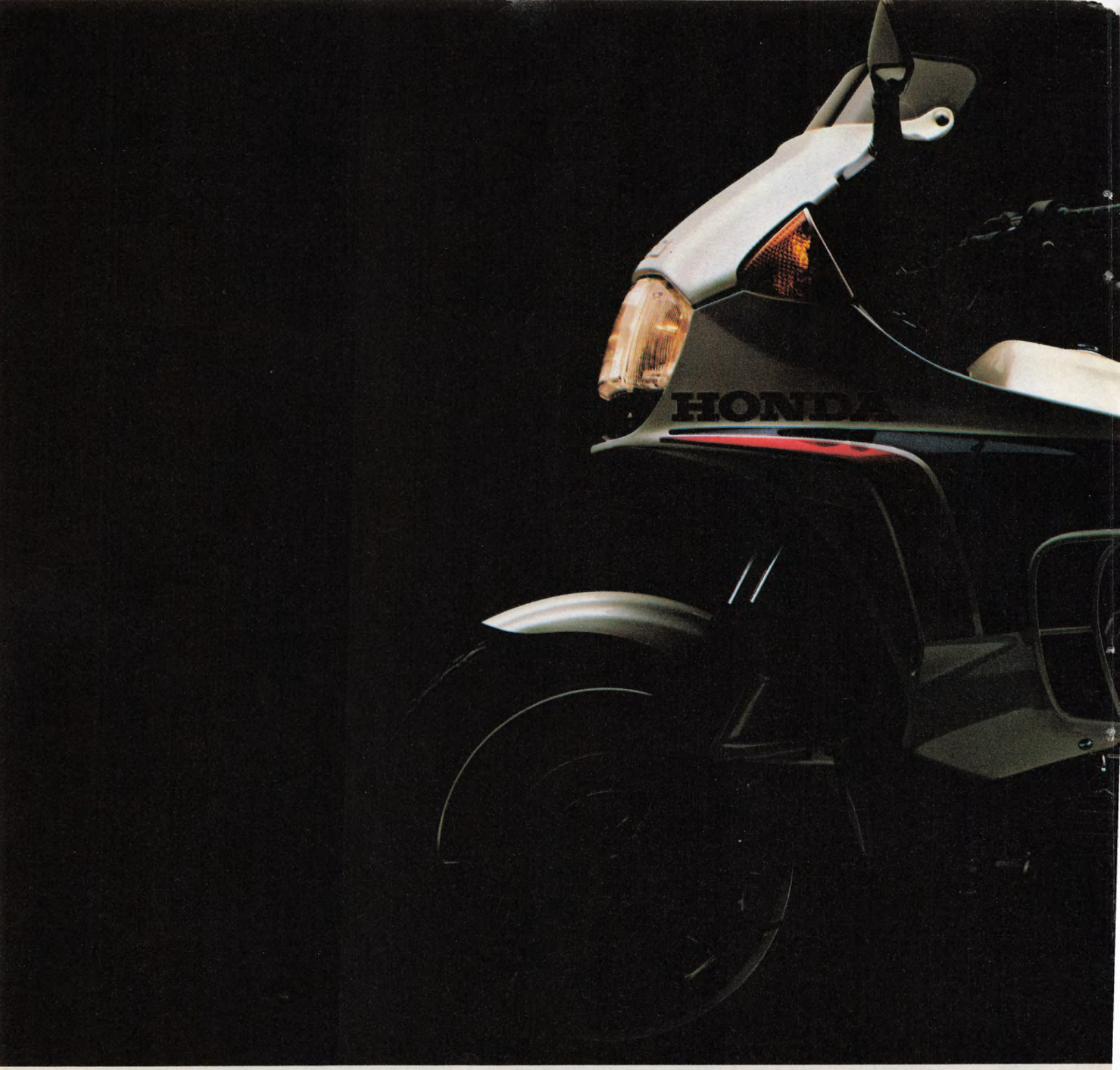

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In 1982, Honda introduced the CX500 Turbo. The world's first turbocharged, computerized, fuel injected, liquid-cooled motorcycle. A rolling showcase of motorcycle technology put to test in the real world.

And proof that a turbocharged mid-sized motorcycle could produce superbike performance, reliably and efficiently.

This year, we've gone ourselves one better.

We built a bigger CX Turbo. The CX650 Turbo. Actually, since its new engine displaces 674 cc's, a considerably bigger one. But more important, an even better one.

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To ensure ultra-accurate fuel delivery, this state-of-the-art engine is matched with an incredibly advanced fuel injection system. It's controlled by a digital computer which monitors boost pressure, throttle opening and engine speed.

And of course, the chassis is equally sophisticated. The Pro-Link™ rear suspension is completely air-adjustable, as are the front forks. The triple disc brakes have our exclusive twin piston calipers and the wheels are all-aluminum ComStars.™

The CX650 Turbo is also equipped with TRAC,™ our exclusive Torque Reactive Anti-dive Control, to reduce forward weight transfer during braking.

As advanced as the technology may be, the benefits are simple: Awesome acceleration. Better throttle response. Precise steering. Agile handling. And the stopping power to match them.

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†SAE net taken at the crankshaft.

wearing a garter belt and stockings but no panties. Wendy promptly followed me, kissing her cunt also.

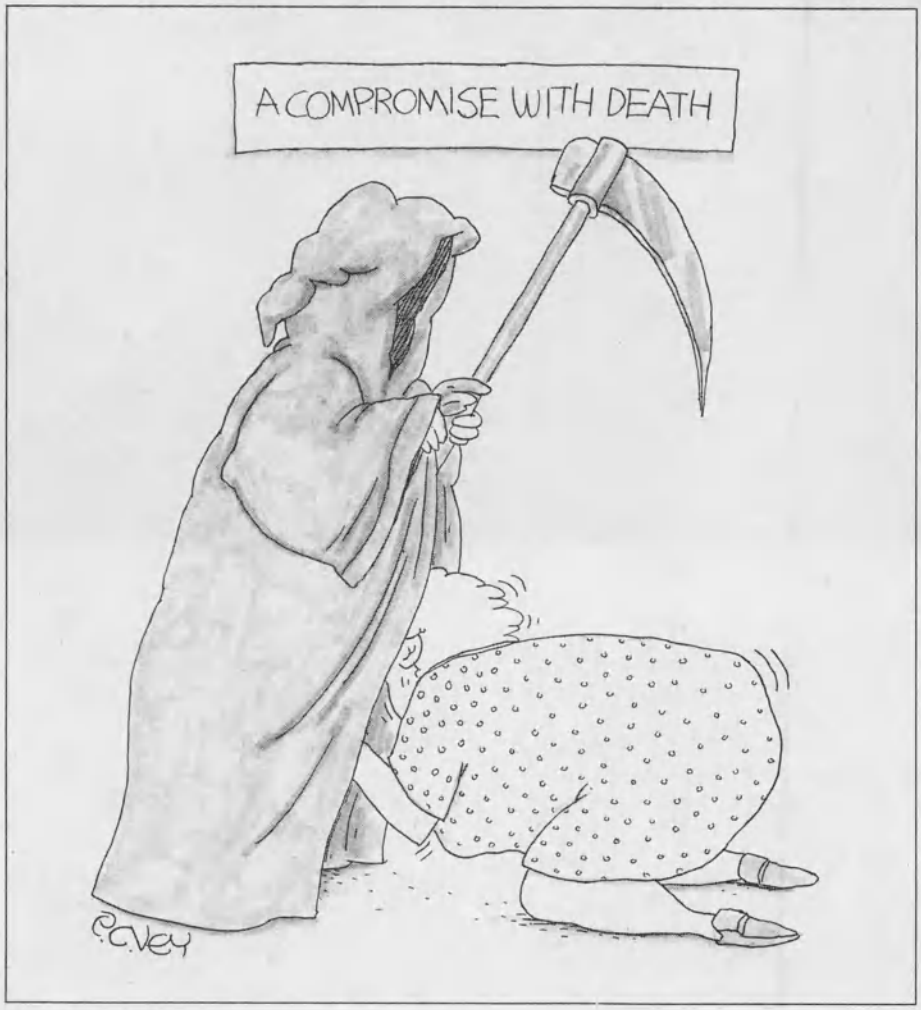
Wendy and I then proceeded to cook a lobster dinner, taking breaks occasionally to suck a tit, lap a cunt, or suck a cock. During dinner the girls ate topless. After a delicious dinner and some relaxing conversation, Roberta was encouraged to read out loud the erotic poem Mike and I had written. She was then given a birthday present by Mike and was told she had to try it on for all of us to admire. The gift was a pair of red crotchless panties, with a see-through, fringed top. Roberta and Wendy went into our guest room. Wendy left the door a little ajar so Mike and I could observe her hindering and helping Roberta, as she kept sucking her breasts and eating her as Roberta tried to get dressed. When Roberta came into the living room to show Mike and me, she was greeted by the two of us in the nude. We then informed her that the events to take place would happen to her while she was blindfolded.

Roberta's eyes were then covered, and she was disrobed and led to our dining room table, which had been covered with a heavy comforter. The three of us then took turns sucking and lapping her breasts and juicy cunt, while she took turns sucking Mike's and my cock—she can deep-throat with the best of them.

After we all enjoyed her she was led, blindfolded, to our living room. The comforter was spread on our carpeted floor and over a hassock. Roberta enjoys being fucked doggie-style. I was given the honor of fucking her first. Roberta's and Wendy's cunts may not look alike, or feel alike, but when you're buried to the hilt in either one of them, it just feels beautiful. They were both built to fuck. I found it extremely difficult to count out thirty-four strokes while she was sucking Mike's cock. On or about the thirty-fourth stroke I had a gut-wrenching orgasm. As I collapsed to the floor, I was promptly replaced by Mike. Sperm was dripping out of her cunt as Mike slammed in and out of her. The whole room smelled of sex. He climaxed shortly and the come now puddled on the comforter. When Roberta climaxed, her orgasm was so strong that she seemed to faint. This was the first time Wendy and I had ever observed this, so we were concerned, but Mike assured us she was all right, that it was not unusual for her to pass out after climaxing.

After Roberta revived, the rest of the evening was spent enjoying each other's bodies. Mike and I do not touch each other; we are male chauvinists and admit it. What we enjoy is watching the girls make love, and making love to each other's wife.

If there is a moral to this episode, I guess it would be: you don't have to be young or one of the "beautiful people" to enjoy a sensuous evening. If you are fortunate enough to have and share the love of another couple, as Wendy and I do, then how lucky can you get?—*Name and address withheld*



CAST PARTY

Recently, I was involved in a bizarre experience.

In a fit of frenzied passion with my living sex doll, I embarrassingly fell from the loft in my college dorm. This resulted in a fractured wrist and a very unsatisfied penis. We quickly threw some clothes on and made our way to the local hospital.

Back at her room we stripped off our clothes and I instantly went down on her. I proceeded to move my tongue like an egg-beater. She got real excited and we came simultaneously.

We rested and she commented on my cast and proceeded to fondle it suggestively. I needed no further prodding. I dashed to the kitchen, grabbed some vegetable oil and raced back to the room. She eagerly greased this incredible phallic symbol and shivered with anticipation as I very carefully entered the tips of my fingers and began to have doubts. But soon she grabbed my arm and slowly inched it (cast and all) deep inside of her. I could move my fingers inside her and I knew she loved it as she writhed and cried in fits of passion. This went on for a few minutes until she had my plaster of paris penis covered with her joy juices in a blinding fuck-furied orgasm.—*Name and address withheld*

CHAIRPERSONS

My boyfriend subscribes to *Penthouse*, and we always enjoy the "Forum" section. Recently, we had an exciting experience that I would like to share with you and your readers.

Bill and I attend college out West at a fairly laid-back school. Bill, who is twenty-two years old, is a distinctive-looking man with a powerful six-foot-seven frame, which carries 210 pounds of all man, especially those eight inches between his legs! He has wavy brown hair and a beard, with dazzling blue eyes. I am twenty-two years old and have waist-length red hair and hazel eyes. I am five-six and have been told by many men that I fill out my bluejeans quite well. Bill says I have a body that was built for fucking. We have literally sucked each other dry during our intense lovemaking sessions, and although we always have a great time in bed, this night was extraordinary.

I was just finishing up school, and after my last final Bill and I were going to the fair and rodeo that was in town. On the way to the fairgrounds we stopped to get some refreshments. It was just a matter of time before the booze and all that bucking in the arena started a tingling between my legs. I was getting pretty horny, to say the least. I could tell Bill was feeling it, too, by the way his half-hard cock hung in his well-fitting jeans. Often during the contest, while I was straddling the bleachers next

to Bill, I would rub my crotch on the hard wood. I could feel my clit becoming aroused as I watched the cowboys take on different animals. By the end of the rodeo we were really teasing each other, so we left for the privacy and quietness of his house.

We stumbled in the door and settled down to smoke some wild weed and watch the fish in his large tank. Then Bill took me by the hand and led me to his bedroom, where his large bed fills the space. He kissed me softly and started unsnapping my shirt as I pulled his off of him. My soft breasts were exposed with their semi-erect nipples. Bill loves to play with my tits, and when he sucks on them it excites me to no end! His warm mouth caressed each nipple until they stood straight up and were cherry-red. His mouth followed his hands down to the top of my jeans. He pulled off my boots, and continued on his downward trek. My jeans came off, and I heard my silver belt buckle hit the floor just as his tongue found my horny cunt. I was lying spread out on the bed, and Bill was kneeling on the floor. His talented tongue was really getting me off. He would lick me in just the right spot, then suck on my clit. It gets so hard when he does that to me. I could feel my body building up to orgasm when Bill stopped and looked at me with an evil little smile. He said, "Come here, I want to show you something," and pulled me up. We headed toward the living room again, and Bill had me sit on the couch. I was naked, but Bill still had his boxers on, and I could see the bulge of his balls and partly erect cock. He spread my legs apart and sat on the floor directly in front of me. He then put both my legs over his shoulders and started licking and sucking my whole cunt. He gradually concentrated on just my clit, and I could feel my whole body respond to his expertise. I was getting closer and closer to orgasm, when he suddenly stopped! I was off in another world of ecstasy and couldn't figure out what he was trying to do, unless he was torturing me with pleasure. Then he said, "Come on over here," and moved to a large chair on the other side of the room.

I sat down and he put my legs over the arms of the chair and again started teasing my throbbing clit. His tongue would move slow, then fast—I thought I would pass out from the intensity. Every time I was about to come he would stop and suck my nipples and kiss me softly on the neck and mouth. I could feel my pulse beating in my clit—it was so swollen! Bill took my hand and moved once more to his big oak rocking chair. The walk across the room seemed to take forever for me with my hot, wet cunt. But I just smiled and took my place in the chair. Once again, my legs went over the heavy oak arms. My cunt was right up in Bill's face. He licked my steaming hole and caressed my hardened clit with his tongue as the chair rocked and bucked with my movements. I knew he was going to make me come this time—no holding back. Suddenly, my hips raised out of the chair and I was moaning with pleasure as I climaxed long and hard.

After that orgasm (finally!) I was trying to catch my breath, but Bill was ready to delight me again. I noticed the outline of a big, hard dick through his shorts now as I reached for his broad shoulders and pushed him back on the floor. He knew I wanted more, so he rolled me over and led me back to the couch and laid me on my back. Again he started ferociously licking me. All the time while he did this he would also run one or sometimes two of his long fingers up into me. This felt so great, and I was getting off again—it was an absolute sexual high! Then he suddenly stopped and left the room for a moment, but soon returned to continue his play. I felt something go up into me that wasn't his fingers or his cock, but it felt wonderful. I trust Bill enough to know he wasn't going to hurt me, so I let him continue to stimulate my excited body. He used this thing just as if it were a cock and pumped me with it until I came again. Finally, I sat up and saw what it was—the long end of an aftershave bottle! I laughed so hard—it was great!

Well, I felt absolutely drained by now, but I still wanted to satisfy Bill. I pushed him back on the floor, and from the light of

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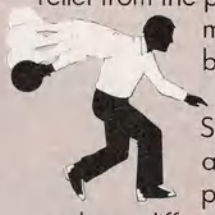
New Sportscreme is the modern way to get strong, fast relief from the pain of sore muscles caused by over-exertion.



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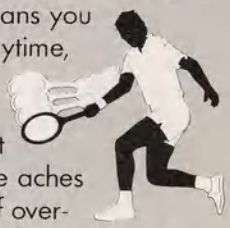

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New Sportscreme.™ The modern way to get fast relief for sore muscles.

the aquarium I could see his muscular body slightly wet with sweat. I pulled his shorts off and viewed his perfect dick. I started stroking it slowly with my hand. Then I moved in between his spread legs and wrapped both of my hands around the shaft and sucked on the head of his growing penis. I pumped him with my saliva-wet hands until I could feel his body draw back for orgasm. Then I stopped. Now I was ready for a ride.

I moved forward and straddled his hips as I guided his pipe-hard cock into my hungry hole. I sat down on that hard cock slowly until I was full. Then I started pumping up and down on him—his cock was so hard as it slid in and out of me. Now I was in charge of Bill's orgasm. I loved it. I leaned forward and kissed his soft lips and beard as I rode him faster. We were like a fucking machine. By the way he was moving and tightening up I could tell he was ready to come. Now I stopped and slid his big dick out of me, and led him to his bed. I had him lie flat on his back. What an erotic sight. His cock was fully erect and the veins in his shaft were very distinct. The head was really red. I took his piece in my mouth and ran my tongue around the tip. I could taste my own love juices on him. And when I relaxed my throat I could take his entire length into my mouth. I could taste drops of semen oozing out of the slit, so I stopped and climbed on top again. I felt my vagina muscles contract around his ever-so-swollen dick. Bill was moaning, "Fuck me, baby. Fuck me good." I pumped him faster and harder. His two big hands wrapped around my waist as he seemed to pick me up and drop me onto his prong. By now he was against the end of my vagina and we were thrashing wildly. Bill exploded into orgasm and I could feel his cock throb as he shot come into me. We both fell back exhausted, but *very* satisfied.

The next morning when we got up, we laughed about what a mess the living room was—clothes everywhere, furniture out of place, and there on the coffee table was the aftershave bottle with my cunt juice all over it!

Bill and I have had several experiences in the "O.D. Corral" since then, but none quite equaled that first night in the rocking chair.—*Name and address withheld*

SALAD DAYS

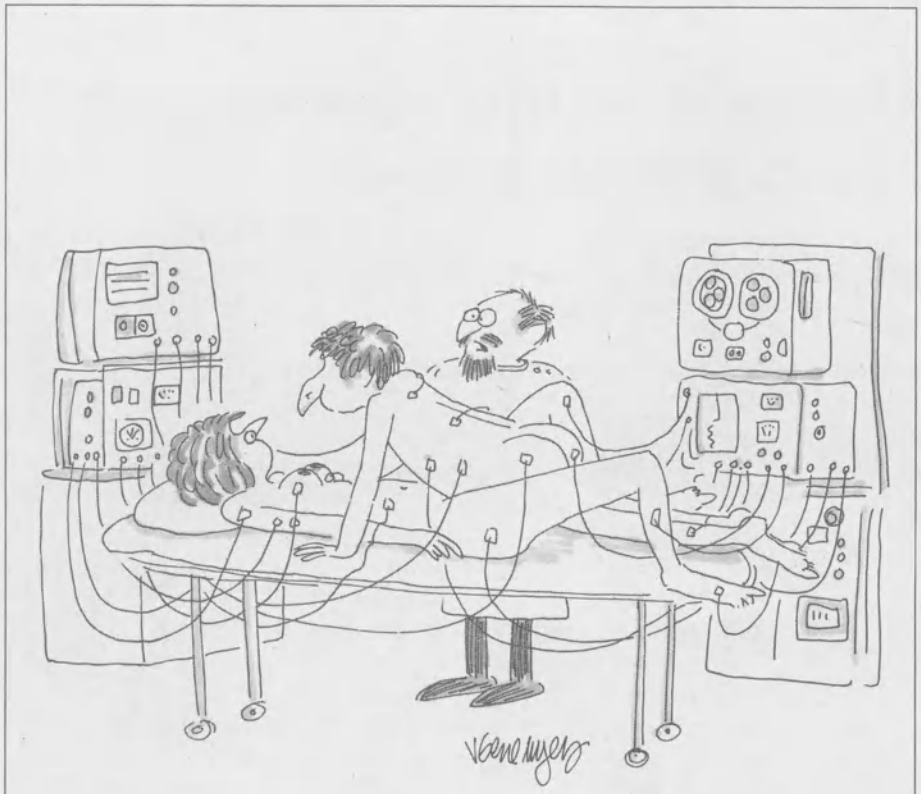
I had heard in the past about using a cucumber as a dildo but had never actually experienced it, until last night. My husband didn't arrive home until 10:30, and by that time I was super-horny from reading *The Best of Penthouse Letters.* While trying to think of something special to do for Carlo, I decided to use a cucumber to stick up his ass. Since he gets really turned on by my tonguing his ass and by doing Greek with me, I thought he might enjoy having me fuck his ass with a dildo. I chose a smallish cucumber for his initiation into the delights of Greek sex.

After smoothing baby oil on myself, I climbed into bed beside my husband. Lighted candles set the mood, and we were soon on our way to heaven. I kissed, licked, and sucked my way to Carlo's waiting ass. He began to moan and writhe under my experienced tongue, and I knew he was ready for more. I asked if he'd like me to screw his ass, and he nodded hungrily as I applied K-Y jelly to the cucumber and his ass. His delight when I inserted the cucumber was made obvious by his moans and rock-hard cock.

I then straddled his ass and began rocking my hot love box over his ass. The cucumber protruded enough so that I could rub my clit while my love juices ran down over Carlo. It gave me the sensation that I was actually fucking his ass.

Knowing his cock was hard and waiting to be sucked, I turned him over and began sucking greedily on his tool. He pulled the cucumber from his ass so he could only feel what was happening to his cock. As I sucked I positioned myself on my knees with my ass toward Carlo's face. I soon felt his hand on my ass and his finger probing my hole. It didn't take long for him to get the cucumber in my ass. Butt-fucking has become a favorite of mine, and that cucumber stuck up my ass really made me hot.

By now my cunt was dripping-wet and aching for his cock. There's nothing boring about the missionary position when you're filled with rock-hard cock and a cucumber! As Carlo pumped into me he held the cucumber in my ass and I screamed in ecstasy with my mind-blowing climax. Carlo filled me with his love potion and we both lay in a state of blissful exhaustion.—*Name and address withheld*



"Okay, now, just act natural."

SIGN LANGUAGE

I am a twenty-three-year-old single male stationed in Europe. I never believed those incredible stories you are always printing, but something happened to me recently that convinced me things like those really do happen.

On a recent training exercise my unit was deployed to a small village in Italy. At the completion of the exercise we were given a three-day pass to tour the country.

Several of us were staying at an inexpensive hotel on the first day of our pass. I was standing in the lobby waiting for my friends to finish dressing when I felt a hand on my arm. I turned to look straight into the face of the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. I was stunned not only by her beauty but also by her height. At six foot one, I seldom meet women who can face me eye-to-eye. She said something in Italian that I didn't understand. Using sign language, she made me understand that I should follow her. She led me to the stairwell and took two steps at a time, giving me a nice view of her fantastic tight ass packed into a small pair of cutoffs with just a wisp of curly pussy hair peeping out. At

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the third floor she took me into a room at the end of the hall and locked the door behind her. By now I was not only curious but also turned on by this olive-skinned amazon. In fact, I was enormously horny, as was evident by the huge bulge in my pants. Fortunately, I was not going to be disappointed.

As she turned toward me, her hands went to her waist, grasped her T-shirt, and pulled it off, allowing her huge tits to explode into view. Next she kicked off her sandals and turned her back to expose her bare ass as she carefully stepped out of her cutoffs. When she stood and turned toward me, my straining member nearly burst my belt. Seeing her in all her beauty, with her long black hair framing a face like a young Sophia Loren's, and a beautifully manicured bush crowning a pair of long, browned legs, I almost fell on my face in my haste to undress.

Before I knew what was happening, she bent down on her knees and engulfed my throbbing eight-inch cock with her ruby red lips. Her mouth devoured my leaning Tower of Pisa for several minutes. Just as I felt my loins were ready to erupt, she stopped her tonguing and pulled me to the king-sized bed in the center of the room. No sooner was I on my back in bed than she was straddling me. As we pumped together I could hear her gasping and moaning in ecstasy. Suddenly her back arched and a low moan escaped her throat. I immediately came in long, tingling spurts. She collapsed on top of me, breathing heavily. While I felt exhausted, I knew there would have to be more to satiate this sex-crazed woman.

Once we had both regained our strength, she sucked my well-used cock back to life. She then sat up on her hands and knees and turned her rear toward me while slowly moving two slender fingers in and out of her tight pussy. Seeing her hand covered in her own slippery love juices, I needed no further encouragement. I slipped my rock-hard cock into her steaming-hot cunt and pumped. It wasn't long before we both came in a long, shuddering climax.

Afterward, we were able to communicate enough to learn each other's name. I told the other guys I was taking a museum tour and spent the rest of my pass in her room. That was the best training I ever had.—*Name and address withheld*

EARLY TO RISE

Summer is a special time of year for me. I enjoy it because it is the source of my fondest memories of family and friends. Summer also means a break from school.

Every August I spend two weeks alone at my dad's beach house. There, during my stay last summer, I met an unforgettable memory: Melanie.

I walked on the beach in the very early morning and was surprised to see a young woman walking toward me. Melanie and I exchanged civil good-mornings as we passed on the sand. As I continued walking along I couldn't help but look over my shoulder to catch another glimpse of her. She was sitting on the jetty, watching the waves beat the rocks below her. My instinct told me to approach her, so I turned around to find that she was innocently looking in my direction. I met her halfway and took a seat next to her. We talked for a while, caught a good buzz, and continued a casual conversation.

We went out for a drink that night; we laughed, danced, and grew closer by enjoying each other's company. I had only met Melanie hours earlier that morning, but I felt I could tell her anything. She came across as wholesome and honest. Melanie and I walked the beach to her house, said good-night, and arranged to meet early again the next morning.

After breakfast I walked to our rendezvous, and Melanie was there, as she promised. The beach was deserted and she looked especially good as the first rays of the morning sun highlighted her long chestnut hair. Clad in a tastefully revealing knit bikini, Melanie displayed a petite but well-proportioned form. Her body was tanned to perfection, her breasts were generous and firm, and slightly visible under the knit fabric. A gorgeous slim waistline and flat stomach led to a lower body that was extremely well sculptured. Her legs seemed to stretch for miles. I was reasonably obsessed with this girl. We burned a couple of doobs, and she asked if I would care to join her for lunch.

After lunch we hit the beach. Melanie headed straight for the water, and I watched her stride into the waves and foam, her hair flowing in the breeze, her breasts bobbing as she ran. I joined her soon after. As Melanie and I soaked up some rays, our conversation became intimate and personal. I told her that I was falling for her, that I wanted her and needed to be closer to her.

Melanie smiled and kissed my chest, pressing her body heavily against mine. Our lips met and we interlocked in the most erotic kiss I have ever experienced. Her hands fumbling with the drawstring of my bathing suit, she pulled it right off my body. At this point my cock was fully extended and at attention. Suddenly Melanie stopped. She stood up and began removing her suit, slowly peeling off the top, exposing her large, snow-white breasts. Unbelievably firm and with nipples protruding, they swayed with her every move. As I lay there she kissed me and continued her way down to my crotch. Kissing and fondling my testicles, her lips engulfed my eager penis, sending shock waves through my lower body. After several minutes I filled her mouth to capacity with semen; what Melanie could not contain dribbled down her chin or shot all over her tits. I began to clean her boobs, reveling in the taste of her musky perspiration and my thick fluid. I worked on her nipples, tongu-

"It does seem too good to pass up.
But you're right, honey, it's much too big for a lamp."

ing and sucking them. As I cupped them in my hands I could feel her increasing warmth. We were sweating buckets by now.

Melanie started pushing my head down, so I slowly made my way down to her steamy mound. I slipped my fingers into her suit bottoms and slowly slid them down her full hips, past her sleek thighs, and down her lovely legs. A thickly matted mound of dark pubic hair disguised a muscular pussy. Her behind was as tight and full as a gymnast's. Her cunt was so lubricated and sensitive to the touch that after just a few minutes of my eating her, or simply kissing her inner thighs, Melanie attained multiple orgasms. As I moved up to position myself for entry into her box, I noticed that her juices had soaked into the towel, leaving a large wet spot, soaking the sand beneath it. She was ready. I knew it. She knew it.

She pleaded: "Please give it to me, now, please. I need to feel your warmth and hardness. Fuck me, fuck me, please!" I thrust into her from behind so that her swaying breasts were within reach. She moaned as I buried my long, thick penis to the hilt in her furry valley. This woman was so tight that, as I thrust into her, her cunt made loud slurping, sucking sounds.

The pace soon quickened. As I pumped faster, my balls and loins were slapping against her buttocks. We flipped over so that Melanie sat right down on my rod, rocking back and forth. She put cocoa oil on her breasts and pulled my hands to them. Rocking faster and faster, she moaned as if she was about to explode. By this time I was fondling and squeezing her oily, moist tits so violently that they began to swell to an even larger size, so large and round that a single hand couldn't fully surround one.

I could feel my balls tighten as the semen was swimming to the head of my penis. Melanie began bucking up and down uncontrollably, swinging her chestnut hair back and forth as her eyes rolled back into her head. She looked to the sky and had an orgasm that tightened her pussy and caused it to throb in a sort of spasm. A warm flow covered my organ, and the dam in my scrotum gave way as I pumped quarts of seed into her flaming cunt. My climax seemed endless. I had released so much come that it ran down my balls and ass. Melanie told me she never realized how wonderful hot sperm feels as it is shot into the deep recesses of the body. We collapsed and slept on the beach for a few hours, made love again with the same intensity, and then took a swim. We now meet every year for a reunion each summer. Spend a summer on the beach; it's worth it.—*Name and address withheld*

COFFEE BREAK

My wife is a flight attendant for a major airline. She's about five foot two, 110 lbs., has blond hair and the most gorgeous thirty-six-inch breasts I've ever seen! We've

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been married for a year and are really getting to know each other sexually. A while back, she told me of a fantasy she had, and to her surprise it was one I've been thinking about ever since I met her. As you'll see, it didn't take long to turn our fantasy into reality!

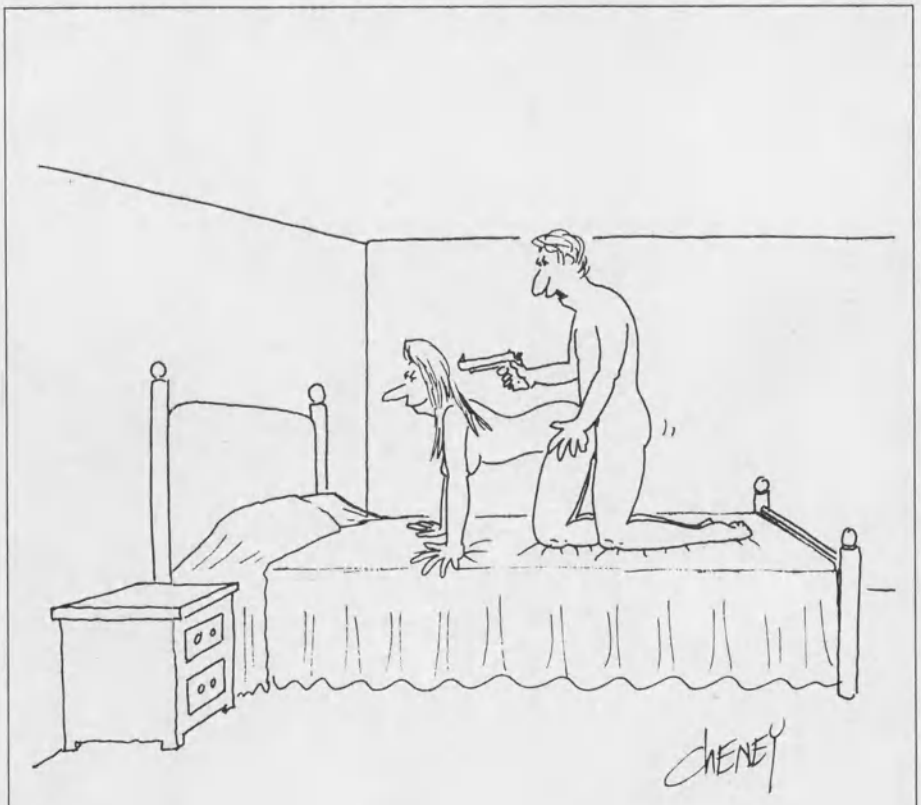
Since my wife travels a lot, she sometimes has layovers in some pretty interesting cities. Not long ago, I accompanied her on a layover in New Orleans. There is always a lot happening in a big city, and sometimes you'll see the unexpected!

As we got to our hotel room one evening, we decided to try out our idea. When we walked in, our curtains were open and we could see the office building across the street. It was almost dusk, so most people had already gone home, except for a man working in an office across the street and one floor above us. He was just close enough for my wife to check him out and see that he had just the right look, and would be the perfect person to show something to he'd never forget!

I sat next to the drawn curtain so I could watch my wife and the man across the street. When she turned on the bathroom light, I saw him look down and directly into our room. Now that she had his attention, she pretended not to see him. As she moved about the room, I could see that he was interested. Why not? She looks fantastic! She takes great care of herself, and even though she's twenty-seven, she looks eighteen. As she slowly unbuttoned her blouse for us, I began getting interested myself. She took off her blouse and her skirt, exposing her barely big enough bra and panties. When she unhooked her bra, exposing her full firm breasts, I could tell she was enjoying him look at her. Her giant, dollar-sized nipples were already hard and begging to be sucked. I looked at the man next door, and his eyes looked as though he had seen buried treasure! I then got up from behind the curtain and stood behind my wife and began kissing the back of her neck and fondling her breasts so that we could see ourselves in the mirror and catch the reflection of the interested party across the street. I can imagine what went through his mind as he watched us. I next pulled down her panties and led her to bed, where we positioned ourselves so he could see her breasts and legs spread while I tongue-fucked her gorgeous cunt.

After a few minutes, I stood up and began taking my shirt off while she sat and undid my pants. By now I was so hard my wife had a tough time getting my pants down. She was really excited seeing him watching her and wasted no time in wrapping her lips around my cock. As she was sucking me, I forgot all about our neighbor and when I glanced up, he was looking at us through a pair of binoculars! It was like he was in the same room with us! As my wife sucked my cock in front of him, she began to rub her breasts and then told me to fuck her from behind so he could see her tiny cunt take my big cock all the way in. He must have wished he was in my position, fucking my wife, as he watched us perform. She arched her back and I held her hair back so he could see how much she enjoyed it. As she rubbed her breasts, I buried my stiff cock as far as I could, and it didn't take long for her to come like she never had before. I came so much myself that it began dripping out of her.

We had one of the finest lovemaking sessions ever that night, and as we turned out the light and watched the man across the street leave his office, we wondered how many times he had been an "unexpected" voyeur and how he happened to have binoculars in his office. I guess working late does pay off in more ways than one.—*Name and address withheld*



"You don't have to worry about getting pregnant . . . I've taken every precaution."

UNMENTIONABLE

I live in a small apartment building with a laundry room in the basement. I work nights and the other tenants work days, so I have the building to myself in the morning. One Thursday morning I got up early, showered, and shaved my whole body except for a patch around my cock. I then powdered and perfumed myself and painted my nails a nice, bright red. I applied a fresh, creamy red coat of lipstick to my lips and made up my face. Then I put on my favorite blond wig and a pink bra, panties, and slip. I also put on a pink lace garter belt and sheer stockings. Then came my favorite ruffled white dress. Normally I don't leave my apartment when I'm all dressed up, but I had laundry to do and decided that, as no one was around, I'd go down to the basement and get started.

I was just filling the last washing machine when I heard the basement door swing open. There stood Audrey, my only neighbor on the first floor. She just stood there smiling for a minute, then explained she had seen me leave my apartment through the peephole in her door.

She came over and kissed me, saying I looked really sexy and smelled very sweet. She said I really turned her on and talked me into going back to her apartment. Once there, she informed me that if I didn't want anyone else to know of my secret I would do as I was told. She promptly snapped a collar and leash around my neck and pulled my face to her crotch. After she was satisfied, she had me lie face down on the bed while she tied my arms and legs to the bed posts. She then proceeded to force two pillows underneath me to elevate my ass. She informed me in a stern voice that if I was going to dress like a woman I'd have to be fucked like a woman. She strapped on a long, slender dildo, greased it, then pulled down my panties and slid it up my ass. I soon came into the pillows. She untied me only after I promised to return Saturday morning.

On Saturday morning she quickly tied me face down on the bed again and spanked my pantied ass for being late.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 196

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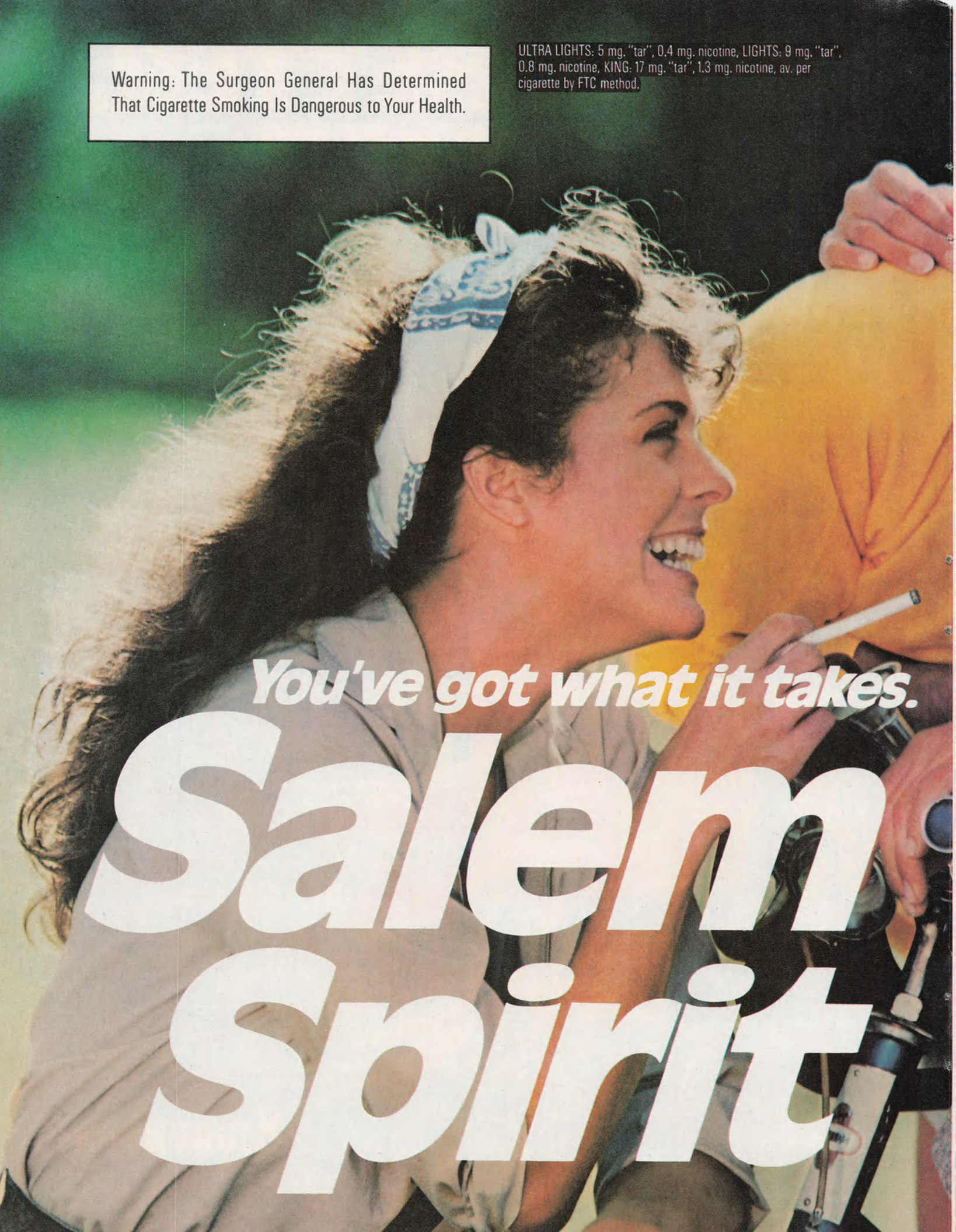
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With wise conservation policies, other endangered species have also made comebacks . . . the cougar, gray whale, Pacific walrus, wood duck, to name a few.

If you want to help save our endangered species, join the National Wildlife Federation, Department 106, 1412 16th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036.

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

KIDS ON DRUGS

I would like to congratulate your magazine and Allan Sonnenschein for his scary but tragically accurate article in the October 1982 issue. Hopefully this article will open some eyes to the epidemic of drug abuse, which is rooted in our society and is destroying the character of many of our youth.

Having been involved in narcotics investigation for the past five years, I can attest to the fact that in my community of 50,000 people, the schools have the same problems with drug users and dealers as the bigger cities do. I agree with the Los Angeles agent who puts marijuana at the top of the list of problems plaguing our youth. As we all know, marijuana and alcohol are almost always the first drugs young people experiment with, and they often lead them to the use of more devastating chemicals. However, I feel there is a third group of drugs that youngsters are experimenting with on a large scale that easily leads them to harder drugs at an even faster pace.

This line of drugs is what is becoming known as look-alikes. I'm sure that most of the narcotics agents interviewed by Mr. Sonnenschein would agree that for many youths look-alike drugs simply serve as an introduction into the drug culture and the future use of the more dangerous chemicals that look-alikes represent. I hope our legislators begin to address this problem.

You have a good magazine, and Sonnenchein's article vividly depicts the drug problem we face. That your magazine printed this kind of article shows *Penthouse*'s desire to see our youth overcome the drug epidemic our society has placed on them.

Keep up the good work!—*W. J. Adams, Kokomo, Ind.*

MICHAEL LEVIN INTERVIEW

In his recent interview (October 1982), Prof. Michael Levin said: "No one has accused me of not thinking [my ideas] through. That . . . would be the gravest insult." Well, let me be the first.

Anyone who can say, in one interview, both that we've been remiss in not providing safe streets for our elderly and that it's "not the government's job . . . to make us take care of old people" seems to have trouble holding even one thought for long.

Levin declares there is a "natural impulse to commit murder," and attributes the high murder rate among blacks to the absence of father figures who would curb that impulse. But aren't poor education, rampant racism, and runaway unemployment also valid explanations of the murder rate among our disenfranchised? The murder rate does rise with unemployment. Where is Levin's careful consideration of all the facts?

His use of statistics is also sketchy and misleading. He notes that women police officers make fewer arrests than men do. He fails to mention, however, that women police officers have a higher rate of securing convictions. Does he want time and money wasted on inept arrests or does he want criminals punished? Or hasn't he thought this through either?

As for plea bargaining: this practice resolves nine out of ten criminal cases. How does Levin suggest you and I pay for building the courthouses and jails? How does he suggest we provide wages for the clerks, judges, guards, and wardens who would be needed if there were no plea bargaining? Our jails are already filled.

Levin also advocates capital punishment for treason. But the definition of treason, like the definitions of all the crimes Levin says justify torture, is in a constant state of flux. His blithe refusal to deal with the reality of government brutality throughout history and throughout the world today is, at the very least, a failure to "think things through."

Levin's arguments place social order over the sanctity of human life and basic American rights, and that is the "gravest insult" of all to our system of laws, our principle of democracy, and our commitment to the dignity of the individual.—*Donald S. Altschul, San Francisco, Calif.*

I wish to thank *Penthouse* for printing its October interview with Prof. Michael Levin. Anyone who values his basic freedoms should be aware of the vicious fascism Professor Levin advocates. Levin styles himself as "to the right of Genghis Khan," apparently thinking himself clever. "To the right of Adolf Hitler" would give a modern audience a clearer idea of the horror he proposes.

To advocate torture, the denial of basic human rights, and the elimination of due process is bad enough, but to do so as some sort of intellectual "exercise" is absolutely reprehensible. There is no logic and there are no facts in his argument. Instead, he uses half-truths, outright distortions of the truth, naive moralizing, and both sexist and racist slurs. Your "exercise" is a failure, Professor Levin. Your positions are indefensible in any civilized society.—*Neal Harkness, Roseville, Mich.*

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LAWS OF THE SEA

To Mr. Doug Bandow: Your excellent article "The Law of the Sea Rip-off," published in December 1982, was so well written and so absolutely correct that I will not go into detail about its merits. I will only congratulate you and add the following in way of comment.

Dear American Taxpayer: If the ultimate goal of the welfare recipients claiming need as a right was not clear up to now, it can no longer possibly be mistaken. Their goal is the enslavement of the producers who need them. If you are willing to even consider this "New International Economic Order," I can only say that you will get what you're asking for and you will deserve it. One more thing to Mr. Bandow: In your "Advise & Dissent" essay, you talk like an Objectivist, Mr. Bandow. I can only say that I hope you are.—*Airman Basio Van L. Reese, Keesler Air Force Base, Biloxi, Miss.*

DIVORCED FATHERS

I have been reading *Penthouse* for several years now and have totally enjoyed it all this time. I especially liked your November 1982 issue and Peter McCabe's essay, "Disposable Fathers." I would like to raise my glass and toast you, Mr. McCabe—your well-written essay struck very close to home. I am currently in the middle of a court battle with my ex-wife over joint custody of our daughter and unborn child. Although I am not a rich man, I love my children very dearly and have spent two, maybe three hours, with them since my wife and I separated.

Unlike my fellow men, I have refused to roll over and let my wife and the courts walk all over me. There is a time when a man must stand up and fight. It's about time fathers banded together and got their feelings across to the idiots they put in the state capitals. We want a reform of the divorce laws!

I think our society takes marriage too lightly; this is reflected in how easy it is to get a divorce. When children are involved, divorce becomes so painful. Fathers shouldn't just pay child support like club dues. Once again, Mr. McCabe, I salute you for your informative and hard-hitting essay.—*Howard Tenke, Eugene, Oreg.*

PRISON GUARDS

I am writing this letter in the hopes of clearing up a disturbing misconception of correction officers. I am employed by the New York State Department of Correctional Services as an officer at Attica.

I am so disgusted with the media's representation of us and the way the public sees us. All I hear is "brutal, unfair, inhumane," etc. I've gotten to the point where I'm reluctant to tell people what I do, because I almost always get the same response: "Oh, my God! You work there! How many inmates have you beaten up? Have you shot any yet?"

Damn it, *it's just not like that*! True, sometimes we must use physical force, but we only do it as a last resort. Even in those cases, only the minimum amount of physical force is used. Rarely are inmates injured. In fact, it is usually the officer that gets injured.

I put my life on the line every time I walk through that front gate. What do I get besides a paycheck? Here's a small sample: "pig," "hard-guy," "lowlife," "faggot" . . . ad infinitum. It's very depressing. I can remember when a guy in uniform was called sir, not pig. It really hurts.

As for the inmates . . . those poor mistreated felons . . . those unfortunate murderers, rapists, and thieves . . . sometimes I'm almost tempted to become one. The benefits are great! Where else can you get room and board, three squares, extensive medical care, top entertainment (concerts, movies, etc.), a college degree, vocational trade skills, and numerous other things absolutely free? It's all paid for by the taxpayer. They are *not* mistreated.—*Name withheld*

We agree with your concern—and present a major article on this subject on page 62 of this issue.—The Editors

DAIRY FARMERS

I felt I had to write in response to the letters written by Dave Waters and Dick Barnes in

your December 1982 issue pertaining to Senator Proxmire's support of the dairy farm support program.

Does anyone from Washington or anywhere else realize what the support program means to our dairy farmer? I happen to have been born and raised on a small dairy farm in southwest Wisconsin. These farmers struggle against rising costs in machinery, fuel, and other necessities while trying to cope with the high interest rates. Without these programs to aid them, many of our small family farms would go under. Every day ten or fifteen farms in our area alone are listed for sale, as small farmers find they just can't make it. These farmers aren't getting rich off the support program. They may gross $80,000 a year and end up netting $10,000 after paying the high expenses incurred on a dairy farm while making mortgage payments at astronomical rates.

The next time you criticize the dairy support program or complain about the price of butter, milk, and cheese, stop and think of just how expensive your daily items would be if the small dairy farmer weren't competing on the market.

We should applaud both Senator Proxmire, for his support of our farmers, and the farmers themselves. They are among the hardest-working people in the United States—with what is more and more one of the most thankless jobs.—*Farmer's Daughter, Viroqua, Wis.*

EMILY PRAGER CONTROVERSY

I thought I would write you a note on my opinion of Emily Prager's article "The Man's Exam on Female Troubles" (April 1982). I believe she must keep herself locked away from us terrible sorts, or maybe men stay away from her, since she growls when a man is within ten feet (although some men may be into that).

Ms. Prager starts her article speaking of female troubles and ends it by saying how incapable all men are in bed. The article could have had some good advice to some people, but she can be assured that not many men will take her article with any seriousness. Her article only tells us that every man is an egotistical fathead who only wants to fill every woman's pussy with his fat cock.

In response to Ms. Prager's opinion on men's attitude towards sex, I believe she has a completely one-sided view. Granted, if a man has sex with three different women in one week, most of the other men praise him as a superstud. How do the women look at him? If a woman does not believe in his type of actions, she either ignores him or thinks he is a schmuck. If she does not oppose his action, she may admire him or want to have sex with him to see if she is missing something. If a woman has sex with three different men in one week, who calls her a whore? Probably more women than men will look at her with disgust. The men who bet on who will have sex with her next may be immature idiots, but they will not be different from the women who wanted to try out the so-called superstud to see what they may be missing. When you play the sex games, there are always risks of not being liked or of being labeled—that's what is so great about our society! We should be grown-ups; these problems should all be considered before playing the game. Let's not be naive. Oh, and Ms. Prager, if you can't come with your man, get another man. It doesn't seem that your finger or that of your intimate girl friend is doing the job.—*Ron Petherbridge, Princeton, N.J.*

FAN MAIL

I have been a reader of *Penthouse* since 1976, and I must say I've enjoyed almost every issue for both its style and its hard-hitting reports on numerous topics. This, however, is my first letter, and I'm glad I finally got around to saying how much I love *Penthouse* magazine. Your December 1982 article by Allan Sonnenschein and Jayne Dana on John Belushi's final hours prompted me to write. Such an article was long overdue and is most worthy of a follow-up, when the grand jury releases its findings. What really sparked my interest was Bill Wallace's involvement or lack thereof. He gave a supposedly in-depth interview to *Fighting Stars* magazine (August 1982) and he portrayed himself as an all-American good guy,

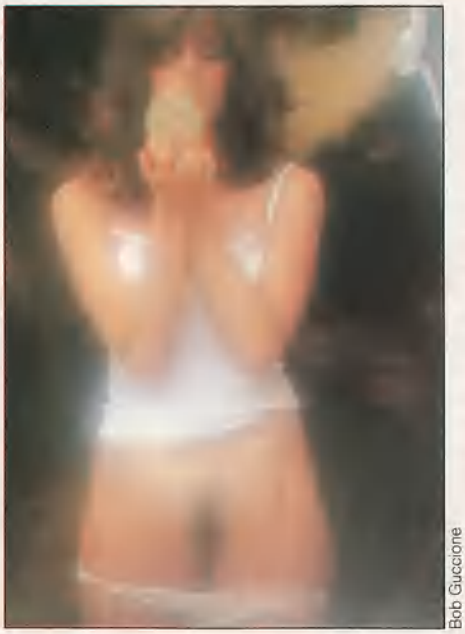
looking out for his pal John Belushi to the very end. It was a disgrace the way he felt himself above mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to save a friend's life. I am glad the truth is finally out and I deeply appreciate your having the courage to publicize it.

I must also offer my gratitude for your Bruce Lee biography by Albert Goldman. Bruce Lee has been the single most important influence in my life. Though I've read any and everything about this present-day legend, I am always interested in reading more. Keep up the excellent work. Best wishes now and forever.—*William Adkins, Jr., Akron, Ohio*

I would like to express my heartfelt thanks to you for publishing a magazine with such consistent good taste and style. Your magazine has consistently gone that extra mile when others have refused to do it. I have found your investigative articles on the Moral Majority especially enlightening. I guess I must consider myself part of the Immoral Minority. But it's good to see a friendly face—yours—in this minority camp. Don't ever feel that you are fighting this battle alone! I am one of the many people who support what you are doing.

I also want to tell you that my three favorite photographers in the magazine are Suze Randall, Earl Miller, and Bob Guccione. The differences between their photographic techniques are astounding! Miller's and Randall's work is very vivid, full of color, and very, very erotic! Bob Guccione's work instantly transports the observer back to an age where women were fragile and vulnerable. The models' sex appeal shines brightly through whatever they are wearing. His choice of models never fails to excite me; their eyes are aglow with inner merriment and the backgrounds always add an air of romance. I am an aspiring photographer, so I really appreciate these things. I also appreciate knowing what type of lenses and filters are being used to photograph each model. Thank you for your great magazine!—*Daryl K. Lee, Okinawa, Japan*

A few lines about your April 1982 issue of *Penthouse*. Normally, after lusting over the many beauties you offer in your pictorials, I turn to the articles, which I find equally satisfying. But I must now give you three cheers for your "Moans & Groans" column. The method you used was excellent. Printing the letters verbatim will bring to the public's attention the mentality of those who would impose their intolerance upon others. By grouping these bunch of assholes together, without a single editorial sentence in rebuttal, you painted Jerry Falwell to be *one big asshole*! If the views expressed by these little assholes are the product of Falwell's brainwashing, then we "perverts" don't have a damned thing to worry about. I am sure that most of your readers received the message loud and clear. Continue to serve me the quality of tush your magazine is so well known for.—*A. Puchalski, Trenton, N.J.*



Bob Guccione

Please show us more of Danielle Deneux. She's a fine-looking lady. It's impossible to get enough of her. I'll be looking forward to it. Thanks.—*Name withheld*

More of Ms. Danielle Deneux, above.—The Editors

I feel it is time I made my comments known to the staff of your fine publication. Of all the magazines of this type, yours is of the highest caliber. You have found the best balance between editorials, features, and pictorials. I have found none better.

I am presently on a tour of duty in the U.S. Navy and have been afforded the opportunity to view many such publications, both foreign and domestic. No matter where I go, *Penthouse* is there in both American and foreign editions. In other words, I am never without the latest issue. I eagerly await every issue. Your reporting is clear and concise. Your feature articles are always timely and noteworthy. I enjoy your coverage of life-styles as presented in "Forum" and in the articles.

In civilian life I have hung my shingle as a professional photographer and media consultant. I therefore examine the quality of each issue carefully. I very much appreciate your providing details of the photo credits and technical aspects of the shootings. I think most of the men and women who read your magazine have photographic equipment and are interested to know how things are done. Many times, friends and I have discussed our thoughts on your layouts. We find the photo pictorials always well organized and tasteful. And the women you capture and share with us are among the most beautiful I have seen anywhere in the world.

One more note. I must commend your policy of taking a position on issues of concern. I support your fight against people like Jerry Falwell and all who feed on the weaknesses of others. Keep up the good work.—*Gary L. Becker, U.S.S. Seattle, FPO New York*

It is with great pleasure that I write this letter. I would like to congratulate *Penthouse* for its excellent articles and beautiful pictorials. I have been an avid reader of *Penthouse* for many years.

I often find myself reading your magazine from cover to cover. Not only do I admire the revealing pictures of your gorgeous women, but I am thankful for your very informative articles. Each month, before I even think of buying a new book or record or seeing a new movie, I look through your monthly reviews to see what *Penthouse* has to say about these items. I am not an easily influenced person. But through the years I have found that your reviews on current items are very compatible with mine.

Moreover, I appreciate your articles on controversial current events. I also enjoy your interviews with various celebrities, because they go into much greater detail than any interview on television or radio. Numerous times the topic of your "Advise and Dissent" has been the reference for one of my college essays.

Since I don't have time to read many different magazines, I look to *Penthouse* to give me the things I need. *Penthouse* has it all: current events, humor, beautiful pictures—everything! Keep up the good work!—*Bill Jarvis, San Jose, Calif.*

As an avid reader of your excellent magazine (especially the "Forum" section) for quite some time now, I feel I must write and commend you on your minority centerfold in the October 1982 issue.

As a member of the redheaded minority, it was truly refreshing to see a "real" redhead in your magazine. Most men think of a "carrottop" with wall-to-wall freckles when they think of a redheaded woman. I enjoy telling people I'm a redhead before I meet them and then watch the look on their faces when they are so very pleasantly surprised.

Redheads are famous for their hot tempers, but let me tell you guys that it's sure not our tempers that are hot! Keep up the good work, *Penthouse*!—*Name withheld*

DIFFERENT TASTES

Recently I have been reading *The Nude*, by Kenneth Clark (now Lord Clark), the 1953 Mellon Lectures at the National Gallery of Art, Washington. I am disabled, a septuagenarian, a widower, and a resident in a nursing home. Occasionally I have a craving to look at pictures of beautiful women. Since you seem to publish the best nudes, I buy your magazine.

So I have been looking over back issues, but with increasing dissatisfaction. After reading Clark on "Energy," in which he discusses the classical Aphrodites, I realized what is lacking in your models. "Can they be the best we have to offer today?" I wonder. They don't stand up in a comparison with the beauties of times gone by. Consider the Venus de Milo. With her muscled torso she depicts strength, self-discipline, self-respect, pride of per-

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son. Your women seem overfed and unfit. What are they good for except passive sex?

I'll admit the Greek sculptors were creating goddesses; they were shaping their ideal. Yet it must have been based on what they saw in everyday life. Only the Spartan women were trained as athletes, but a lean diet and hard work could have produced such bodies among other Greek women. They worked long hours in the sun, in vineyards, olive groves, and wheat fields, they carried water jars long distances on their heads. What do women do today?

It is a long time since I have been on a beach, and when I was it was before the age of bikinis. I don't know what American women look like. But could it be that you are selecting your models from the wrong group? What would marathon runners, Olympic skiers, or professional ballet and modern dancers look like? It is my guess they would have the strength and bodily assurance of their classical forerunners. After all, you are in the business of forming the ideals of American men. Are they not entitled to focus their imaginations on more robust women?—*John DeWitt Norton, Greer Memorial Health Center, Canaan, Conn.*

We've tried, but we couldn't get a single girl we approached to carry water on her head!—The Editors

JACK HENRY ABBOTT: PRO AND CON

I am writing this letter in regard to the Jack Henry Abbott interview that appeared in your December 1982 issue. As a man of forty-three years, I have spent thirty-one years of my life incarcerated in the New York State penal system: fifteen years straight at the infamous Attica—and, yes, I was there when the cup of hell overflowed.

I admire Mr. Abbott's ability to have survived all his years in the belly. But I resent the fact that he still blames the system for his failure to return to society and function as a law-abiding, contributing citizen. I, too, was released and stayed on a perfect parole for thirty-seven months. Then one day I went to a bank and tried to make a withdrawal of money that was not mine. I tried to justify my action, but in the end I cannot justify crime. You're old enough, Mr. Abbott, and, I presume, intelligent enough to know that the knife you carried didn't belong in your possession no matter what danger you thought you were in. You knew that that knife was a snake, but you picked it up anyway. How can you be shocked that it bit you?

Face it, Mr. Abbott, you could not make it in society. The reality that the people on the outside are not all like the people inside the beast made you put yourself back in prison, back to where you feel comfortable, where you can lick your wounds, wallow in self-pity. Man, you had it made! You got the chance that most of us would bargain with the devil to get . . . or thank God for. It's easy to skirt the blame, to give reasons why, but the truth is you had a chance and you just couldn't handle it. All that time you spent writing about your bitterness and giving your distorted reality could have been spent looking deeper into yourself.

I'm in a federal prison now. For years I was at Attica. Back in the '50s I saw many of the things you wrote about. But prisons today can't be described as you describe prisons in your book, *In the Belly of the Beast.* Sure, there are gassings; there has to be restraint used to maintain order at times. The stuff you wrote about happened in the '50s, '60s, and early '70s, not now. There has been a lot of progress since then. You couldn't have written your book or even held an interview if there hadn't been a change in attitudes.

You're a dinosaur, Mr. Abbott. The era of George Jackson and Eldridge Cleaver is gone, has passed you by. Dreams like that are escape hatches, which were my outlets, too, at one time. But there is no escape from the things we do, or from ourselves. I have no answer that will change the penal system and make it really work. Maybe it will never get any better than it is. But I do know that if you can't change the world, you'd better learn how to live with it. Besides, the beast's belly is only part of a whole body. It's also got a heart and a soul. Climb out of the intestines, Mr. Abbott. Try writing about something other than prison. Then you'll find out if you really are a writer. You have the ears and the eyes of many people in this country, maybe even the world. Yet, what are you telling them? Only that "Jack Henry Abbott belongs locked up! He hates too much." Every man's hell is within himself, no matter where he is forced to live, Mr. Abbott.—*Robert Hyland, Talladega Federal Correctional Facility, Talladega, Ala.*

"Don't worry—recovery is right around the corner."

Hold it right there, folks. I am writing this little letter from a federal prison that actually should be called an insane asylum. I am white, not a snitch, proud of my country (Nam, Marines, '68, bang-bang), and thought that your magazine could have done a whole lot better than interviewing that cretin Jack Abbott. He's obviously visiting another planet and periodically he comes back to earth to say hi and let us all know what kind of hate trip he's on.

Listen, I see many, many creeps in here day in, day out, and I see a few good men. In here we must maintain some semblance of dignity, self-respect, etc. to remain men. The picture that asshole paints is bizarre, to say the least. White stays with white; black stays with black. That's the way it is here, first thing you see. No room for hippie shit here, folks. Just keep on steppin' and make sure you don't bother the man next to you.

Let's call it like it is and tell the rest of the world that Ole Jack's obviously copping out and afraid of being called a snitch. But

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he's the one who chose to girl up whatever info he was holding and was released and went to the Big Apple and promptly blew it. I knew men in '68 who blew up entire villages and guys who sprayed hooches (with kids in them) with M-60s just fine to pump themselves up. These guys are now law-abiding men who are very violent indeed, but they're men and know that killing to be a tough guy just ain't what's happening. That man Jack Abbott is totally bummed out and not representative of all of us.—*Robert Fitzgibbons, Lewisburg, Pa.*

GUN CONTROL

Some remarks Mr. Mark Benenson made in the August 1982 "Advise & Dissent," "Why Gun Control Won't Work," cannot go unchallenged.

Mr. Benenson leaves readers with the impression that the Constitution gives *individuals* the "right" to bear arms. But the full text of the Second Amendment reads, "A well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed." Our founding fathers intended to protect a local militia for political defense; they had just broken from English rule, which had, for obvious reasons, forbidden local militias in the colonies. The Second Amendment was proposed, not as an individual right—self-protection with arms was not the issue when the Constitution was being written—but as a defense against a too powerful federal government. This amendment was meant to allay anti-federalists' fear that the new federal government would become too powerful, would disarm state militias and replace them with a standing national army.

Supreme Court rulings consistently state that the "right to bear arms" refers to local militias, not to individual citizens. The militia interpretation was upheld in *U.S.* v. *Cruikshank* (1875), *Presser* v. *Illinois* (1886), *Miller* v. *Texas* (1894), *U.S.* v. *Miller* (1939), and *U.S.* v. *Tot* (1942). The courts reaffirmed this "militia" interpretation again in 1980 (*Lewis* v. *U.S.*, 445 U.S. 95) when they ruled that the Second Amendment does not guarantee the right to bear arms unless there is "some reasonable relationship to the preservation or efficiency of a well-regulated militia."

The Court has ruled again and again that an individual's right to bear arms "is not a right granted by the Constitution" (in *U.S.* v. *Cruikshank*, 92 U.S. 542, 553; in the Presser decision; and in Judge Bernard Decker's Morton Grove decision, Dec. 29, 1981, p.16). The ACLU, known for its defense of individuals' rights, accepts the Court's rulings, stating that "except for lawful police and military purposes, the possession of weapons by individuals is not constitutionally protected."

Benenson also seems to equate handgun control with a handgun ban—but this is far from the truth. There are many forms of gun control, preventative measures like background checks and waiting periods, that do not ban guns at all. Even the Morton Grove "ban" gives many reasonable exceptions to the law (for example, police, wardens, security guards, special agents, militia, gun collectors, and antique-firearms collectors).

Moreover, Mr. Benenson's description of gun control enforcement is unrealistic: "Doors would be kicked down and dwellings searched. Metal detectors would scan the streets. Informers would flourish." Has this happened in any of the Western democracies? Has this happened in any of the states that have tough gun control measures?

Mr. Benenson also wants us to believe that handgun control laws don't reduce crime. He states "the latest and most thorough study of this subject, by James D. Wright and Peter E. Rossi, [concludes] that there is no convincing proof that firearms-control laws cut crime." But if Mr. Benenson had read on to chapter 15 of that same study, he would have seen that Wright and Rossi state "there is some evidence that under some conditions, reductions in gun-related crimes can be achieved through gun control legislation." Many studies, in fact, show the success of gun control legislation in reducing crime—Beha ('76), Jones ('81), and Pierce-Bowers ('81), to name just a few.

Readers should not be misled by gun advocates who claim gun laws don't work. They seem to work fine in every other Western democracy. But here in the U.S., over half the states in the union have no background check on the purchaser and have no waiting period. States that have tough laws are hampered in their efforts by states with weak laws. The need for one uniform, national handgun control law seems obvious.—*Jeffrey P. Hoyle, Swansea, Mass.*

CORRECTION

U.S. District Judge Alcee L. Hastings of Miami has taken issue with a statement on page 168 of *Penthouse*'s September 1982 issue. According to the U.S. Department of Justice, Hastings was indicted on December 29, 1981, "on charges of conspiracy to commit bribery and obstruction of justice" along with William A. Borders, Jr., a Washington, D.C., attorney. The indictment alleged that Judge Hastings and Borders, as part of the alleged conspiracy, "would receive $150,000 from someone they believed to be Frank Romano, in return for Judge Hastings's reducing the sentences he had previously imposed against the Romano brothers." The indictment nowhere alleged that Judge Hastings was "offered" a bribe at any face-to-face meeting with "Frank Romano," nor did it refer in any way to any other or previous reductions of sentence by Judge Hastings in any other case, and it was not *Penthouse*'s intention to state or imply that it did. The reference to Judge Hastings's "falling into a trap" was not meant to imply that the judge is in fact guilty of the charges against him.

"To collect panties from girls is a harmless hobby. I keep the T-shirts of men I have truly loved. When I feel like masturbating, I pull out my T-shirt collection and conjure up great fantasies."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I'm an industrial photographer and I have a very pretty wife. To add excitement to our sexual activities we've taken many soft- and hard-core photos at home after the kids were in bed or at Grandma's. Several months ago my wife, Jill, told a neighbor about the pictures and she told her husband about them. A few days later, over a couple of six-packs, Dave got me to admit to the pictures and even to show him the softer ones. Then he asked me if I would shoot some of Linda and him. I refused, of course. Later the girls joined us, and to my surprise he told Linda that he had asked me to shoot nudes of them but I said no.

To my greater surprise Jill exclaimed, "Why not?" Linda was hesitant but said that if Jill was there too, she probably could do it. Dave got up and said, "Let's go." I couldn't believe it. The three of them headed inside the house.

As I started setting up my lights and stuff, some stronger drinks were mixed to give everyone courage. Linda was still a little unsure, so Jill suggested she start with some semi-nude or swimsuit shots. They left the room.

Dave and I drank some more and looked through some of the photos Jill had brought out. Dave studied the Penthouse*-type pictures of Jill very closely. They really showed off her small but firm tits and blond pubic hair. The shots of her playing with her cunt and using a few toys really was affecting him. His hard-on was quite apparent. I'm not sure what my reaction should be to this other man's reaction to my wife's photos. I guess it was okay, since they were only pictures.*

Then, Linda walked into the room wearing one of Jill's sheer baby-doll outfits. Since she's bigger than Jill, it really fit tightly and didn't hide any of Linda's charms. I guess I was getting quite aroused by her big tits. The pale green panties did not hide her dark pubic patch, and they were so tight they pulled up in her cunt lips and up the crack of her ass. I was a little puzzled as Jill followed her into the room wearing a floor-length bathrobe, but right now Linda had my attention.

We took some shots with some simple movements. After only a little delay the top came off, and a roll of film later the bottoms were gone. While trying to hide my hard-on I shot many more photos. Linda had become quite at ease and was now spread-legged and bringing herself to a climax. When she came loudly we were all surprised. As she settled down she asked why she was the only one nude in front of my camera. I looked at Dave, thinking that he would soon be stripping. When surprise showed on his face I looked back toward Linda and there was Jill minus the robe. I was taken, as always, by her beauty, but then I was a bit resentful that Dave was there.

Jill was hugging Linda, telling her how proud she was of her. As they embraced I instinctively started taking more pictures. Well, Linda was so hot she hugged and kissed Jill back. Moments later they were locked in a deep French kiss, grinding their bodies together. I went through a roll of film in record time. While I was reloading they dropped to the floor, oblivious to Dave and me. Linda was on her back and Jill was kissing her face and tits, working her way down to that secret spot between Linda's cunt lips.

As they got into a sixty-nine I stole a glance at Dave and saw that his pants were down around his knees and he was pounding his hard-on. As the girls climaxed they rolled over and Linda held out her arms to Dave. He shed the rest of his clothes in a second and joined them. I expected Jill to come over by me out of camera

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Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

range, but she stayed there, encouraging Dave and Linda. Dave had mounted Linda right away and after only a few minutes the fuck was over.

Linda said she wanted to come again, so she lowered her dripping cunt on his face as Dave began eating her out. Again I concentrated on the taking of pictures. I took some more of Jill, who was now playing with her slippery slit. She came a moment later. Then she dropped to her knees and took Dave's limp cock in her mouth. I couldn't believe it. My Jill, who had always only had sex with me. I took her cherry and now she was sucking on another guy's cock. I tried to speak but I couldn't, and in amazement I began to take more photos of the three of them.

Jill was deep-throating him as I saw his hips lift off the floor as he filled her mouth with his hot come. Linda was coming too. I was getting some great pictures. They slowly came back down and realized what happened and were a little self-conscious. They cleaned up and I put away my gear.

I processed the film and the pictures were really hot. I gave a bunch of them to Dave. A few days later Linda told Jill that Dave sold some of the pictures to guys he works with. He wanted me to print up more, especially the ones of Jill sucking his cock. He was getting $10 for each of them. I was mad. Imagine all those monkeys drooling over Jill. But Jill wasn't very upset. In fact, she was amazed that other men would pay that much for our unprofessional little snapshots.

Dave told her some of the guys asked for special poses and Jill was getting interested. A half hour later we were taking pictures again.

Dave took some pictures of me ass-fucking Linda, which is one thing Jill would never want to do. I also ate out Jill as Linda sucked my cock.

In three months we've made almost $600. A guy we really don't know well offered us $200 if he and his wife could join us. A friend of Linda's said she'd pay for shots of Dave getting it on with her.

Deep down I think I want to quit, but Jill is enjoying herself and we're making a lot of tax-free money. Dave and Linda don't want to stop either, and now he's got another guy taking orders, too. Of course, the requests are getting more bizarre. I'm getting worried that this will get out of hand.—W.L.

Your letter really excited me, starting with the baby dolls and going on to the nudie shots you took of each other. But it seems to have gotten out of hand. Even if you are all making extra money, someday someone will try to make money by blackmailing one of you. You may well end up losing your job and your reputation. It seems you are more or less on the short end of the stick, doing most of the work and least of the play.

"Come on, you guys—it is my wife, you know."

THE PERIL OF OVEREATING

I am only nineteen but have been working at various jobs since I was fourteen. I do look older than my age, and most people believe I am twenty-three or twenty-four. I know that I am built better than most girls, and I don't dress in a provocative way, because I found out when I was fifteen that most guys automatically assume you are on the make or easy just by the way you dress.

My problem is that every man I have known over the age of thirty wants to eat me. I will admit that I have had sex with a few guys, but I am very selective, and once every couple of weeks is all I want and I can do without sex without any problem. I had to leave one very good job I had because even though I liked it, the boss, who was married with three children, wanted to eat me every night after work. Even though the pay was exceptionally good I didn't enjoy sex with him that much.

What do you say or do to turn men off? Even my minister has suggested that eating me wouldn't be the same as intercourse and that it would be best for me at my tender age. You may think that I am conceited, and I will say that I am and I have a right to be. I work hard, I dress in good taste, I keep my mind and body clean, and I don't drink or do drugs. I don't smoke and I mind my own business. I have discussed this problem with two of my best girl friends, and they told me that even their boyfriends have told them that if they had a chance that they would eat me.—J.K.

You live a perfectly healthy life and may well live to be a hundred years old. But it seems like one of the dullest possible existences. Does a girl like you have any fun at all? If you don't like drugs, smoking, drinking, fucking or sucking, or getting sucked, I suggest you become a hermit and just read up on what other people do with their lives. As far as your story about your boss is concerned—come on, I believe most of what you wrote, but that has to be a phony story. Nobody has to get her pussy sucked by her boss every night, and if you are such a prim, proper girl, why bother taking your panties off at all for him?

HOT PANTIES

I have come across some weird men, but I must tell you about this strange man I used to date. We had been going together for several weeks and usually made love in my apartment. Finally he came around to ask me to spend a weekend in his house. I usually wear tiny, sexy underpants, which I remove before going to bed with men. However, during our first night, this man asked me to keep them on, at least in the beginning. He loved to fiddle around with them and sniff them and even rub his cock against them. Finally we fucked, but he entered me through the elastic band of my panties.

On another occasion he asked me if I

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could wear a pair of panties I had been wearing for a couple of days, rather than put a clean one on, as I do every day. Then he asked me to buy a pair that was a size smaller than my usual bikini panties, as he likes to see the flesh bulge out over the side of it. He also said that I did not have to bother washing up before going to bed with him. He liked me au naturel.

He happened to be a terrific and gentle lover. When I finally spent the weekend at his house and was about to take a shower in the morning, I asked him where I could find a washcloth. He pointed to a chest of drawers that I presumed contained towels and washcloths. I was surprised when I pulled open the drawer and got a whiff of some vaguely familiar odor. There, next to the washcloths, he had neatly stacked about two dozen pairs of women's underpants, some of which I recognized as mine. He must have stolen or gotten them from his lovers, and all of them still held the fragrance of their previous owners. At first I was really bothered by his keeping reminders of previous girlfriends, but he is a great lover and is very loyal to me. Is this one of those secret little fetishes you think only really strange people have?—M.L.

To collect panties from girls is a harmless hobby. In a way, we are all fetishists of some sort. Some men only love to make love with girls who have long silken hair, and others like women with long, red, painted fingernails. Then there are those who prefer leather garments. A mild form of fetishism is all right, but when one can only perform the act of sex with the object it becomes a problem.

I keep the T-shirts of men I have truly loved and whose body odor really turns me on. I usually make them wear one while they do strenuous work or are in a hot climate, like Spain, where I spend a lot of time. Then, once the lover is gone, I treasure the sweat-drenched shirt, which I keep safely hidden in one of my drawers, or sometimes hang them between my own clothes.

When I feel like masturbating I pull out my T-shirt collection, sniff it, and conjure up great fantasies about the wearers, who are no longer with me.

I don't see anything wrong with a collection of items that belonged to someone dear to you, especially if it still has his odor, which lingers as a sweet memory.

PASSION FOR PANTIES

I am male, age twenty-five, and married two years. I have a fetish for panties. This all started when I was eighteen. My sister's friend Cynthia was staying at our house for the weekend. She was eighteen and beautiful. All that Saturday I had numerous chances to see her beautiful yellow panties under her dress. As you remember, dresses were then so short that every time a girl sat down you had a shot (as we called it). This had me very horny.

That night, after they were out, I went into my sister's room to borrow a Beatles album, and I noticed those yellow panties on the floor. I immediately took them to my room and locked the door. I stripped down and lay on my bed and examined those beautiful panties for thirty minutes. I then lay back and started stroking my now rock-hard penis while holding the inside of the cotton crotch over my face. As I felt myself ready to explode, I started licking her sweet juices from the crotch. By the time I was finished, I had sucked the entire crotch into my mouth and had experienced the most intense orgasm ever.

Since then I have been collecting worn panties by taking them from the dirty clothes hampers when we visit friends. My wife is open-minded and doesn't mind my fantasies with the panties. I have over thirty pairs, which I keep in plastic bags. I have also corresponded with a girl who sent me a pair of panties and a picture of her with them on. I masturbated while talking on the phone to her with her panties stretched over my head so that the crotch was up against my mouth.

I also get a raging hard-on when I can see the panty line through slacks or skirts. Is this strange?—A.C.C.

As I wrote to our friend in the previous letter, I see absolutely no harm in cherishing lots of ladies' undies. I've heard about a lot of men who are turned off by the scent of a woman's vagina, so it's great to hear about guys who can get off on it. It's so natural! But I wonder if your wife's panties are similarly erotic.

WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR?

I am a twenty-four-year-old woman, married to a man with the problem of premature ejaculation. We have tried everything to make our sex acts last long enough for me to get something out of it, but with no success.

A few months ago, a friend of ours called me on one of our days off and asked if I wanted to go fishing with him and his son. His wife had to work, and so did my husband, so we planned a lunch and left around 9:00.

As he fished I played with his two-year-old son. We all had a lot of fun. His son got tired, though, so they dropped me off at my house and went home. It was still early in the day, so I called him up and asked if he would like to play cards.

When I arrived at his place, he answered the door only in his robe, saying to be quiet because his son had just dozed off. I asked where he put the cards, and he asked if I was serious. I replied, "Yes." After a few hands of gin, he got up to get himself another beer (he had been drinking and smoking pot all morning). On his way back he came up to me and forced me up against the wall, pressing his lips against mine, exploring my mouth with his tongue. He told me that he had wanted me

"I can't believe you're as lonely as you say, Mr. Minnick."

for a long time, and that he wanted to take a shower with me, then eat me and make love to me. I was so excited, and yet my upbringing did not allow me to cheat on my husband. So we had an embarrassing situation, and I ended up leaving.

We went a couple of months without even a word, and when we finally did start doing things together as a foursome, it was very awkward for him and me.

I want desperately to pick up where we left off that day, but the thought of cheating on my husband ruins the romance of what could be. If my husband were able to last for more than his thirty seconds in and out, only satisfying himself, I wouldn't consider another man. But as it stands now, all I can think about is what would have happened that day so long ago if I would have stayed to enjoy it. It would have been an act of pure lust. I need the satisfaction I'm not getting at home.—A.T.

I don't think you have tried everything to help your husband. Remember his problem can be defined in two different ways: either the man comes too soon or the woman comes too late. Thus a woman may find a man unsatisfactory because it occurs before she is satisfied. But the same man may well be able to satisfy another woman with quicker responses. The timing of orgasm is basically a matter of couples' mutual adjustment, and in many cases it may well be the woman who can contribute the most. At any rate, she should know that with her help practically every man can learn to delay his orgasm as long as either of them want it delayed.

Have you tried oral sex or has your husband tried to please you before going inside you? During foreplay he can either manually or orally stimulate your clitoris while you gently touch his penis, say, with your mouth or hands. When you feel he is approaching orgasm, squeeze the tip of his penis really hard and distract his attention. This action has to be repeated several times, and once you have come, then he can do as he likes; and even if it lasts thirty seconds, at least you will have been satisfied. I often read of husbands who accuse their wives of being frigid, while in return, women like you refer to their husbands as selfish. Sex is a two-way street, a matter of give and take, and one shouldn't quit too easily.

GERIATRICKS

I was married more than twenty years when it came to an end two years ago. For a while I was too bitter to have anything to do with women, so I took up a flirty relationship with a waitress named Catherine at a coffee shop near where I work. She's a looker, with a figure that would look good in your centerfold and a lovely face under short blond hair. One afternoon after work we were talking about modern music when she invited me to her apartment to listen to some records. I went up with no intention other than listening to music, since I regarded her as too young,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

White Magic from the Black Forest

Rumple Minze. Icy, clear persuasion. An enchanting 100 proof drink imported from Germany's Black Forest. Boldly refreshing. Silvery Cool. A genuine old world taste. Stronger than tomorrow.

100 PROOF. IMPORTED FROM GERMANY. ENJOY IN MODERATION.

Regular, 1 mg. "tar", 0 .2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

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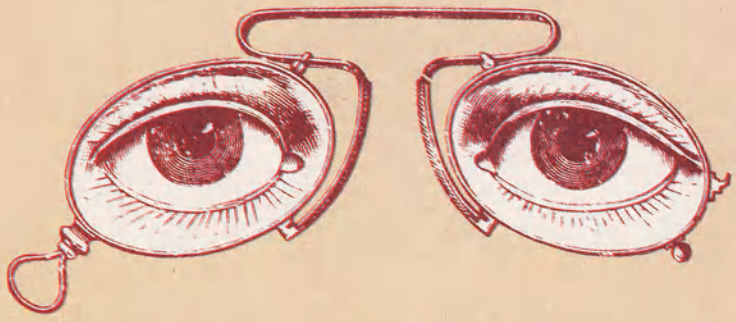

VIEW FROM THE TOP

FREE-TRADE LOVE

BY EMILY PRAGER

Editor's Note: Several months ago, when Lech Walesa was released from internment, the Polish military government of General Jaruzelski announced that it had in its possession a salacious film clearly showing Mr. Walesa frolicking with two unknown women. Although several film producers here in the West offered huge sums for foreign distribution, the movie was never shown outside General Jaruzelski's living room. The announcement regarding this porno film was followed by a second one that accused Mr. Walesa of tax evasion and misappropriation of funds from the Gdansk chapter of Solidarity; it seems the egotistical Lech wanted to publish a book about himself. We at *Penthouse* were so intrigued by this last accusation that we wrote away to Jerzy Urban, spokesman for the Polish government, and inquired if we could reprint Lech's book in our magazine. For a long time we had no reply. Then, last week, the Polish Propaganda Ministry forwarded to us the following book excerpt.

LECH WALESA'S HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS

Introduction. What is best thing about being former leader of former free trade union? Is easy to pick up girls! And what is best thing about picking up girls? You don't need permit! Yet. Yah, so any guy can do it, not just former leaders. Is matter of correct time, correct place, correct phrase, correct sex charisma, correct girl. Don't forget: virginity is like free-trade union—can easily be abolished overnight.

Places to Pick Up Girls.

Under martial law: Bread line, soap line, ration-card distribution center, mass, wiretap recording studio.

Not under martial law: Urus tractor factory cloakroom, Lenin steelworks rest-room corridor, food riots, Katowice Hospital waiting room.

How to Project Sex Charisma. Once you find girls, you must be sexy. Must project sex charisma. Girls do not turn on to starving dissidents with dirty hair. No. Not anymore. Starving dissidents with dirty hair all interned to camps now, so field is free. Go for it!

Dress like sexy man: (1) Grow mustache like former leader. (2) Wear dark glasses like Polish general. (3) Do not wear cap.

Think like sexy man: Do you? Take quiz. You see beautiful woman carrying tin of imported sardines in woods near Vistula River. Do you (a) trip her, grab the tin, and sell it on the black market; (b) trip her, grab the tin, and eat it at first opportunity; (c) trip her, grab the tin, and eat both; (d) trip her, grab the tin, eat her, and sell the tin? Answer: (c) has most sex charisma.

How to Come On—Many Correct Phrases. Last year in front of Gdansk shipyard I see beautiful girl standing near tank. She looks afraid, so I approach and I say, "Hey! If you are so afraid of Zomo* water cannon, how you will act when you see mine?" She laughs. Bingo! Is easy! She is picked up. You can do it, too. Correct phrase with correct place is below. (* mobile militia)

Soap line: "Hi, I'm your friend. Want to save soap? Shower with me!"

Ration-card distribution center: "Hey! Want to share our butter coupons and make last tango in Poland?"

Food riots: "Hello! If you don't get beaten to death, you want to make a porno movie with a sexy free-trade unionist? I can guarantee domestic distribution."

Katowice Hospital waiting room: "You come here often?"

Wiretap recording studio: "My government doesn't understand me."

Where to Be Alone. Once girls is picked up, where you can go to be alone? This is hard one. Housing shortage interferes. Also SB* surveillance. Never mind. Former leader knows places. But listen, must be as careful as street cat in path of food rioter. Understand? Good. (* secret police)

TONY SCHIANO

SosNowiec mine, tunnel #4: Good place. Nobody here since toxic gas attack in 1981. Soft earth floor is nice for sex but must wear gas mask, so no kissing.

Draining room, annex #6, state hog butchery, Upper Silesia: Bring tarpaulin.

Bulgarian disco, foreign students center, Kraków University: Wonderful place. People very friendly. You bring six vodka coupons, ten zlotys, and tell them, "Former leader sent me." You have no trouble. Super-8 movie camera is provided.

Editor's Note: the above excerpt is taken from a book soon to be published by Arka Books, New York, publishers of *Kabul on Five Kopecs a Day* by Yuri Andropov.

SCENES

NOT A PROFILE

Ready for a quick quiz? Okay. **Tony Hendra** is (a) editor of *Meet Mr. Bomb*, the *Irrational Inquirer*, and the *Off the Wall Street Journal*; (b) co-editor of *Not the New York Times*; (c) co-author of *Not the Bible*; (d) none of the above; (e) all of the above; (f) all of the above except d and e.

The correct answer, obviously, is (f). Any other choice and you probably break out at the words "number-two lead pencils." When it comes to satire, the market's corner belongs to Tony Hendra, and it wouldn't surprise anyone if *hendra* one day showed up in Webster's as a synonym for "parody papers." He's done them all. And the guy knows it.

"There doesn't seem to be much to do after *Not the Bible*," says Hendra, with some regret. "Except maybe *Pravda*." An Englishman educated at Cambridge—"the real Cambridge"—Hendra came to the United States over twenty years ago when he got his start in the business as half of a stand-up comedy team. Later, Hendra moved on to the *National Lampoon*, where he honed his teeth, taking bites at everything from high school yearbooks to men's magazines.

Even if imitation is the highest compliment, not everyone finds Hendra's takeoffs a laughing matter. *Meet Mr. Bomb*, a hilarious parody of holocaust survival pamphlets, spoofs the absurdity of a civil defense system by being, well, absurd. Everything for the big blast is included: Nuke tennis shoes for a quick getaway, Cat Ciao poison so kitty doesn't suffer, and kinky postblast dating tips. Where else are you going to find an answer to the ultimate question: "What if a mutant you have dated gives birth to tadpoles and claims you are the father?"

Unfortunately, *Meet Mr. Bomb* met with so many exposed raw nerves when it was published last fall. "It was suppressed here and there," says Hendra, disappointed that a favorite project was sabotaged. "In New York, the paper went out on its publication date and the next day—so the distributor said—all the copies were returned. I strongly suspect that it was never distributed. And in Los Angeles, the wholesaler simply refused to distribute *Meet Mr. Bomb*, calling it a political document."

Unlike the wimpy *Real Men Don't Eat Knishes* variety of best-selling humor, Hendra's satire never loses sight of its political target. It's funny because it stings. For that reason, *Meet Mr. Bomb* will probably win him as many friends with the Ron and Nancy crowd as *Not the Bible*. Co-authored by Sean Kelly, *Not the Bible* (Ballantine) ridicules the not-so-good book's fixation on heavy-duty S & M, sodomy, no-nonsense torture, whores, movie disasters, and, yes, the spilling of seeds.

How does one prepare for such a momentous undertaking as taking on the Bible? "Sean was raised at a Jesuit seminary," Hendra reveals, "and I spent a short time as a Benedictine monk. Both of us feel we are qualified to write *Not the Bible*." At last, their inside knowledge is revealed. Now anyone can perform the "Jesus H. Christ death-defying walk on the water" illusion (the secret is in the inflated swine bladders) and other tricks of the savior trade.

If there's anything closer to America's heart than her apple pie and bombs, it's got to be the Bible. So how did he and Kelly ever get Ballantine Books to go with something so outrageously irreligious as *Not the Bible*?

"Actually, Ballantine approached us to do something about the Moral Majority. The only trouble they gave us was that we originally wanted to be pure about it, and do the book all in a pseudo-biblical language. They thought that might become sort of seamy."

Tony Hendra: parody papers.

DAVID KAESTLE

Oral McJorrity from Not the Bible*: taking a look at the not-so-good book.*

Hendra isn't bothered that people, not to mention bookstores and distributors, might be offended. "You have to take the risk. When people are careful not to offend—now that's offensive."

His recent parody of the tabloid press, the *Irrational Inquirer*, is, indeed, at its best when it swings lowest, as with the Mother Teresa's "face-lift in a drum" ad. "She has the most remarkable complexion," notes Hendra, who is clearly someone who believes in bad taste. He does admit to censoring, occasionally, a totally offensive item. But when it's pointed out that the *Inquirer* has no jokes about child sex abusers—the *National Enquirer*'s favorite topic of outrage—Hendra is quick to defend. "Well, there is a story in the *Inquirer* about a newborn baby that molests its mother in the delivery room."

Hendra credits much of his success to a dozen or so writers who contribute to his projects. And, yes, it doesn't hurt that he's his own editor. Except for *Not the Bible*, his parodies are published free of censorship by longtime associate Larry Durocher. If extraterrestrials or CIA agents have run off with every last copy at your local newsstand, the *Irrational Inquirer*, *Meet Mr. Bomb*, and a revised edition of the *Off the Wall Street Journal* (due out in time for taxes) can be purchased for $3 each by writing to Hendra/Durocher Books, High Meadow Publishing, New London, N.H. 03257. All copies come wrapped in discreet beige paper, and are recommended for everybody except those recovering from abdominal surgery.—*Robert Hofler*

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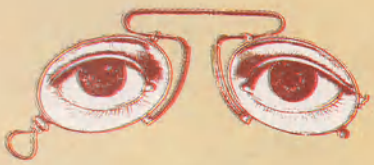

TELEVISION

AD NAUSEAM

According to various surveys, the average American regards TV about as highly these days as he or she regards, say, Charlie Manson or kidney disease or tax audits. But did you ever wonder what TV thinks about the average American—about you?

Specifically, did you ever wonder what those responsible for TV—those who finance it, make its policy, determine its content and pay for it: advertisers—think of you?

Wonder no more.

They think you're an imbecile. A dunce. A world-class simpleton. We're talking subhuman intelligence here.

This is known by virtue of the fact that they address you, via commercials, as if you had the IQ of a urinal deodorizer disc. If possible, they consider you even dumber than the network programmers do.

The evidence is indisputable.

Example. The commercial for **No-Salt**, a salt substitute, employs a basic fear tactic: "Did you know you could be getting twenty times the amount of salt in your diet that your body needs?" This news so alarms the poor schmuck in the commercial that he instantly switches to No-Salt. Wonderful. Now he's getting twenty times the amount of *No-Salt* that his body needs! Assuming it needs No-Salt to begin with. Hell, we don't even know what No-Salt is. All we know is what it isn't: salt. Fine—cement isn't salt either; nor are ant poison, cat litter, or asbestos. Any child knows that if you're getting twenty times the salt you need, the cheapest and simplest remedy is just to use less of the damn salt!

Example. The commercial for **Grecian Formula**, which men with graying hair can apply to their scalp to halt or reverse the graying process. Supposedly, the amount can be varied so as to accomplish this subtly and precisely. As the male user in the spot notes, like Captain Kirk dictating Stardate reports, "Third day: gray disappearing, no one noticing." Fabulous. We've spent our hard-earned for a product whose only value or utility is that it enhances our appearance to others—and nobody even notices it! One is besieged by the question "Then what the hell is the point?" What the ad really asserts is that you can make a conspicuous and unnatural alteration of your appearance in the name of vanity without attracting the notice or ridicule of those around you. If you buy this, I'd like to talk to you about some income property near Love Canal.

Example. The commercial featuring John Houseman for **Smith-Barney**. For openers, you're being asked to take the financial advice of an actor, a man paid to deceive others convincingly. On top of that, *this* actor has also been a producer, an Oscar winner, and a drama professor—and he still has to stoop to doing commercials! The guy couldn't even put a nest egg away, and he's giving you investment tips? This is like Tylenol running commercials whose theme is: "Either way, it gets rid of your headache." What cheek!

Obviously, the ad writer figures that since Houseman *played* a professor of law, we won't know the difference. The same way that, because Robert Young *played* a doctor, we'll heed his advice about excess caffeine use. This concept isn't just insulting, it's drearily limitless. Why not Jack ("Quincy") Klugman for Forest Lawn? Judd ("Taxi") Hirsch for Ford? Raymond ("Ironside") Burr for Preparation H?

Indeed, it's not just infuriating but appalling to think that there are adults pulling down $40K per annum as copywriters who really believe that we'll give our grandmothers McDonald's gift certificates for Christmas ("The one present that's right for everyone!"), or that we'll swallow the premise that the first thing two women do upon meeting each other is to discuss tampons.

In any case, whenever you see on the tube a person begging a cat or dog to eat its dinner, or a spokesperson explaining how broke an oil company is from exploration, or a depiction of a hamburger as a religious experience, or business tycoons coming unhinged about a breakfast cereal, or people arguing with their margarine, or any paid political message whatsoever, you'll know what TV truly and genuinely thinks of you.

It thinks you're dumb enough to believe that Johnny Bench is an expert on spray paint, that collarring is a major social problem, that adults find actual joy in squeezing toilet paper, and that we can rejoice in the technological triumph of being able to answer phone calls on our TV.

But *aha*—perhaps that's the key to dealing with the blatantly derogatory regard the tube obviously has for us. Think of your TV set as a *telephone*, and of its more demeaningly inane product pitches as phone calls that begin, "Listen, you gullible sap, and buy what I tell you to . . ." And hang up on them.—*Robert S. Wieder*

LARRY HAMILL

Take a guess: what does television truly and genuinely think of you, the Average American?

The Radar Defense Kit

Radar warning. Hear the difference.

What Could Be Better Than Unbelievable Range?

By now, you've probably heard some tall sounding stories about how far away the ESCORT® radar warning receiver picks up radar traps. You know, the ones where they talk in miles instead of car lengths. The stories go on to say that ESCORT's superheterodyne receiving circuits provide as much X and K-band warning as you can possibly use, and then some. If you've never used an ESCORT, they may seem pretty far fetched, but most of them are true. Over hills, around corners, and from behind.

Car 54 Where Are You?

Maximum detection range is wonderful, but it's far from the whole story. In some ways, radar detectors are like smoke alarms; you want to make sure that you don't miss anything, but you don't want a lot of false alarms. ESCORT won't disappoint you. Beyond that, when a smoke alarm sounds off, the most pressing thing on your mind is: Where is the fire? Is it ahead of you, behind you, above you, or below you? In the same room, or at the other end of the house? Your senses can help you find fire, but, on the highway, you can't feel or smell radar. ESCORT is your sixth sense.

Hearing Is Believing

ESCORT reports its findings straight to your ears in a way no other detector can match. Its vocabulary includes a Geiger-counter-like pulsating rhythm that relates radar intensity in a smooth, natural, and intuitive manner, making it easy to sense the distance to radar. It can tell you if radar is ahead of you, behind you, or even traveling along with you in traffic. ESCORT also speaks different languages for each radar band. Since the two bands behave differently, the distinctive tonal differences eliminate surprises. You'll even be able to tell "beam interrupter," "trigger," or "instant-on" type radars from other signals just by the sounds they make. Ditto for radar burglar alarms and door openers. ESCORT has a lot to say, and we've developed a new way for you to get acquainted quickly.

Play It, Sam

ESCORT's instruction book contains a wealth of information. Actually, it's the ESCORT user's Bible. But, the quickest way to become fluent in ESCORT's language is to play the Radar Disc on your stereo turntable. You'll hear firsthand how to interpret what ESCORT tells you in a number of situations. We now include this special Disc with every ESCORT so you can take a test drive as soon as you open the box.

No Stone Unturned

The ESCORT Radar Disc is the latest addition to a long list of standard features. We don't scrimp on anything. Here they are: ■ Patented Digital Signal Processor ■ Different Audio Alerts for X or K Band Radar ■ Varactor-Tuned Gunn Oscillator tunes out false alarms ■ Alert Lamp dims photoelectrically after dark ■ 1/64 Second Response Time covers all radar ■ City/Highway Switch filters out distractions ■ Audio Pulse Rate accurately relates radar intensity ■ Fully Adjustable Audio Volume ■ Softly Illuminated Signal Strength Meter ■ L.E.D. Power-On Indicator ■ Sturdy Extruded Aluminum Housing ■ Inconspicuous size (1.5H x 5.25W x 5D) ■ Power Cord Quick-Disconnect from back of unit ■ Convenient Visor Clip or Hook and Loop Mounting ■ Protective Molded Carrying Case ■ Spare Fuse and Alert Lamp Bulb.

Your stereo will demonstrate ESCORT's unusual abilities.

New!
33⅓ RPM Radar Disc

What The Critics Say

Car and Driver: . . . "The ESCORT, a perennial favorite of these black-box comparisons, is still the best radar detector money can buy . . . All things considered, the ESCORT is the best piece of electronic protection on the market."

BMWCCA Roundel: . . . "The ESCORT is a highly sophisticated and sensitive detector that has been steadily improved over the years without changing those features that made it a success in the first place . . . In terms of what all it does, nothing else comes close."

Playboy: . . . "ESCORT radar detectors . . . (are) generally acknowledged to be the finest, most sensitive, most uncompromising effort at high technology in the field."

Autoweek: . . . "For the third straight year, no manufacturer has bettered the ESCORT's sensitivity . . . the consistent quality is remarkable."

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If you want the best, there's only one way to get an ESCORT. Factory direct. Knowledgeable support and professional service are only a phone call or parcel delivery away. We mean business. In fact, after you open the box, play the Radar Disc, and install your ESCORT, we'll give you 30 days to test it yourself at no risk. If you're not absolutely satisfied, we'll refund your purchase as well as pay for your postage costs to return it. We also back ESCORT with a full one year limited warranty on both parts and labor. So let ESCORT change radar for you forever. Order today.

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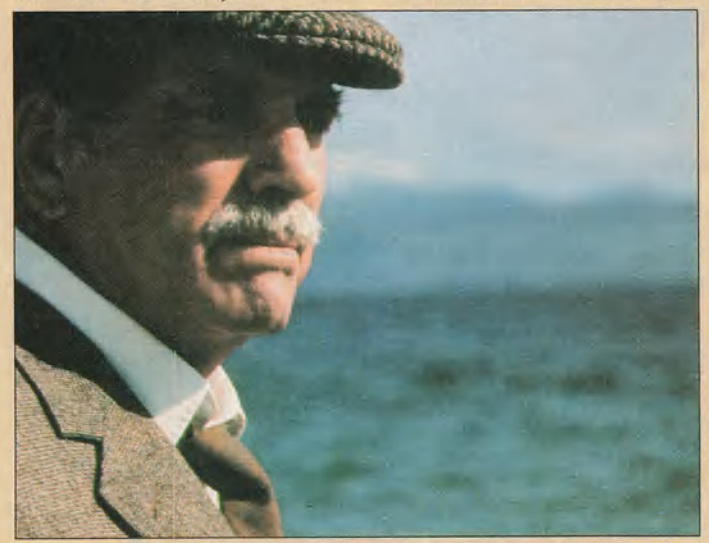
FILMS

SUCCESS STORIES

Except for old Ben, who owns the beach, everybody wants to sell. It's not a question of numbers exactly—tens of millions in any case. It's more a question of currencies, tens of millions of pounds or of dollars, a friendly arguing point between MacIntyre, the mergers and acquisition man from Knox Oil, and the people of Ferness, a storybook village on a breathtaking bay in the west of Scotland. Knox Oil means to rip the place up for a refinery, a prospect agreeable to all the inhabitants—though they obviously live in a magic land, spare, beautiful, visited by strange things from sea and sky—except for the old fellow who "works" the beach that his family has owned for 400 years. MacIntyre offers him an extra three-quarters of a million plus any other beach he wants—Hawaii, Acapulco, name it—but Ben stands firm. That's why Felix Happer, who owns Knox Oil, flies over from Houston. But Happer, a thoughtful old loony in his own right, would rather scan the stars than buy beaches. And so you can figure the utterly equitable solution that will end Bill Forsyth's ravishing new comedy, ***Local Hero.***

As the hero, more or less, of *Local Hero*, MacIntyre (Peter Reigert) doesn't wholly share in the solution. Not exactly a Scotsman (his family chose "MacIntyre" as typically American when they got off the boat from Hungary), he falls in love with the town he came to buy—not to mention Stella (Jennifer Black), wife of Gordon Urquhart (Denis Lawson), his good friend who runs the inn, the real-estate business, and anything else in Ferness that needs running. MacIntyre will have to leave Ferness, with its pristine little hotel, where Gordon tends bar and turns out gourmet meals when he's not closing real-estate deals or making love to the sensuous Stella upstairs. He'll also leave his young sidekick, Danny Oldsen (Peter Capaldi), Knox Oil's Aberdeen connection and a lad with a gift for languages, who notices that the gorgeous biologist Marina (Jenny Seagrove) is probably a mermaid while he is teaching her Japanese and passionately kissing her—webbed—feet on the beach. Undaunted, Danny begins to practice holding his breath underwater.

I've left out a lot. For example, the jovial, capitalistic Soviet trawler captain for whom Gordon handles investments, and the black African local minister who came to study and then just stayed, and the sunsets and the meteor showers overhead. All I'm doing is scene-setting—which is much of what *Local Hero* does, with its fantastic shaggy-dog story of a plot and its stunning sense of place and occasion. I happen to find the occasions mostly hilarious and sometimes heartbreaking (there is an elaborate slow-waltz sequence at a town dance near the end that is as lovely a contemplative set piece as anything you'll find in recent movies), and always appropriate to the delicate sense of longing at the film's core.



Local Hero: *a gift for showing the extraordinary in ordinary life.*

Bill Forsyth's last feature—the first one to play here—the charming *Gregory's Girl,* cast a group of young unknowns as contemporary school kids. *Local Hero* moves toward much more professional production values, with a cast of international reputation (including Burt Lancaster as the unpredictable Happer), but also toward a more conventional sort of dramatic whimsy that tests Forsyth's sensibility just because Ferness lacks the incongruities of his up-to-the-minute Glasgow suburb in *Gregory's Girl.* Ferness is already halfway to fairy land (though a superior fairy land, with old Scotch, enthusiastic sex, money market funds, and good French wine), and the sheer potential of the setting might well overwhelm Forsyth's gift for the extraordinary in ordinary life. That it doesn't suggests an exceptional gift. Forsyth specializes in a kind of middle-distance discovery of unusually sophisticated sight gags, which he combines with an appreciation of perfect, and perfectly unexpected, aplomb. Living through a Forsyth movie means discovering resources, sympathies, depths of contact that you might have hoped for but never thought existed. Even including its sadness, this is among the most profoundly *happy* comedies I know.

De Niro: fame and misfortune.

At the other extreme, in a New York City where nothing connects, is Rupert Pupkin, ultimate anonymity of ***The King of Comedy,*** pursuing a celebrity only he thinks he deserves. Rupert's metier, for which he has no talent, is stand-up comedy. But he belongs to the whole history of Martin Scorsese crazy loners, from *Mean Streets* and *Taxi Driver* to *Raging Bull,* usually played by Robert De Niro, and usually vindicated despite all the odds against them.

This latest Scorsese is a frequently brilliant film, dealing scene by scene with embarrassment more than with humor, that builds toward an ending it either doesn't understand or hasn't the courage properly to exploit. But it does provide Robert De Niro yet another opportunity to demonstrate his imagination, his invention, his range. If Scorsese had no other virtues (he has plenty), his thinking up ways to engage De Niro would be enough, and this sharing of intelligence between actor and director would still rank as the most dazzling collaboration now on screen.
—*Roger Greenspun*

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WORDS

GREEDY DOGS People—except thee and me, of course—will do anything for money. They will rob, kill, lay Alfred Bloomingdale, tie rutabagas to their heads and cry "Me, Monty, me!" They will even work for it. Man may pay lip service to the virtues and to love, but it is his greed that drives him onward, ever searching for that short route to the Indies, that way to get rich quick.

In 1901 the Scottish immigrant Andrew Carnegie sold his Pennsylvania steel-industry interests to the U.S. Steel Corporation for $250 million. This deal popularized Carnegie as the wise man of enterprise. *The Gospel of Wealth*, *The Empire of Business*, and his other books were devoured by those eager to learn the secret of his success. (They found little more than "Aim for the highest; never enter a barroom; do not touch liquor.")

Since those pre-income-tax, gold-standard days, get-rich books have become a big part of our hermetic lore. Today, as our unemployment rate threatens to surpass that of 1933 and the prospect of total economic collapse grows more real with each new American loan to the defaulting guacamole republics of the world, these books have entered into their fullest golden flowering.

We still have old-fashioned success books, such as Napoleon Hill's ***Think and Grow Rich*** (Fawcett). The late Mr. Hill was the literary successor of Carnegie and a founder of *Success Unlimited* ("The Magazine for Achievers"), wherein one may read of "strategies for unemployed achievers." The secret he offers to share with us "was brought to my attention by Andrew Carnegie, more than half a century ago." This secret is not plainly revealed, but "as you read, the secret will jump forth from the page and stand boldly before you, if you are ready for it." And the check is in the mail.

If we have a few bucks to begin with, we might try to make our fortune on Wall Street. Toward this end Tom Taylor's ***Get Rich on the Obvious*** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) proffers counsel. Taylor, a vice-president of Shearson/American Express, proposes "converting your everyday observations into profits in the stock market." He gives the examples of those who doubled their money by investing in pantyhose when miniskirts became popular, or in Twentieth Century-Fox when *Star Wars* hit. There is a good deal of soundness and wit in his book, but its force rests on hindsight, except for the prediction that (and these italics are his) "*the energy crisis will be over by 1985.*"

Turning our attention to real-estate schemes, we have Lawrence Read's ***Relax . . . and Get Rich!*** (available for $15 from Kelsey Marketing, Box 1240, Parksley, Va. 23421) and Tyler Hicks's ***How to Make One Million Dollars in Real Estate in Three Years Starting With No Cash*** (Prentice-Hall). Yeah, right, no problem. "Uncle Dan up in Alaska or your good old Aunt Matilda might advance you the money," says Read. Hicks, a proponent of "MDM" (Million-Dollar Method), suggests going to a moneylender. But where do we find one? "The two best sources I know of are *International Wealth Success* and *Business Capital Sources*," available for $24 and $15, respectively, from International Wealth Success, of which Hicks is president. (Also useful are "*Starting Millionaire" Program* and the *Real Estate Fortune Builders Course*, $99.50 each. Try Uncle Dan.)

"I'm going to ask you to send me something I don't need: money," declares Joe Karbo in the ads for ***The Lazy Man's Way to Riches*** (available for $10 from Financial Publishers, 17105 South Pacific, Sunset Beach, Calif. 90742). His book advises that we use "DYNA/PSYCH" ("the programmed study and practice of achieving success by the planned application of important but little understood natural laws") to get rich in mail-order. Franklin Neal also likes the mail-order theory. His ***Way to Make a Million*** (available for $11 from FDN Enterprises, 110 S. 12th Street, Corsicana, Tex. 75110) consists of thirty-two pages, five of which are blank (four reserved for "Notes," one for space to "Meditate and Doodle With Your Ideas"). In the nonblank pages, we learn that "the best way to place a classified ad is to contact the classified advertising department of the magazine." What might the other ways be? Neal explains, "The 'Way to Make a Million' in our opinion is doing things that will work over and over again, and when they stop working, start doing something else." Got it.

We must learn to handle ourselves in a manner befitting the grandeur of our forthcoming state. Charles Muse's ***How to "Deal" Like a Millionaire and Get Rich on Borrowed Money*** (Parker) teaches that "the first thing you must do is have some fancy business cards printed." Yes, but what is our business? "Here are a few of the most profitable small businesses in the world that you could start up with sound advice and borrowed money: . . . pet cemetery . . . mattress shop . . . soup kitchen . . . candle making. . . ." At this point, Alfred Bloomingdale begins to look good.

As it is writ somewhere: "The love of money is the root of all evil." And of much half-assed gibberish as well.—*Nick Tosches*

Depression boom for publishing: get-rich-quick books enter into their fullest golden flowering.

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SOUNDS

HONKY TONKIN'

Honky tonk music grew up in the beer joints of Texas and Oklahoma in the mid-1940s. It was a response to hard times and to new technology—amplified steel guitars and the first solid-body six-string electrics were finally making it possible for determined musicians to make themselves heard over the most boisterous juke joint crowds, and along with the louder music came a heavier, more danceable beat. Southwesterners had already been dancing to the solid rhythms and bluesy intensity of Western swing for a decade, but Western swing (as played by Bob Wills, Milton Brown, and their contemporaries) was too jazzy and flashy for a new generation raised on dust-bowl despair. Honky tonk threw out the slick trimmings and returned to country music basics—a solid little combo, a song about real people reacting to real situations, and a singer who came up hard and scuffled, just like his listeners.

Today, with the mainstream of country music awash in Nashville glitz and the national economy threatening to turn into a grim rerun of the worst depression years, honky tonk music is winning a whole new audience. **Willie Nelson** and **Merle Haggard**, the most popular country stars to have escaped the cloying effects of Nashville sweetening, are basically throwbacks to the original honky tonk era, disciples of pioneers like **Lefty Frizzell** and **Hank Williams**. Their recent album collaboration *Poncho & Lefty* (Epic), digs back into the late 1940s and early 1950s, when Lefty and Hank were on every Texas jukebox, for its sparse instrumental sound and unsentimental perspectives.

But there's something about the original honky tonk recordings—some spark of freshness and grit and honesty—that satisfies a listener even more than Merle and Willie's adeptly affectionate recreations do. And thanks to Rounder records, a folk and bluegrass label (186 Willow Avenue, Somerville, Mass. 02144), some of the best early honky tonk music is available again. *Treasures Untold: The Early Recordings of Lefty Frizzell*, **Kitty Wells**'s *The Golden Years*, and **Ernest Tubb**'s *Honky Tonk Classics* document the beginnings and the most productive years of three leading honky tonk stylists, and bear witness to the music's enduring appeal.

Frizzell, who earned his "Lefty" nickname in oil-field boxing matches, grew up listening to the singing brakeman, Jimmie Rodgers, who inspired a generation of country singers. Rodgers's deep blues feeling and relaxed, liquid phrasing left a lasting impression on Frizzell, but when Lefty began making his own records in 1950, he added something else—a socking dance beat, rolling juke joint piano, crying pedal steel guitar, and his own fluid, almost conversational approach to putting a song across. "Just like money goes from hand to hand, my baby goes from man to man," he wailed in "My Baby's Just Like Money," and one of his hits, also on *Treasures Untold,* said plainly what most of us know in our bones, that "Time Changes Things." *Treasures Untold* is a superb collection that will convince fans of blues, soul, and rock that the best honky tonk singers were as tough and as soulful as anybody.

Ernest Tubb was also a Jimmie Rodgers fan in his youth, but his recording career has seen the gradual domestication of the raw, original honky tonk sound into something polite enough to follow Minnie Pearl on the Grand Ole Opry (a show Frizzell shunned even at the height of his fame). Tubb's *Honky Tonk Classics* doesn't pack Lefty's emotional wallop, but it does offer other pleasures—simplicity, economy, and genial good cheer.

Kitty Wells, who achieved country music immortality in 1952 when she recorded "It Wasn't God Who Made Honky Tonk Angels," shattered the stereotypes that had limited members of her sex to singing about home, hearth, and motherhood. The lonesome wail in Wells's voice convinced everyone who heard her that her songs told the truth. "I Don't Claim to Be No Angel," she sang on a disc included in *The Golden Years*. But she *was* an angel—a honky tonk angel, the first and the finest.

Hank Williams started late and burned out early on drugs and booze, but he left an indelible mark on country music and helped kick honky tonk closer to the up-tempo raunch of mid-1950s rockabilly. Down Home Music (10341 San Pablo Avenue, El Cerrito, Calif. 94530), a mail order concern specializing in American vernacular music, offers worshipers at the Williams shrine two new treasures. A previously unavailable 45-RPM EP finds Hank singing four of his most mournful tunes, accompanied only by his guitar. And for the Williams fan who has to have it all, Down Home offers *The Immortal Hank Williams,* a boxed set assembled by Japanese MGM that includes ten long-playing discs, everything Williams's record company released on him plus a bonus LP with two of his radio broadcasts on it. "Let me sing my song till they call me home," he warbles in the show's theme song, "Happy Rovin' Cowboy." He was called home soon enough, but his soul will live as long as these indispensable recordings.—*Robert Palmer*

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Hank Williams and the honky-tonk revival: getting rid of the glitz and returning to country music basics.

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PRISON GUARDS

BY MICHAEL DISEND

Subject to mindless,
brutal terror, these men and women
exist in a powder keg,
waiting for the next explosion.

PAINTING BY NORMAN CATHERINE

Last January, nineteen guards were seized as hostages for fifty-three hours during the takeover of Cell Block B at Sing Sing by 470 prisoners armed with clubs, chains, knives, lengths of iron pipe and wire, sharpened spoons, forks, and bed legs. During the hours of negotiations between the state and inmate rebels an absorbed public heard the demands of the rioters broadcast every night on television. As crudely lettered banners fluttered from the windows of Cell Block B, called "animal house" by guards, inmates shouted through a bullhorn from within the century-old red brick building. Their complaints about horrendous conditions reached into every home. After the ordeal was over, which included death threats and beatings for the captives, the public had been dramatically informed that the lot of prisoners in New York has gone from bad to atrocious. The complaints, though not the insurrection, were acknowledged as basically justified by state correction officials, who promised to remedy them as soon as possible. What the public did *not* learn, because no attention has been adequately focused upon it by the media, was what it's really like to be a prison guard—the daily plight of the men who become newsworthy only when they're taken hostage, or killed.

According to Dr. Jacques Rambaud, who treated the guards after the uprising, the ex-captives were emotionally traumatized by the ordeal. "Most of the guards thought they were going to die, they really did. It was a hell of a stress. They were angry and feared abandonment. They perceived abandonment by the administration."

With the rate of violent assaults upon correction officers skyrocketing, with inflation and ruthless budget cuts decimating inmate programs, that mental state of fear, anger, and perceived abandonment has become the norm among guards today. For the men and women responsible for the care, custody, and control of the most explosive, unpredictable members of our society, the scorching pressures behind the walls have become nearly unbearable.

On March 22, 1982, five inmates at the maximum-security Clinton Correctional Facility in Dannemora, N.Y., refused to return to their cells after an exercise period in the prison's sprawling recreation yard. When correction officers ordered them to lock in, they were assaulted. Ten guards were beaten up. One received a concussion and others were treated for minor injuries.

Two guards at Elmira, another maximum-security prison in upstate New York, were injured in a June 17, 1982, incident when twenty-one inmates refused to return to their cells. Security staff were sent to the area. Handcuffs were applied to nineteen inmates and they were escorted to their cells without incident. Two prisoners refused to comply and smashed the guards with heavy chairs. Correction officer Nicholas Farrell was sent to an outside hospital for an X ray. Correction officer John Morando, also struck with a chair, remained on duty.

Incidents like these can be cited indefinitely. In the New York State penal system, they now average over eighty a month, more than a third of which result in injuries to officers. According to the State Department of Correctional Services, 1981 saw a 27 percent rise in attacks upon guards compared with 1980, and two guards have been killed within the last eighteen months. Statistics from other states are comparable. If police officers had been subject to such a sharp rise of violence, the situation would have commanded immediate public attention. But because these incidents happen out of painful sight and mind, they evoke little concern . . . until, of course, a bloody riot erupts and for a few days the media report negotiations and body counts. To attempt to remedy this situation, I spent several weeks last year talking to prison guards behind the awesome stone walls of the state penitentiaries in which they work and try to survive in one piece.

> Quite a few prison guards are fresh out of high school. "They're kids," an older guard said, "and the inmates know it. They eat 'em alive."

Because relatively few people have been deep inside a prison, or even visited one, and because few journalists care to report on prison life, the public still "learns" about conditions inside from stereotypical Hollywood movies, television, and books by inmate celebrities. In almost all of these, prison guards are depicted as sadists and bullies. But it is vitally important to understand the realities of a prison guard's life if one is to attempt to change the deadly mess of our penal system. For even in New York, having the third largest inmate population in the country and long viewed by other states and the Federal Bureau of Prisons as the trend-setter of criminology, the inmate population has swollen to over 28,000 men, who have to live in space built to house 25,226. In 1972, there were only 12,444 inmates. The state's thirty-seven prisons now operate at 112 percent capacity. The abuse of prison guards has kept pace with this overcrowding.

On the morning I entered foreboding Clinton Correctional Facility, close to the Quebec border, with 2,600 inmates and some 960 uniformed personnel, my first sight was of an ambulance returning from the prison infirmary. Less than an hour before, an inmate had refused to leave the tailor shop when asked by a guard. In the ensuing melee, a correction officer sustained a fractured foot and a cut in the eye that required five stitches. Another had a sprained hand, which had to be put in a cast. A third suffered a laceration and a sprained leg. A fourth was kicked in the thigh. It was all the handiwork of a single inmate, and the guards said the incident—not reported in the media—was typical of everyday life in the facility.

"I don't think there's an officer around who, if he hasn't been assaulted, isn't going to be," remarked C.O. (Correction Officer) Michael Kelly, who had helped break up the fight. *"But it's not part of our job!* Ten or fifteen years ago heart disease and hypertension wasn't a factor on this job." He taps his nose with a forefinger and grins wryly. "I didn't always look like this, you know."

Although he is still a well-built, handsome man in his mid-forties, Kelly's looks have been somewhat altered by assault-related injuries. These include having his nose broken twice, the knuckles on his left and right hand shattered, a permanent 15 percent disability of the right wrist (pretty bad for a guy who plays the banjo), torn muscles in his back, and the cartilage gone in his left knee after a particularly brutal kick. Last winter Kelly lost several weeks of work after a severely disturbed inmate attacked him, spraining his neck and damaging the nerves in his right hand. Other scars are less visible.

"This society doesn't give a damn about correction officers," he says bitterly, staring beyond the walls of Clinton's recreation yard towards a scenic view of Lake Champlain and the Green Mountains of Vermont. "The public thinks we sit on our asses and do nothing. They don't understand the stress we have in here. You can feel the tension right in your kidneys. They don't understand that, because of the stress, 80 percent of our marriages break up. The wives can't take it anymore. Have you ever met a child who said he wanted to be a prison guard when he grew up?"

For those who do wish to join the state's 10,000 officers and supervisors on the approved side of the bars, the first obstacle is a written test. Last spring, 4,489 applicants passed and 2,339 failed. There is no age limit, and the equivalent of a high school diploma is required. Conviction of a felony will bar appointment, and conviction of a misdemeanor or other violation may have the same result. Recently, the Department of Corrections, in an attempt to upgrade the quality of prison guards, sought to disqualify 1,000 of the 10,000 candidates who passed the written exams after investigations by a special unit. The grounds were arrest records, misde-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156

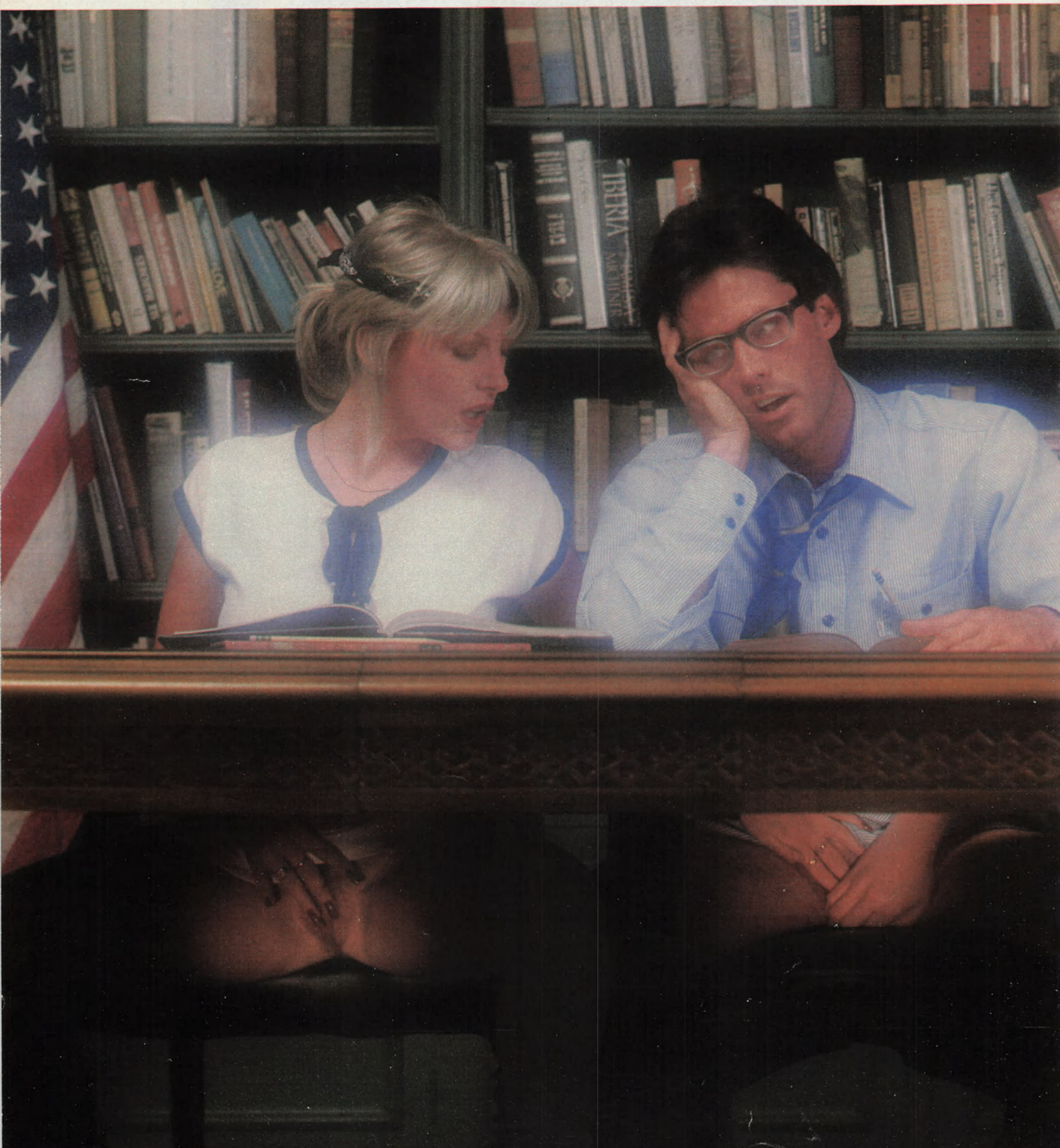
He'd planned to spend Saturday night on a law school brief; but right around the corner was tempting two-way relief...

LAYING DOWN THE LAW

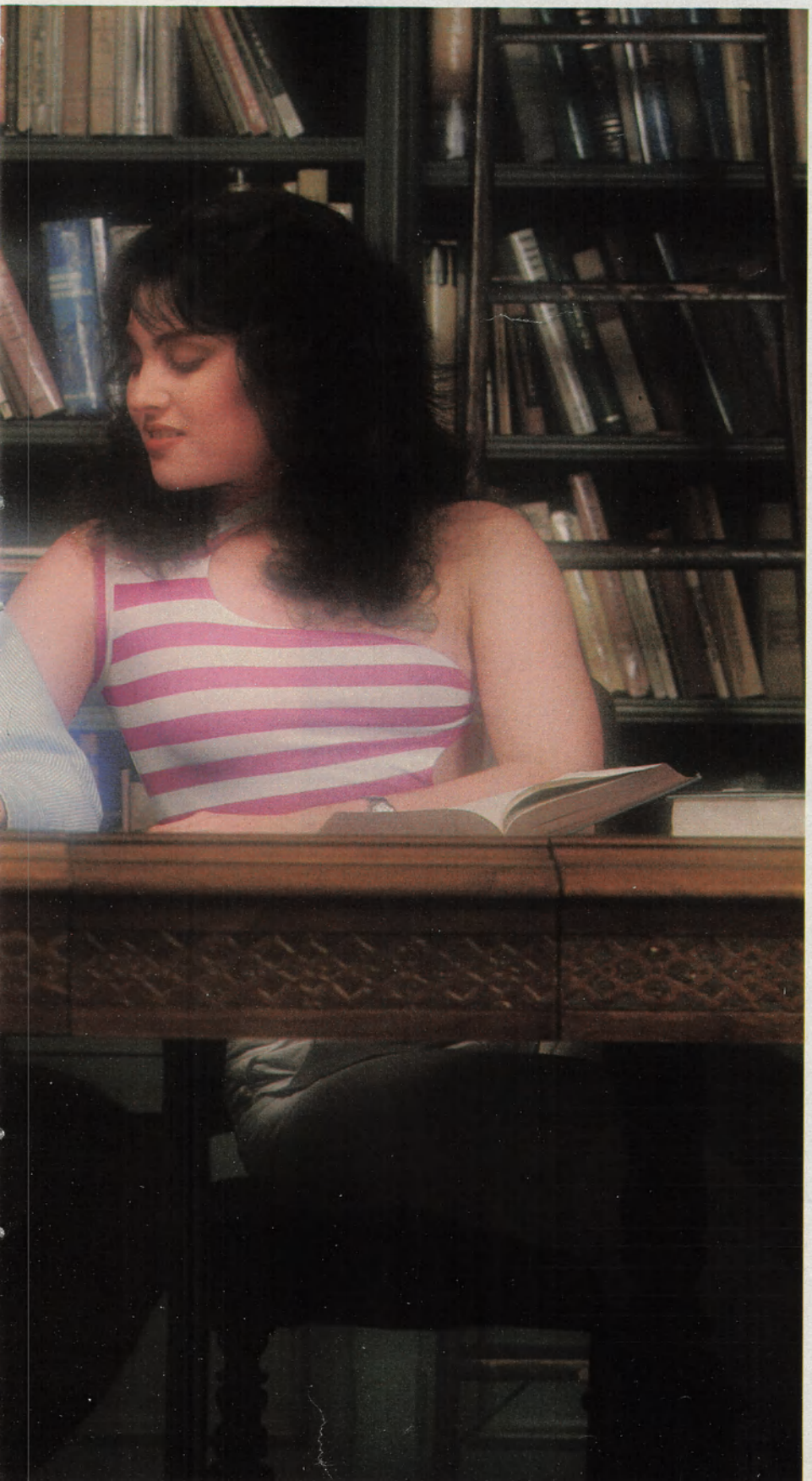
the Senator
CATCH-22
AN AMERICAN RHETORIC
ONE DAY
the SHARK
THE BAD GUYS

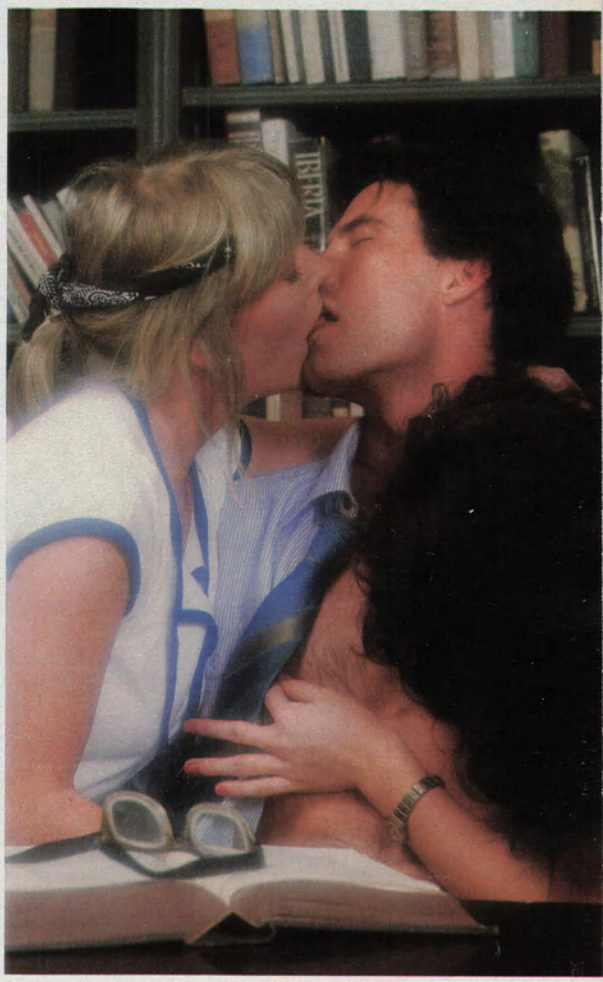
Saturday or not, he's forced to hit the books: the only way to survive in the paper chase of law school. Some coeds, however, prefer to chase preppies instead. Though hardly Merit Scholars, they know how to get a man's attention...

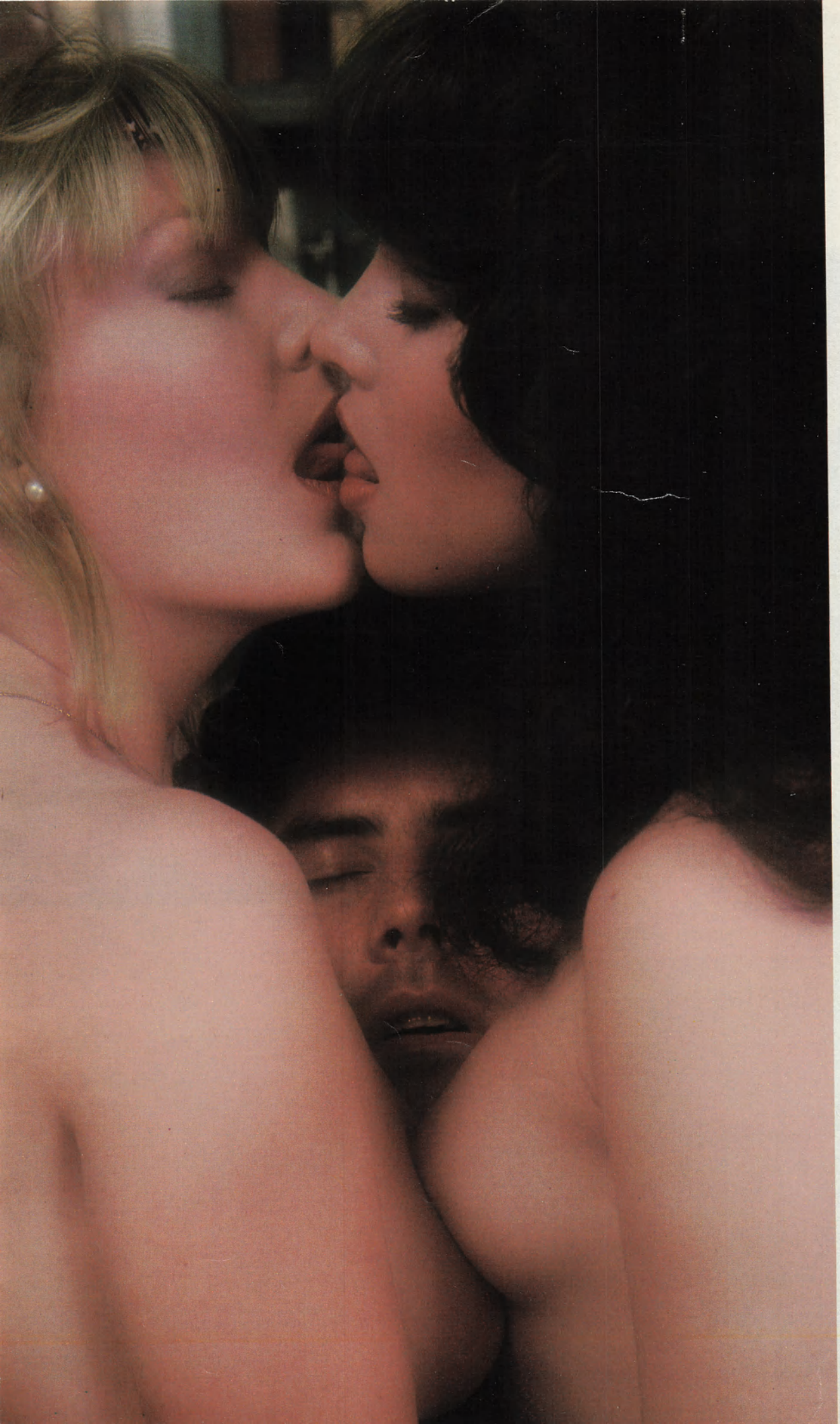
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER


IBERIA

Laying down the law isn't easy, but he's clearly in the midst of something too good to refuse. Presenting his opening argument, he proves that carnal knowledge, with all its defects, is better than no knowledge.

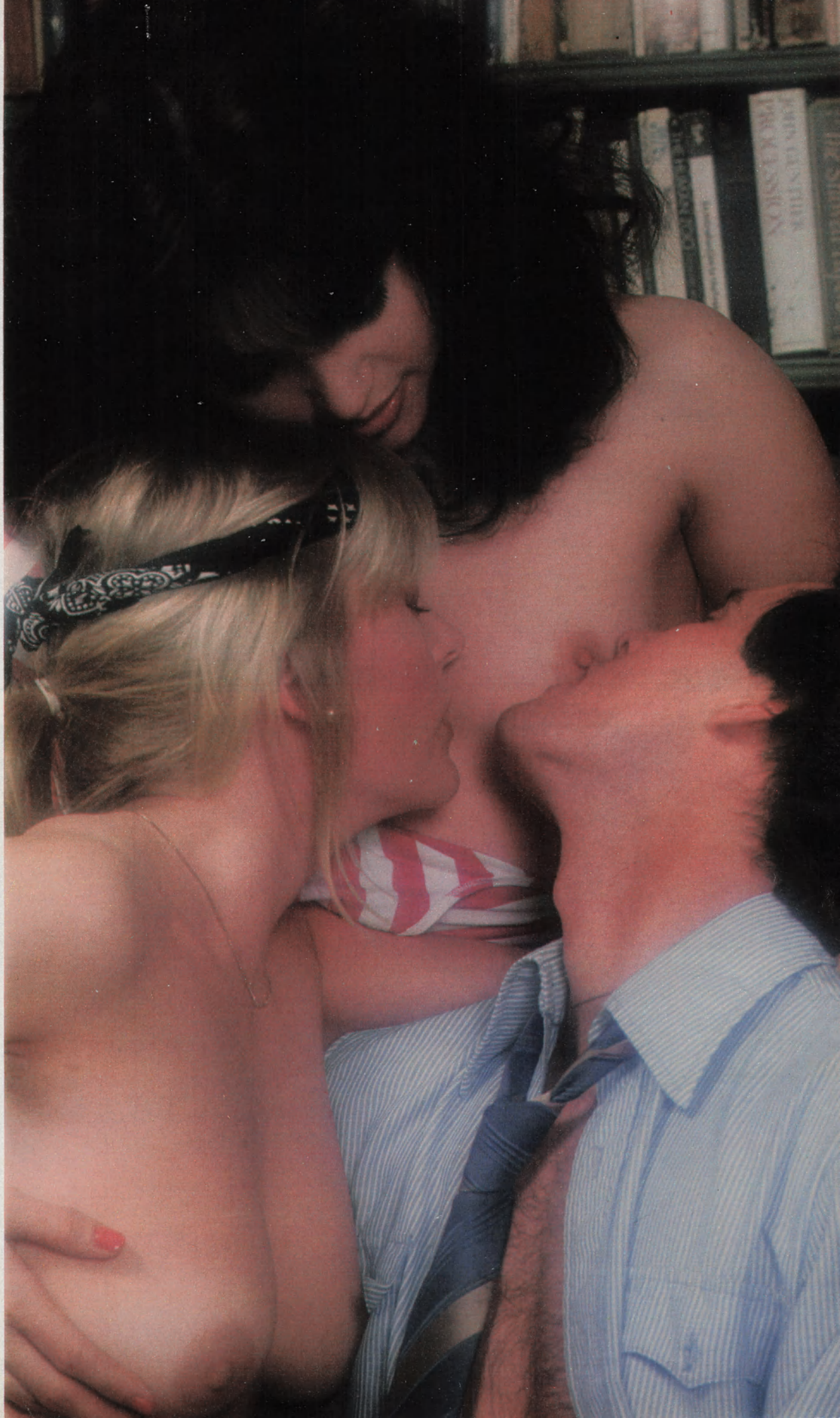


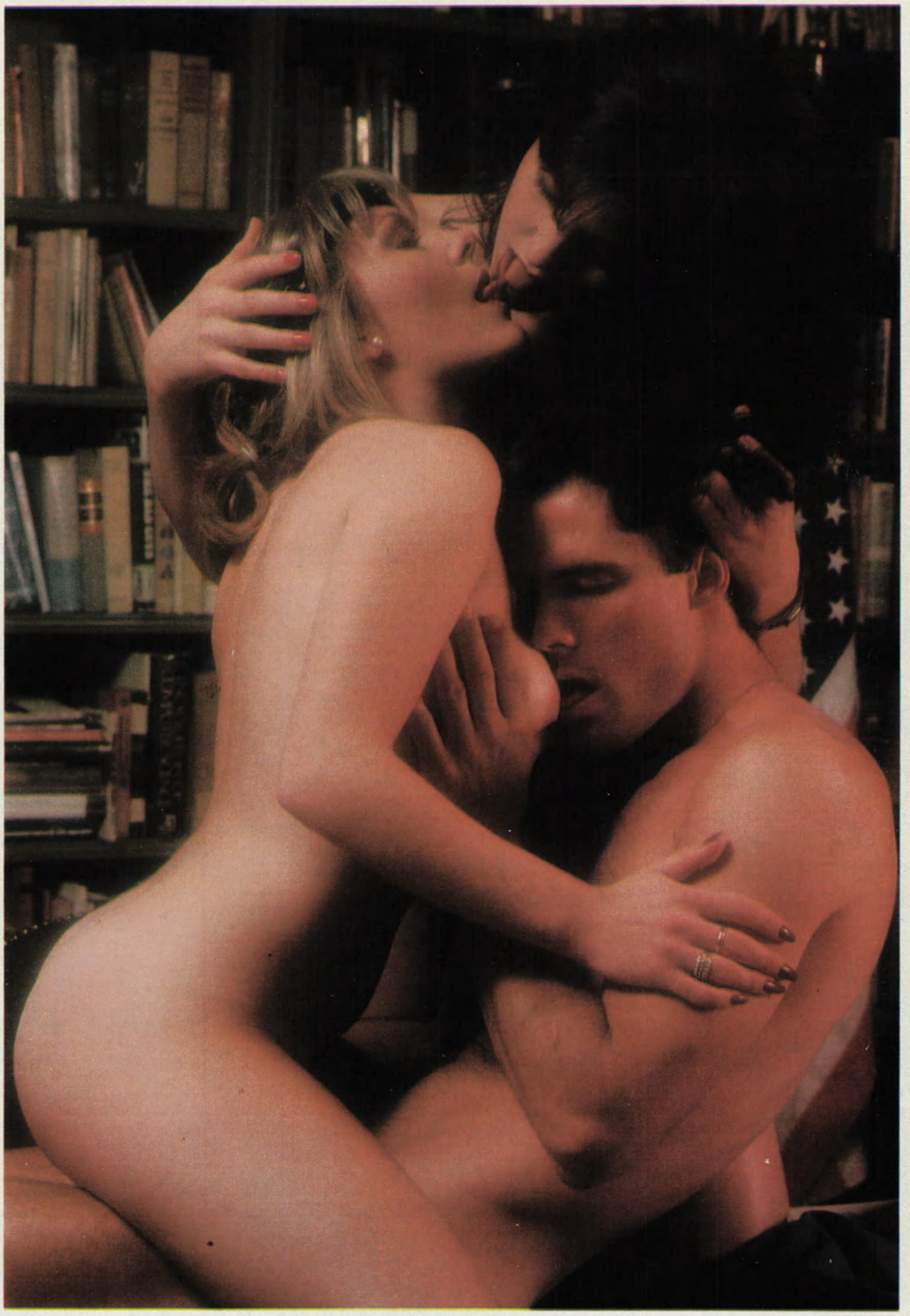




In keeping with the library's first laws of etiquette, their extra-curricular activities are conducted quietly; if not *in flagrante delicto!*

Always quick to spot a clue, our preppy is a consummate learner—gleaning from one nipple a wisdom no stony sphinx could match.





Adopting the Socratic method,
he posits probing questions in a whisper;
seems his star witnesses can shift
their positions with astonishing ease!
Such commitment to principle,
he discovers, can be deeply fulfilling.

This time away from work will take a toll... And whereas he may be unprepared Monday morning, he's well prepared for love's hard lessons this Saturday night...

Are the rites of passage on the right track . . . or have they taken a detour?

LOSING IT IN THE EIGHTIES

BY MARJORIE ROSEN

"I was always such a jerk about sex. When I finally lost my virginity last year, I was too macho and too ashamed to tell the woman I was with that it was my first time."
Jimmy, an eighteen-year-old college freshman from suburban Connecticut who now plays quarterback on a leading college football team, laughs sheepishly, then shrugs his muscular shoulders. "I was your typical high school stud. The football hero who'd been around and who seemed to know everything. Well, that's what

PAINTING BY PIERRE LACOMBE

all the girls at school thought, what my teammates thought, and even, probably, what my parents thought. But the truth of the matter was that even though I looked sophisticated and experienced, and even though I tried to act casual, like Tom Selleck does, I was a poky little virgin and I was scared *stiff*, if you'll excuse my joke."

At his Connecticut high school, Jimmy had been a four-letter man and an honor-roll student, and he'd also been voted the most popular guy in the class. "Nevertheless, my social life was a sham," he admits now. Nobody laughed harder than I did at a dirty joke. Nobody checked out girls more. But I was sexually retarded. I'd take someone out, we'd start to make out, and I'd panic. I'd get a stomachache or a headache or asthma, and I'd have to take her home. What a laugh! All the girls thought I was too good for them. And *I* was secretly thinking they were too experienced for me. I used to sneak into X-rated movies to study sexual techniques so that I wouldn't be such a moron. It was horrible. I really thought I'd be cursed with my virginity forever."

How did Jimmy finally let down his pretenses and fears enough to allow himself to lose it? "I went up to my college for my final interview," says this full-scholarship athlete. "And this great-looking woman was assigned to show me around campus. She took me to all the popular spots. And then she took me "to look at off-campus housing," meaning her apartment. What could I do? Tell her I wasn't interested—and risk the possibility of losing my scholarship? So I went. And I guess I was finally ready, because I allowed myself to be seduced. Still, it was the most frustrating experience of my life. Imagine making it for the first time and not being able to say, 'Hey, how should I do this?' or 'How am I doing at that?' Keeping up such a dopey masquerade really sucks."

Did this masquerade interfere with Jimmy's sexual pleasure the first time out? "Of course it did," he answers hotly. "Look, I was a guy who'd done *nothing* but think about sex for four long years. I'd thought about it so much that I couldn't even *do* it. And suddenly a woman comes along who lets me know that she thinks I'm Mr. Experience, and who is very definite about what she wants from me. Meanwhile, I don't even know where to put my hands, let alone my cock. Sure, I did the best I could, but it should come as no surprise to you to hear that I came instantly. And then you know what I did? I couldn't help it—I began to cry."

For a brief instant Jimmy's face reddens as he recalls that moment of embarrassment. "Genevieve was so surprised at this flood of tears that *she* began to panic. I could see she didn't know what to do. Maybe she was in bed with a madman? And for the first time I realized that I wasn't in this alone. I was able to see beyond myself and *my* fears and needs. I understood, finally, that there were two of us involved in this act. And I figured I owed Genevieve the truth. So I told her. Well, she kept saying, 'I'll be damned, I'll be damned.' Then, when we settled down, we tried to do it again, but I couldn't. Not at all. Not then. I'll tell you, I really believe that all those years of fear and anticipation really made any pleasure the first time around just about impossible. Why, it wasn't even as good as all those trial runs I'd had at home alone with my hand. But I'm realistic about it now, because, after all, losing my virginity was a big deal. It freed me from a lot of head stuff I'd been carrying around for much too long. Still, the bottom line is that my first sexual experience wasn't anything like what it had been cracked up to be. Practically speaking, the whole affair was a real let-down."

Why should losing one's virginity be such a letdown? Why, in the eighties especially—an era in which we all seem so smart and sexually savvy? And is the first sexual experience usually as keenly disappointing for other young people as it was, as he confessed, for Jimmy?

> "It's not unusual for boys to seek out older women for their first sexual experience. "They know the ropes," says one teenager. "I didn't want to experiment with someone my age."

These days we like to think that we've come a long way from the dark ages of the fifties and sixties, when sex was naughty and covert, an act usually reserved for the conjugal bed; when masturbation brought warts; and when sexual variation meant doing it with the lights on. Today a wealth of sexual information is available even to beginners. Unquestionably, too, sex is more permissible than it was even ten years ago, more people are experiencing it early than ever before, and we're more sophisticated about it as well. Which is natural if we take into account the sexual revolution of the sixties, the Pill, and the freedom of the seventies. If we consider, too, the popularization of the works of such sexperts as Masters and Johnson and Dr. Alex Comfort, the whole world should be having the time of its life.

Yet the irony is that certain truths about losing one's virginity that existed ten, twenty, and even thirty years ago also exist in 1982. And why not? For most people loss of virginity is still the first and perhaps most symbolic moment of adulthood. Today as well as yesterday, a young person's initial sexual experience remains charged with incredible curiosity and occasionally, too, fear. Fear of the unknown. Fear of an inability to perform. Fear of clumsiness or exposure.

Take Luke, for instance. Luke at nineteen is a student at M.I.T. and an electronic whiz kid. He had a sorry and awkward introduction to sex. "First, let me say that I was a nerdy kind of teenager," he says now as he stretches out his lanky six-foot-one frame and swivels his chair away from the controls in the swanky wood-paneled recording studio where he's at work remixing a soundtrack for a rock group. "I was the kind of kid who was the last one chosen for a team in gym class. I always felt shy with girls and would cover my shyness by making jokes and being the class clown. They all laughed, but they still wanted to date the football players, not me. And all I wanted to do was find a girl—any one, I wasn't particular—and have sex."

If he was so eager, why didn't Luke pay for it? "Nope, that wasn't for me," he says, firmly shaking his thick blond head of hair. "While I wasn't fussy, the thought of a hooker was too loveless and calculating. Also, I was afraid of picking up a case of the clap the first time out of the gate. Besides, the guys I knew made it a point of pride *not* to pay for sex. I would have been embarrassed to lose my virginity that way. Besides, it was all around us, so why pay? Right?"

Instead Luke waited and obsessed. Then, when he was seventeen, during his first year at M.I.T., he went to a dorm mixer and met Carla, a tiny Simmons student "with enormous dark eyes and great tits. She was nice enough, and we dated a couple of months—seven, to be exact. I was a slow starter. At first we just held hands. Then, on the next date, we kissed. On the fifth date we French-kissed. On the seventh we touched each other above the waist and on the tenth below the waist. See, I remember exactly. I'm sure this is what most kids were doing back in the ninth grade, but it was a first for me. I was constantly petrified, afraid I was doing it wrong."

Finally Luke decided it was time to make "the big move," as he puts it. "We were dancing to records in my room, and I remember this one song—Barbra Streisand singing 'Evergreen' over and over while we danced really close, rubbing up against each other, up and down, back and forth. Then we slid onto my bed and really went at it. Everything seemed so natural, so easy. And then I panicked. I can't tell you how horrible that feeling is—trying to seem cool and experienced while the sweat is forming on your forehead and rolling down onto your cheek, and you wonder what the hell you're doing. And so then I took out this rubber. It was the best money could buy, smooth and lubricated and 'like a second skin,' as the guy in the drugstore told me. And I couldn't get it on. It was like a nightmare. I would be hard as a board, and then I'd start putting the rubber on and I'd go soft, like a wet rag. Now

CONTINUED ON PAGE 180

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS

"Okay, Marge, that's the last one. . . "

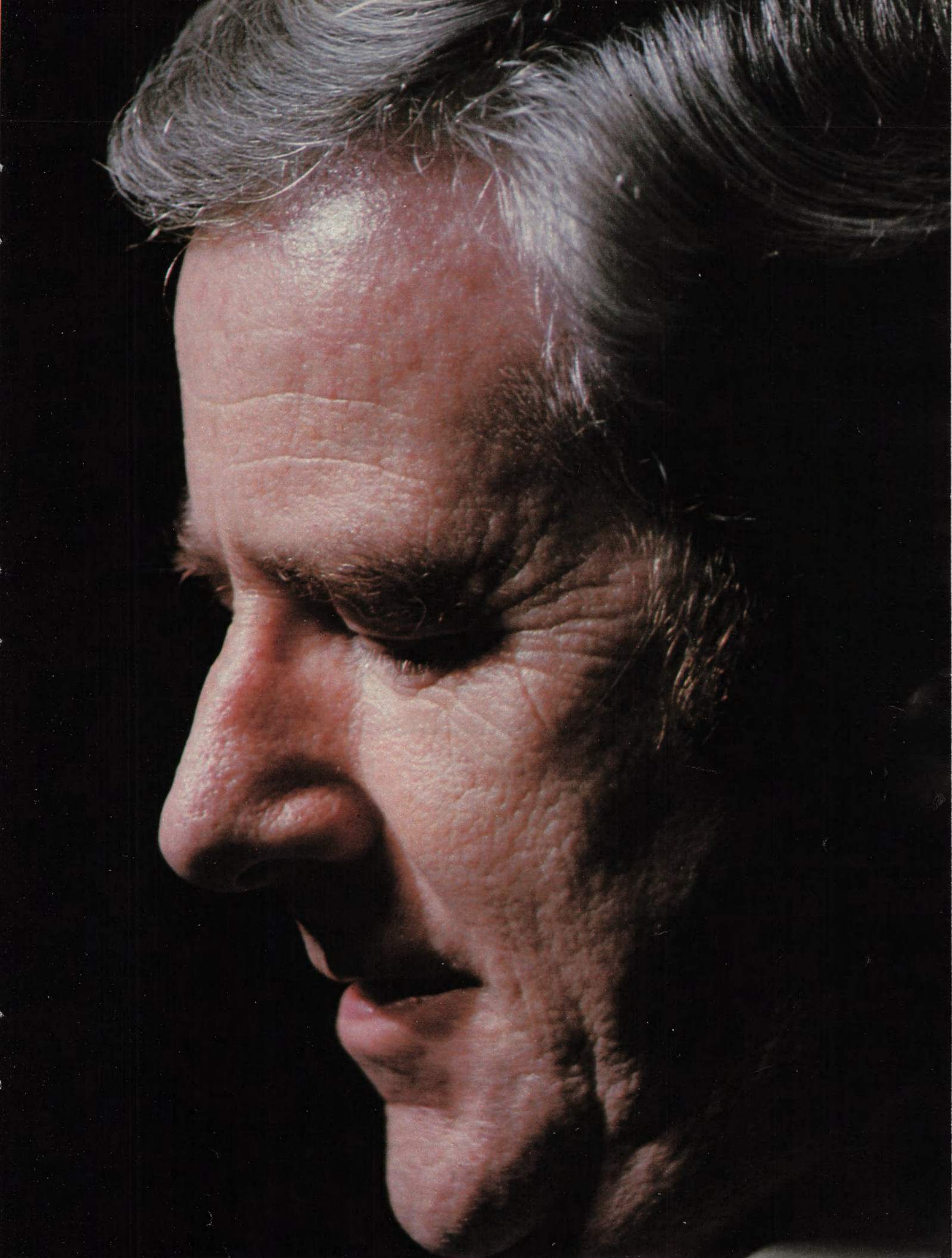
Two ordained ministers
tell what it's like to live in a
city where Jerry Falwell
has come closest to his dream
of Christian America.

LIFE WITH FALWELL

BY DRS.
WILLIAM R. GOODMAN, JR.,
AND JAMES J. H. PRICE

There are some people who make the mistake of thinking that the most famous product of Lynchburg, Va., is Jack Daniel's whiskey. It is a natural enough mistake, considering that the name of Lynchburg is indelibly linked with the famed bourbon, but the fact is that it is distilled in Lynchburg, *Tennessee*. The *Virginia* Lynchburg manufactures (among other things) Chap Sticks, Fleet enema kits, and radioactive fuel. But the city's most famous export is the Reverend Jerry Falwell, pastor of the Thomas Road Baptist Church, chancellor of Liberty Baptist College, star of the nationally televised "Old Time Gospel Hour," and progenitor of the Moral Majority. Originating in a huge structure that is as much a television studio as a house of worship, his message—spread across America each week via several hundred radio and television stations—

PHOTOGRAPH BY
JOHN BRYSON/SIGMA



conveys the impression of a friendly (if perhaps somewhat rigid) man of God who has done his native city of Lynchburg proud.

But what the nation sees isn't necessarily what Lynchburg gets. As fellow townsmen of Reverend Falwell, we feel obliged to point out that the spruced-up television Falwell, laundered by the magic of modern videotape editing, is someone very different from the Jerry Falwell we know when he's at home. Indeed, life down home with Jerry Falwell can be less than comfortable, especially for those who dare to raise questions about his myopic theology and some of the curious practices of his religious empire.

Just what *is* life like with Jerry Falwell?

This is not entirely an idle question, for it goes to the heart of the debate over Falwell's impact on the direction of this country. Falwell openly aspires to become the moral arbiter of the American people, and he advocates nothing less than a fundamental change in the moral outlook of all Americans. Yet, despite the influence he has accumulated in the course of his crusade, Falwell has not been able to create so much as an enclave of what he calls "a Christian America"—complete with all-Christian schools and daily prayer, science-teaching devoted to proving that the biblical account of creation is literally true, and many other policies and beliefs dear to the fundamentalist heart.

Still, it is in Lynchburg that he began, it is in Lynchburg that his power is greatest, and it is in Lynchburg that Falwell has come closest to his dream of Christian America. So it is there we must look for a glimpse of the Falwellian future.

To begin with, it is important to understand that life with Jerry Falwell in Lynchburg is pervasive. Falwell claims, with some merit, that one out of every four people in town belongs—at least formally—to his church. It is a flock dominated by blue-collar working-class people. Cross Jerry Falwell in Lynchburg, and you get the distinct impression that you've suddenly acquired a lot of enemies. Falwell seems to be everywhere. He has his very own twenty-four-hours-a-day radio station to spread the word locally, not to mention his nationally distributed radio and television shows, plus mailings to millions of people each month soliciting money. He supports a substantial local work force—the third or fourth largest in town, some say—to run his operation and maintain its nerve center in a cavernous former department store, where the nearly $70 million that pours in each year is counted by a small army of workers. Students from his Liberty Baptist College are scattered through the town's economy in a variety of jobs, and many pilgrims have journeyed here from all over solely to be near their pastor.

All of which means that Falwell maintains a considerable presence in our small city, underscored by the sight of his perks: a $170,000 home, big cars, and a private jet parked conspicuously at the local airport. Falwell moves about in the midst of a small force of bodyguards, and often is further attended by a group of assistant pastors, known locally in some quarters as the "Mod Squad."

And lest anyone forget Falwell's local importance, there's always WRVL to remind them. That's Falwell's private radio station, which has called itself "your constant Christian companion." It sure is—not only does it run around the clock, delivering the *Moral Majority Report* and the "Old Time Gospel Hour," but, more important, it broadcasts Falwell's uncensored sermons. More about some of those sermons in a moment. First, some engineering notes are in order.

Until recently, Falwell had the station running at a spectacular 100,000 watts, a transmitting power normally used only by big-city stations and enough to drown out the local public broadcasting station. It was also obliterating the sound (but, amusingly, not the picture) of Richmond television station WTVR. When a number of Lynchburgers complained that Falwell was wiping out all other signals—which may have been the point of all that wattage—the FCC cracked down, ordering that power be reduced to 5,000 watts.

> As southerners, Virginians, and ordained ministers, we reject Falwell's use of the Bible, his twisting of passages of that greatest of books, to support his social and political agenda.

Falwell has bowed, at least temporarily, to the FCC, a decision assisted by local vandals, who chopped down the Falwell radio transmission tower last May. Falwell immediately opened another of his seemingly endless fund appeals, this one begging for money to replace the tower. Falwell raised $100,000, but didn't mention that the insurance company would pay out a claim covering all damage and replacement costs.

In any event, the radio station's most controversial program continues to be Falwell's down-home sermons, many of which are not broadcast nationally. No wonder: they often feature attacks on assorted critics of Falwell, phrased in the kind of fire and brimstone he keeps out of his spruced-up national broadcasts. For example, here's how he lit into one of his former employees who had not only dared to criticize him but also mentioned the possibility of writing a magazine article about his experiences: "You know, the devil knew which one to offer the thirty pieces of silver to. And he . . . knew old Judas was a skunk. And Satan knows who to offer the silver to today. They know who has no character. They know who's lower than a snake's belly. They know. Now, you just squirm a little. For that's what you are."

Strong stuff, and it is typical of the type of invective Falwell consistently uses to keep critics at bay—or, indeed, anyone who questions his ministry's operations. The local newspaper, which normally lavishes praise on Falwell and his works (it recently refused to run an ACLU advertisement critical of Falwell), one day made the mistake of objectively reporting an incident involving the church. Falwell was infuriated, and in one of his locally broadcast sermons tried to bully the paper into silence: "There's some people over there at the newspaper who just literally hate Thomas Road Baptist Church and everything we stand for. . . . But the day may come when we just may have to take one fourth of their subscription list and their advertising away and let somebody start a decent, fair newspaper in our town."

This was no idle threat: two local newspaper reporters who asked too many questions about the ministry's finances suddenly found themselves in difficulty. One claimed he was forced to resign, and the second was assigned to another beat that did not involve any reporting on Falwell or his operations. Generally, it is considered unwise to attack Falwell openly in Lynchburg, for he is not averse to using his considerable clout to silence critics. One method he often uses is to broadcast the names of his critics.

Our names have been mentioned publicly by Falwell more than once, for we have been constant critics of Falwell and of what we feel is his dangerous philosophy. Not too long ago, struck by the many inconsistencies in Falwell's public statements over the years, we prepared a book called *Jerry Falwell: An Unauthorized Profile* and had it privately printed. Even before the book came out, Falwell said he was told that the book was "filled with inaccurate and deceptive statements," an interesting comment, considering that most of the statements in the book were his own. When the book was published, Falwell (who has confusedly referred to it as an "unauthorized autobiography") went on the air to characterize the authors as "emissaries [of] Satan himself," and further charged that we had written it out of "hatred" and "malice." The final result, he fumed, was "junk."

A sense of humor helps in these sort of situations, but there are also times when Falwell doesn't appear to be so funny, when there are definite overtones of a megalomania and a distinct flavor of fascism. For example, when Falwell was criticized for saying, "I do not believe that God answers the prayer of any unredeemed Gentile or Jew," he went into a rage: "We

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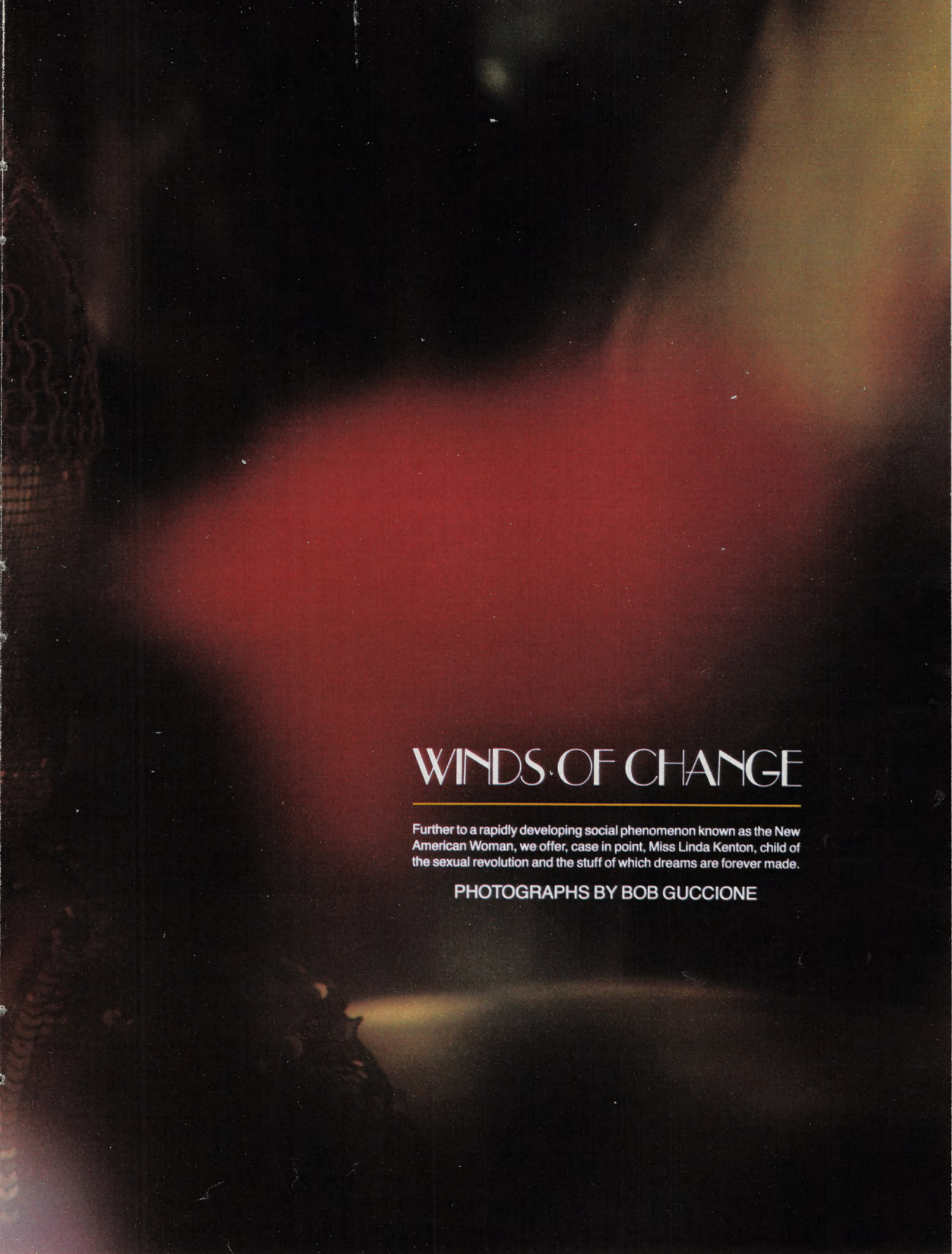
"I really don't date that much. Why get involved with a man just to pass the time? I prefer to save myself for someone who'll make time stand still..."

LINDA



WINDS OF CHANGE

Further to a rapidly developing social phenomenon known as the New American Woman, we offer, case in point, Miss Linda Kenton, child of the sexual revolution and the stuff of which dreams are forever made.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

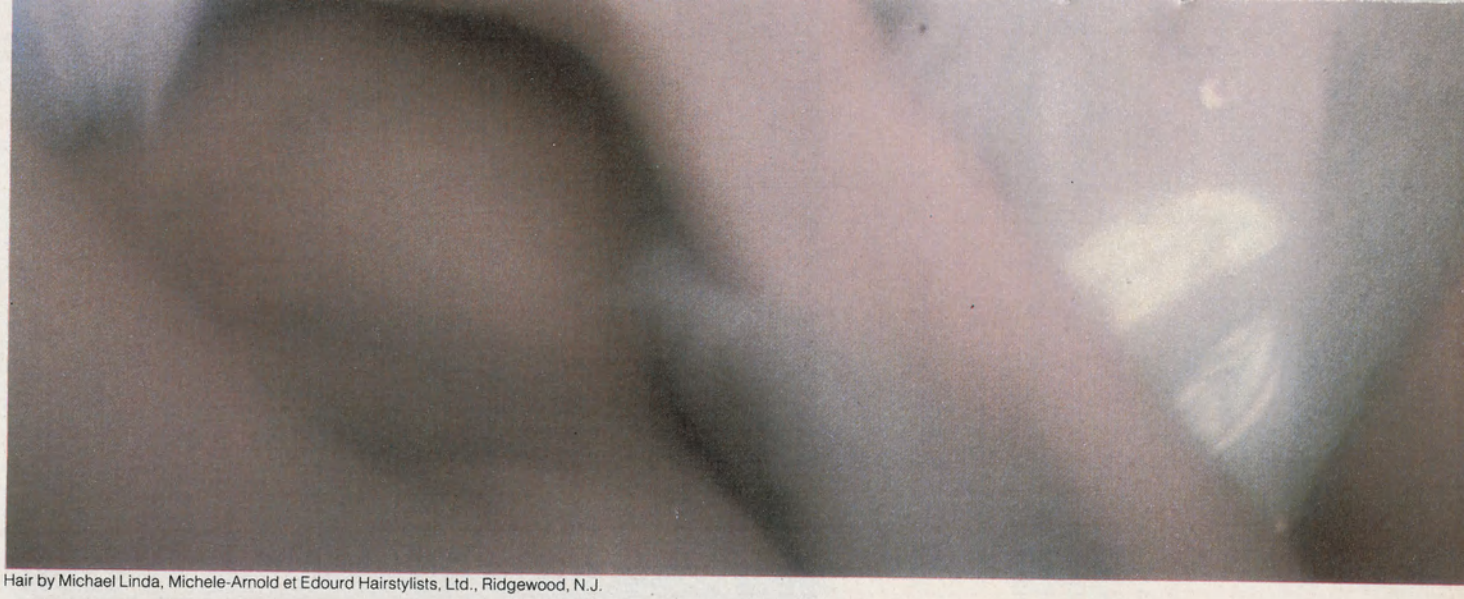
For Pet of the Month Linda Kenton, beauty's not only an asset and a blessing but also her business. Aside from modeling professionally since the tender age of seventeen, she's also a gifted cosmetologist who's worked for two of the country's leading cosmetics firms.

Gold mesh headdress and blouse by Therapy, N.Y.C.

Makeup by Linda Kenton; stylist: Kathy Keeton

Accordingly, she'd like to be a makeup artist for a motion picture studio–and to act in pictures as well. If her debut role in *Balboa,* a cable TV film starring Tony Curtis and Chuck Connors, is any indication, our glossy golden girl is a natural for the silver screen.

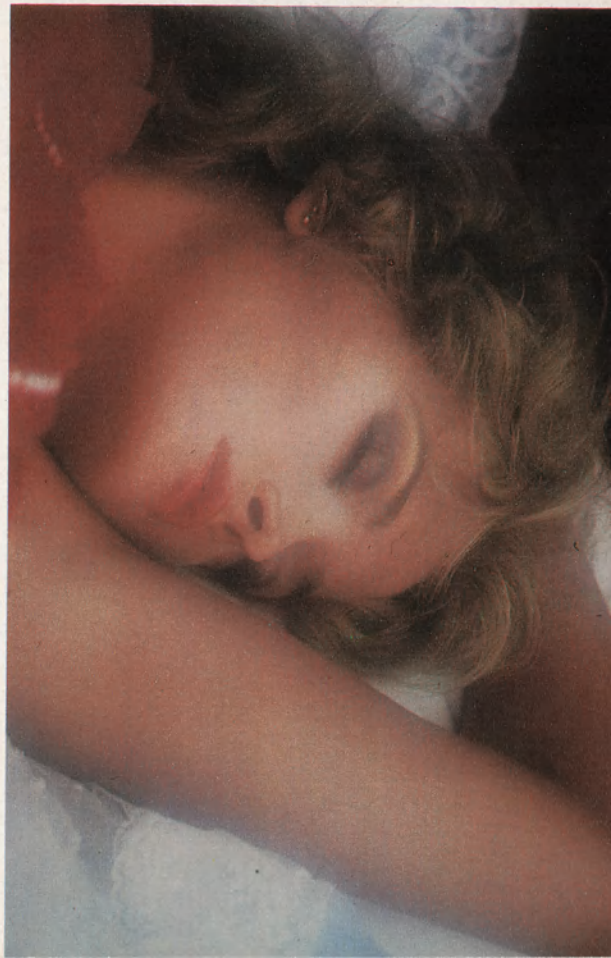
Two reasons are her long-limbed 37-25-35 inches and her mistletoe-colored eyes. Another is that—like such legendary sirens as Grace Kelly and Greta Garbo—Linda projects a captivating aloofness that envelops her like a sensuous cloud of cologne.

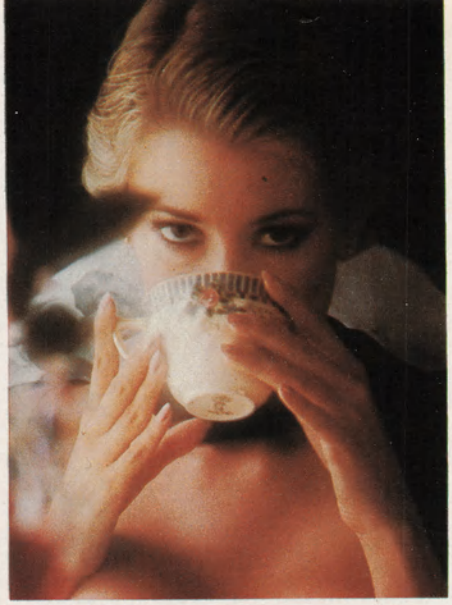


Hair by Michael Linda, Michele-Arnold et Edourd Hairstylists, Ltd., Ridgewood, N.J.

Our quietly confident young lady seems to sense that she's someone special. "I really don't date much," she confirms. "I don't want to get involved with a man just to pass the time. I prefer to save myself for someone who'll make time stand still."

Red dress and black velvet top by Jonal, N.Y.C.

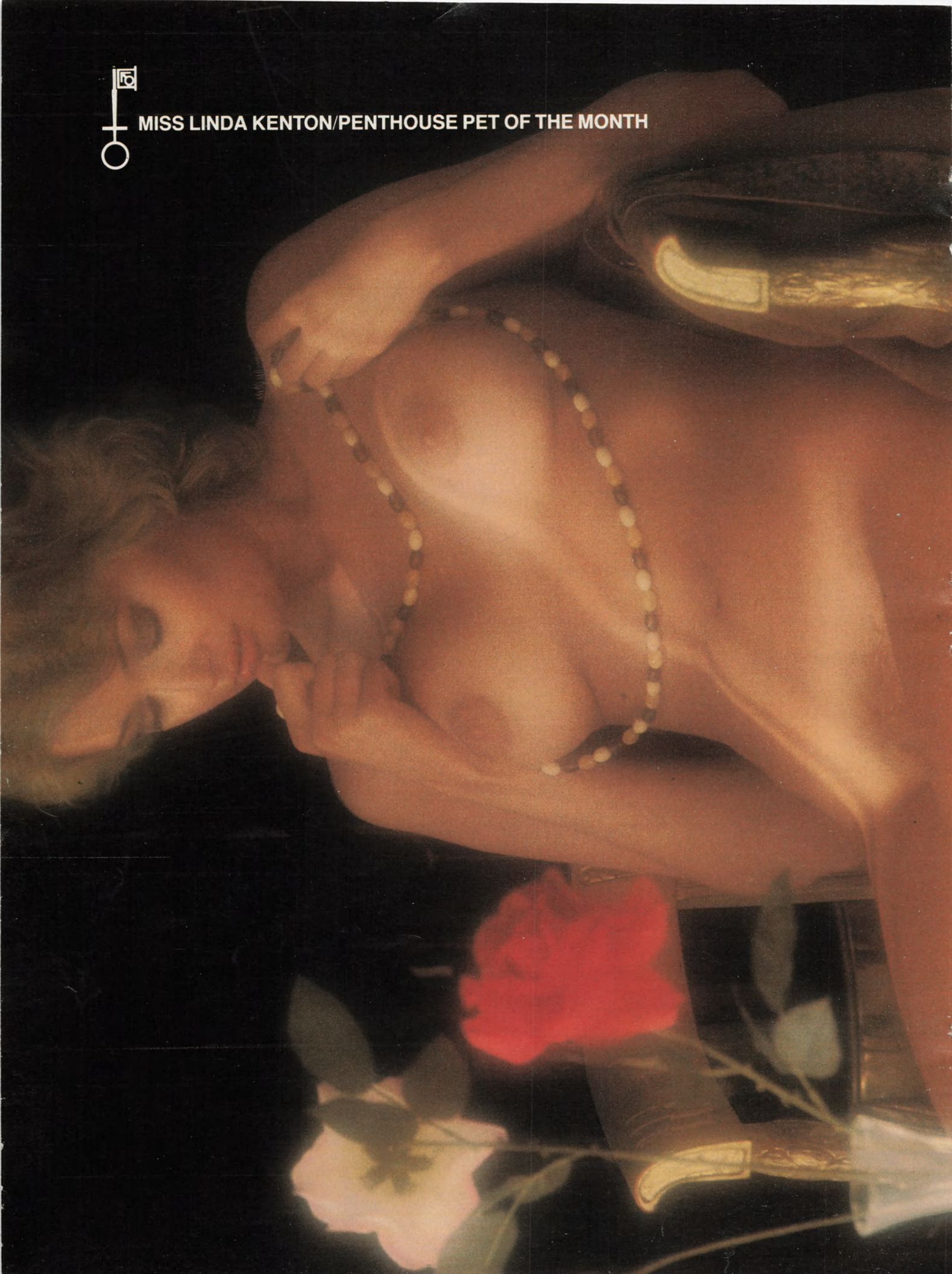


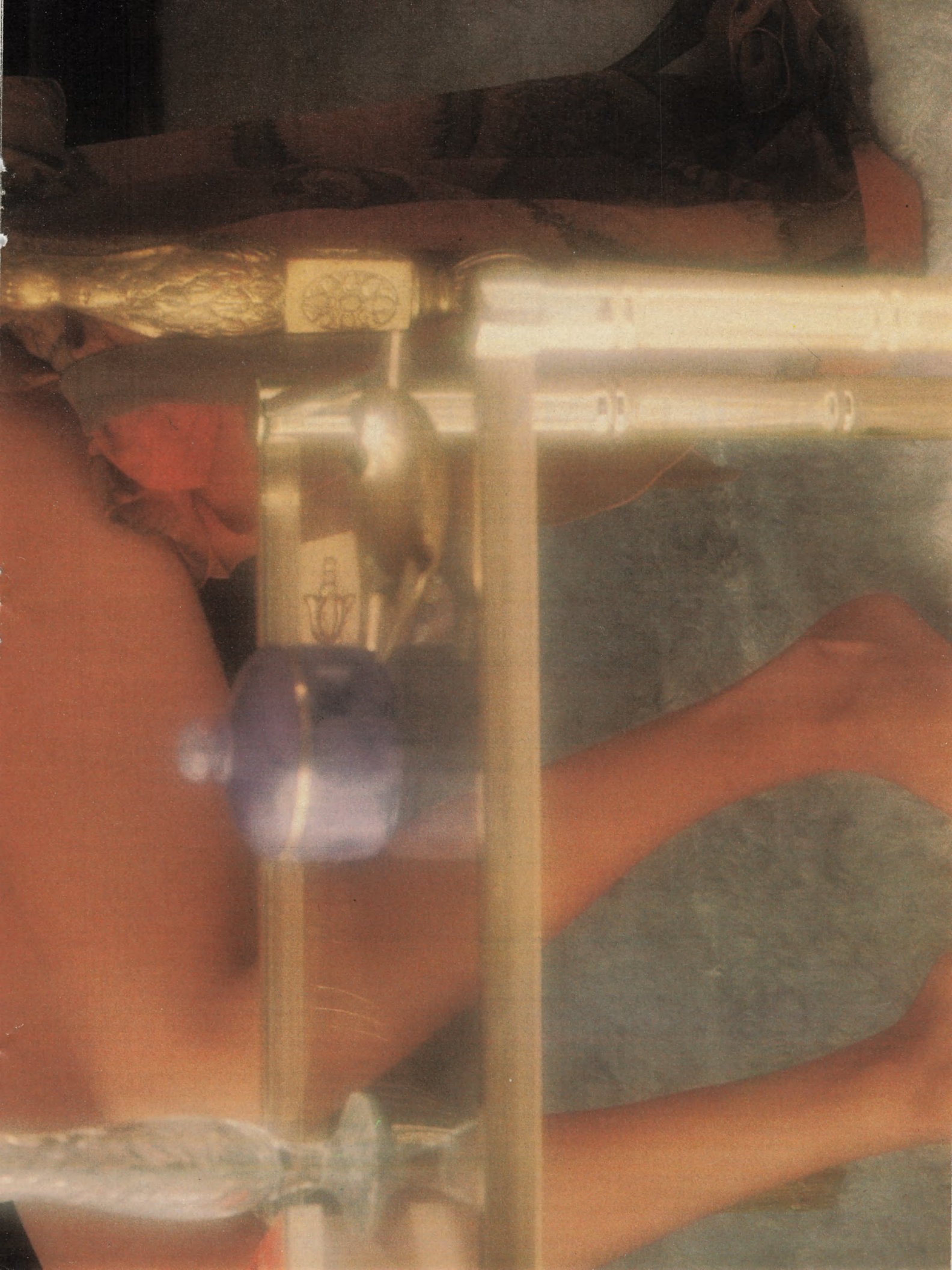


Otherwise, Linda is an ambitious and industrious young lady. Enamored since childhood of the picture-perfect L.A. settings on the television shows she grew up watching, she moved to California to be "in a place where the weather–and people's dispositions–always seem warm and sunny."

More recently she's moved to Manhattan, solely for the chance to work with Bob Guccione, whom she calls "the peerless master of a fine art."

She's also the star of a ground-breaking live pictorial that Guccione has filmed for cable release. "To me, it's a touch of immortality!" Just what a goddess deserves...


MISS LINDA KENTON/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

According to Jack McCloskey, who heads a Vietnam Veterans Outreach Center in San Francisco, as many as half the veterans who walk into the center for the first time are without homes. On cold or rainy days they come from nearby Golden Gate Park, toting sleeping bags and blankets; they come from flophouses and doorways; some come down from abandoned World War II bunkers overlooking the bay. Most are seeking a meal, a bed, or work of any description.

In New York City's teeming Men's Shelter, several young men from the shabbily dressed crowd identify themselves as veterans. Some are broke and out of work, some are mentally disturbed and have been living on the streets for years. One former marine with Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) has been drifting between VA hospitals and shelters for the homeless since 1981.

Whatever the reasons, Vietnam veterans are clearly well represented among the hundreds of thousands of Americans who have been turned out of their homes by joblessness, rising housing costs, programs that release mental patients indiscriminately, and other causes. An informal survey of homeless men in San Francisco found that one in ten reported having served in Indochina.

As the ranks of the homeless continue to swell, civic groups and governmental agencies have begun to point fingers. In New York City, where an estimated 30,000 men sleep in doorways, parks, bus stations, and subways, City Comptroller Harrison J. Goldin has attacked the VA's "come and get it" attitude concerning the distribution of benefits. In a report entitled "Soldiers of Misfortune: Homeless Veterans," he argues that the city feeds and shelters many Vietnam veterans each day who are not receiving the VA assistance they are eligible for.

Young veterans who are found by VA doctors to be in poor mental or physical health qualify for pensions, residence in domiciliary homes, and in-patient drug and alcohol programs even if their problems do not stem from their tour of duty. If the disabilities are judged to be service-related, then the veteran is eligible for additional compensation.

Why, then, are many homeless veterans not receiving what is theirs by right? According to Goldin, neither the VA bureaucracy nor many of its programs are well suited to assist the exserviceman who is in desperate shape. Since it takes an average of four months to process a first-time application under normal circumstances, many of the veterans, who have no fixed address and are often disoriented, fail to complete the procedure. Trapped in a dreary cycle of lining up at soup kitchens and looking for flophouse cots, homeless veterans need more than the address of the local VA office.

When asked last fall about the homeless problem, Peter Kovacs, head of the VA's New York Regional Office in New York City, would only comment, "We can't drag people in here—we just talk to people, tell them what's available." More recently, however, with the plight of the street people receiving daily coverage in the media, the New York VA seems to have taken a less passive attitude. It recently expanded its outreach program, sending benefits officers to the Men's Shelter and arranging for the shelter staff to conduct the physical exams that veterans must undergo to determine the extent of disability and thus their eligibility for benefits. Given veterans' general mistrust of the VA bureaucracy, it becomes necessary to bring services to them. It's unorthodox, but it just might work.

Trapped in a dreary cycle of lining up at soup kitchens and looking for flophouse cots, homeless veterans need more than the address of the local VA office.

Nevertheless, seeking VA aid remains a maddening process for most. For example, few homeless Vietnam veterans in New York take an interest in the VA's domiciliary home network, which provides food and lodging, because the nearest such facility is in a village 250 miles upstate, far from everything they know.

Whatever improvements in service the VA achieves within its limited budget, its efforts will reach only a fraction of the homeless Vietnam veterans around the country. This is because most of them are not sufficiently disabled to qualify for the major forms of assistance.

"Many of the displaced veterans who come here have actually *decided* to become homeless for the moment," contends Jim Duffy of the Brooklyn Outreach Center. "A veteran's marriage may be splitting up, or he may have come to the city to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 194

Taste Smash.

Millions of 'taste' smokers rally to flavor promise of MERIT breakthrough.

Nothing halfway about it.

MERIT

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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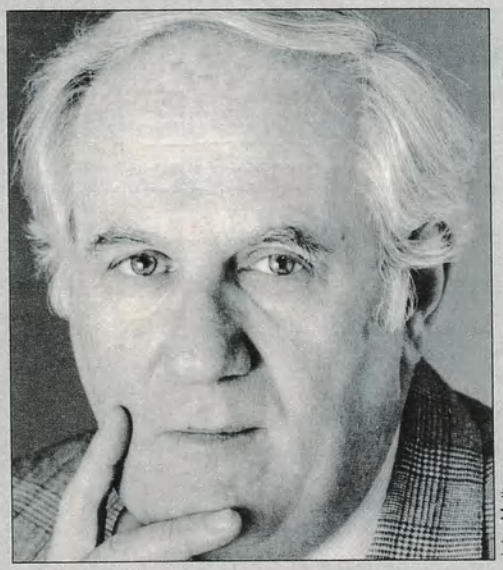
7 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'81

ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION



John Muth

BY SIDNEY SILLER

The author, a prominent divorce lawyer, serves as general counsel to the National Committee for Fair Divorce and Alimony Laws. He is also the president of the New York Criminal and Civil Courts Bar Association.

"WIFE RAPE"— WHO REALLY GETS SCREWED

A word of advice to the unsuspecting male—the specter of the women's liberation movement is now in your bedroom.

Angry and apparently desperate for new issues following the crushing defeat of the Equal Rights Amendment, women's libbers, in their search for power under the guise of equality, are now focusing their attention on what they term "wife rape."

Simply stated, this means that your wife can accuse you of rape at any time during your marriage without third-party corroboration. In eleven of the fifty states in America, that charge can lead to your arrest, prosecution, and incarceration. Your protection against this conjugal lie is absolutely nil. It's her word against yours.

I debated the subject of marital rape on "The Phil Donahue Show" last year with Dr. Diane E. H. Russell, author of the recent book *Rape in Marriage*. As a result of interviewing 930 San Francisco women, she concluded that 14 percent of them had been raped by a husband or ex-husband. She believes that "the possibility of charging a husband with the rape of his wife offers an important symbolic endorsement of the principle that all women have the right to decide if, when, how, and with whom they will relate sexually." And Dr. Russell's is not a voice in the wilderness. The predominantly female, midwestern audience on the Donahue show frequently applauded Dr. Russell's position on this latest bedroom crusade.

Furthermore, to date, the women's movement has lobbied effectively to change the law in a variety of states. New Jersey, Oregon, and Nebraska have completely abolished the marital exemption law; it was partially stricken in California, Hawaii, Minnesota, Iowa, New Hampshire, and Wisconsin. Legislation is now pending in Maryland, New York, Oklahoma, and Pennsylvania and is under consideration in Illinois.

The women's movement also seeks to advance its cause by pointing to some of the more extreme attitudes afoot in the state legislatures. Described as "typical" by the National Center on Women and Family Law are the following statements by Florida representatives against legislative intervention in marriage:

"The State of Florida has absolutely no business intervening in the sexual relationship between a husband and a wife. . . . We don't need Florida invading the sanctity and the intimacy of a relationship" (Rep. Tom Bush, May 29, 1980).

"The Bible doesn't give the state permission anywhere in the Book for the state to be in your bedroom, and that is exactly what this bill has gone into. It's meddling in your bedroom, the

"Your wife can accuse you of rape at any time during your marriage. That charge can lead to your arrest, prosecution, and incarceration in many of the fifty states. Your protection against this conjugal lie is absolutely nil."

State of Florida, deciding what you can do and what you can't do" (Rep. John Mica, May 29, 1980).

Obviously, sounder arguments exist. But first, it's interesting to follow Dr. Russell's theories on the underpinnings of the marital relationship. She doesn't hesitate to delve into its complexities to make her point. First, she reasons, "married women have an 'equal right' by law to rape their husbands, but clearly this fact does not make sexual relations between husbands and wives equal. Few women have the physical strength to rape a man and few women appear to have such inclinations." And, "Wife rape is equally a manifestation of a male sexuality which is oriented to conquest and domination, and to proving masculinity; masculinity, unfortunately, is defined in terms of power, superiority, competitiveness, control, and aggression. A 'real man' is supposed to get what he wants, when he wants, particularly with his wife, and even more particularly, in his sexual relations with her. . . . These two male tendencies are greatly aggravated and have become the problems they are today because men have had the power, inside and outside of the family, to act them out. Indeed, these tendencies may be a manifestation of the corruption of their power. The notion that power corrupts is an old one, and it is also often true."

Along more tangible lines, she holds that "it must be recognized that the identity of the perpetrator is irrelevant to the judgment that a crime has been committed. Murder is murder, no matter who is the perpetrator of the crime, robbery is robbery, and rape is rape. It is illogical, inconsistent, absurd, and unjust that rape outside of marriage be recognized as a very serious crime, deserving of penalties of years of incarceration to death, while inside of marriage it is seen as acceptable male behavior against which a wife has no recourse. This truly is a state of legalized sexual slavery."

From a legal standpoint, I contend that the concept of marital rape is sheer nonsense and would further burden our already overtaxed judicial system. Naturally, no one would condone the brutalization of a woman inside or outside marriage, and I personally am not against prosecution of the male offender if such prosecution satisfies all the proper legal requirements, and if it relates strictly to the *aggravated assault* of the female. In every rape you have what is termed a merger of assault and rape. Rape does not stand alone in court, and particularly in marriage it should not stand alone. The offense should be called, simply, marital assault. Furthermore, I believe that the woman charging marital rape should be able to show that she resisted the alleged assault. Ninety percent of legal experts say that rape is a violent, not an emotional, crime. Proving resistance is legally and morally consistent with that finding. As with other crimes, it is not unfair to insist that the burden of proof lie with the accuser . . . and that the accused is innocent until *proven* guilty.

It must be remembered that the women's movement was very successful at creating an issue over the so-called politics of rape during the 1970s. They managed to limit the defense lawyer's cross-examination of the rape victim about her sexual history, and they succeeded in forbidding a judge to tell the jury that rape is an easy charge to make but a difficult one to defend against . . . a cautionary instruction that used to be routine. As the law now stands in some states, a rape charge can deprive a husband of child custody and be used against him in a divorce trial—even if it turns out that the charge is false. Husbands have little chance of looking to the courts for protection in light of the growing number of gender-biased findings in the areas of alimony, custody, child support, and visitation proceedings (see Peter McCabe's "Advise & Dissent" in the November 1982 *Penthouse*). Add various palimony actions, and it would be only a slight exaggeration to say that a man has a better chance of surviving a nuclear holocaust than winning a legal contest with a woman.

A valid question may be asked: where are Dr. Russell and the feminists really coming from when they seek to fundamentally change and transcend people's personal lives? The answer is the pursuit of political power for women. Dr. Russell spells it out: "Clearly, though legal reform is a crucial step in dealing with wife rape, it is not enough. Many women who are economically dependent on their husbands do not feel able to leave the husbands who rape them. Ultimately, it is not possible to eradicate wife rape as long as women are subordinate to men in the family and society. Hence the struggle for equal power, which means more for women and less for men, is part of the struggle." This is quite different from the usual refrain "equal pay for equal work."

The only approach to this dilemma in the ongoing battle of the sexes is to create a "National Organization for Men." The politically sophisticated female organizations now operating will succeed in their revolutionary goals unless men organize in self-defense. Reasonable individuals of both sexes who are not interested in destroying the very underpinnings of our society must surely agree that the time is growing late if we are to preserve the traditional values of civilization.

"I like easygoing guys, the kind who'll crack a joke when we're in bed instead of saying all that syrupy sweet talk..."

LIVE AND IN COLOR

"Want to take a spin around the block?" No easy invitation to resist. For one, there's that mischievous sparkle in Bernadette Farrar's eye. For another—well, at a generously endowed 36-25-35—our dusky young Pet is clearly a bicyclist built for two. Seems the hit movie *Breaking Away* (and the handsome young athlete it portrayed) inspired her two-wheeled purchase. "Not," she admits, "that I really ride it that often. My only regular outdoor activity is working on my tan!" Another frequent form of work is professional modeling, usually live and in color. "I do lots of demonstration work at various conventions and car shows. It's not quite as glamorous as high fashion modeling, but I do attract enthusiastic audiences!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALLAN J. WASH

Stage fright's never a problem. Her supportive and encouraging family helped her grow up utterly free and uninhibited. And, convinced she can do no wrong, our Pet does most things just right...

She also has a friend who boosts her ego—a young man she met when they worked for a local ice-cream parlor. "At first he treated me like a kid, but finally he noticed I'd turned into something of a woman..."

Tasty enough to be the double-dip flavor of the month.

Her own taste in men is well defined: "easygoing guys who'll crack a joke when we're in bed instead of saying all that syrupy sweet talk! I guess," she smiles, "I'd rather be ravished than romanced..."

Not that all her proclivities are physical: "Everyone has mental powers they ought to develop. In my case, I seem to be psychic. Unfortunately, I can predict only unhappy events—good things still come as a surprise to me!" Beautiful Bernadette, we think pleasant surprises like you should happen more often....

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

"There is no way you're going to stop the world's oldest profession. . . . It's one of the hardest ways to make a living. But if you're going to do it, do it the best way you can. Legal."

MADAM GINA WILSON

It is Election Night at the Salt Wells Villa Guest Ranch, sixty-five miles southeast of Reno, and Gina Wilson is poring over a brisket she is making in the kitchen while trying to hear what the television in the next room is blaring about the local returns. "I'm expecting the sheriff to call any minute," she says, looking up from the stove. "He's going to tell us how he's doing."

With flowing red hair and a gaudy, zebra-skin jumpsuit that has a chest-high zipper "open ever so much so it will just show enough," the flamboyant woman next to the bubbling pot looks far younger than her forty-nine years. She also looks like the last person to be getting a courtesy call from The Law to tell her how his race is shaping up.

Born into an orthodox Jewish household in St. Louis, Missouri, as Reina Stein, Gina Wilson is also not the person you'd guess would grow up to become the queen of Nevada's legalized bordellos. Yet, in just nine years, she has become one of the youngest madams in the country, the owner of one of its plushest cathouses, and the prime investor in a proposed $25 million deal to create the world's biggest brothel—a 200-woman version of the "Taj Mahal" with a hot tub and sauna in every room.

Wilson, who reminds you at first glance of both Mae West and Sally Stanford, the late madam who served as mayor of Sausalito, Calif., has good reason to pay attention to local politics, since she herself has been one of its main focal points. She belongs to Hadassah and the women's organization of a synagogue, sponsors a Little League team, has raised four children, and is a respected member of a small, rural community. Her whorehouse, one of thirty-nine legal or tolerated "parlors" or "guest ranches" in the Sagebrush State, is the closest thing to a modern-day Best Little Whorehouse, and the only one anywhere *actually established by a vote of the public.*

Nevada is the only state that permits legal prostitution. Each county may decide whether to allow and regulate brothels. In 1974, Churchill County asked the voters to settle the legalization issue. Pat Stevenson, editor of the *Fallon Eagle Standard*, says the final count was overwhelmingly in favor of the houses because of the naval air station just outside of Fallon (population: 5,000), which is fifteen minutes and ten searing miles of desert from the screaming red whorehouse set smack-dab on Highway 50. "We wanted the boys to have someplace to go so they'd leave the girls in town alone."

How did a self-described "introverted mama's girl" turn a former stagecoach stop (a rustler was hanged from the top of the Salt Wells water tower and buried under what is now the bar and main waiting room) and restaurant into a heady, cash-flow business that, according to various sources, nets "close to $1 million a year," including the madam's share of approximately $240,000?

Cancer. Incredibly, Wilson blames her whole plunge into the world of high-class, over-the-counter, credit card-accepted (Salt Wells takes MasterCard, Visa, and American Express) prostitution on a disease that "shocked" her out of a life that might have pleased others but Gina thought was going nowhere fast.

Her mother was a stunningly beautiful model, her father a ruggedly handsome boxer who went on to own the health club at Las Vegas's Sands Hotel. She was the oldest of three children; her two brothers became teachers.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY GUCCIONE

Though Reina's grades were "very good," her mother wanted her to become a dancer—she began taking tap dancing lessons at the age of three—so she did. "I never questioned what I was told," she recalls. "I never missed a day of school." To this day, she is still compulsively early, rises at 4:30 A.M., and neither smokes nor drinks.

She was voted Best Dancer at Soldan High School in St. Louis. Then, upon graduation in 1950, she spent the next decade working the Park Plaza, Chase, and other St. Louis hotels as a dancer and taught ballroom dancing at an Arthur Murray studio. During one stint, she was a member of a troupe that backed up Frank Sinatra; another time, she landed a bit role in a Broadway musical that never opened. But it wasn't until after some performances in New York and Florida that she finally caught the eye of a Vegas lounge, which swooped down on her in 1962. She was hired as a showgirl by the Sands, where she stayed the next eleven years.

But while the glittery life onstage proved visually appealing to Gina, who had long since changed her name to something easier to remember, her personal life was in turmoil. By the time the doctors discovered she had cancer of the colon in 1974, she had been married six times. She swore that if the operation to remove her tumor was successful, which it was, then she would get out of dancing and into a something more lucrative, then plow that money into her new goal—that of breaking into the movie business. In a way, dancing had been like being in the movies—"Everybody could see me." Now she wanted to own, eventually, a whole studio.

That required plenty of money. What's the fastest way to make big bucks in Nevada? There are those who say prostitution is already outpacing the state's $100-million-a-year gambling industry; at $3,000 to $5,000 a week, in a legal bordello, the best girls can make enough to retire in three years. Although Gina will not reveal what she did the year before buying Salt Wells, insiders report she made enough cash working at Joe Conforte's notorious Mustang Ranch, in the next county over, to purchase the Fallon brothel.

Today, Gina appears to be well on her way toward having enough money to buy *anything* she wants. At press time, she was negotiating to sell the publishing rights to her 350-page book, *Madam, Madam,* and to close a movie project; a major cable network is expected to air a film about Salt Wells this year. And Wilson claims to have put together the necessary financing to erect a giant bordello Shangri-la "close to a major city in Nevada" sometime in 1983. A source close to the negotiations says the city is Reno.

In the meantime, the up-to-2,500 men a week—or a whopping 130,000 a year—who pass through the pussy paradise (Gina once had thirty cats, still has four, and keeps thirteen cat pictures and two cat statues strewn about the premises) can look forward to the installation of saunas, hot tubs, a pool, and even an airstrip in the next few months.

Gina's life as a madam has been anything but boring. At 5:45 A.M. on May 5, 1977, according to a spokesman for the county fire marshal's office, the wife of the same sheriff that Gina is such good buddies with, Dave Banovich, Sr., hurled a Molotov cocktail at the brothel, sparking a brief fire that caused an estimated $1,200 in damage. Mildred Banovich, who was arrested, accused Wilson of being Banovich's "girl friend," a charge Wilson readily denies.

What fuels Wilson's drive? "I wish I knew," she told free-lance writer Gary Hanauer, whom we sent to Salt Wells on the most penetrating assignment imaginable: to eat, sleep, and live in a cathouse with Gina, her seventh husband, Fujie, and, depending on troop movements, her six to twenty women.

Some notes from his diary:

"Gina is a sultry, buxom woman who, in the same minute, can be playing the role of madam to the hilt, calling every man 'Honey,' and soothing a belligerent miner from the hills who hasn't had a drink all day because the polls are still open, or listening to the problems of a 'turnout,' or novice hooker, or closing a real estate transaction. She sees herself as a legitimate businesswoman whose trade just happens to be sex.

"Four girls in babydolls manage to join us for dinner at a large, communal table. One of them asks, with a twinkle in her eye, 'Are you married?' When I respond that I am, she persists: 'Is your wife married?' Then a shrill buzzer sounds, announcing that another john is about to enter the house. The women, who are on duty at Salt Wells for three weeks and then off for a week, gulp down their meals and split.

"A list of rules describes 'the good working girl' as 'a girl who solves your problems and don't create them,' then lambastes 'teenage, virgin-looking cutie pies' for 'looking wonderful on TV but they can be a pain here.' Over the bar, which is next to a pool hall, video arcade room, and Gina's office, a sign reads IF YOU SAY FUCK, PAY 25¢. Twenty-one 'specialty parties' are offered by the girls, including Whipped Cream, Doubles, Around the World, Salt & Pepper, Tossed Salad, and Jelly or Jam, but Gina's favorite is 'The Wind, the Rain, and the Lava,' meaning any fantasy you can dream up.

"I squint trying to find my room, then, when I do, struggle to find a light switch. There isn't one. The whole room glows from red fluorescent paint and huge, rectangular mirrors. There are window shades but they make no sense; even the windows are painted over. Over the toilet is a vial of telltale white Merthiolate, a disinfectant that the county requires each girl to put on the penises of the men. 'You get used to it,' says one man.

"I find it is impossible to sleep in a whorehouse but try anyway. Off and on, the buzzer shrieks and women go running. Despite Gina's bravado about her girls liking their customers, two black women murmur about the 'poor white trash' they've had to service. Even though they've been up half the night, most of the girls make breakfast at 6:00 A.M., when a chorus of vacuum cleaners sound. I ask Monique, who is working in the unlit and windowless hallway, how she can possibly see what she is doing. 'I can't,' she says and goes on cleaning."

Penthouse: Do you like your job?

Wilson: Oh yes. A job is a job. If you like it and you're good at it, you stay at it. My job is to be a mother. A madam is a mother.

Penthouse: And who's the father?

Wilson: Me. I'm the mother and the father too. I'm the only family that some of these girls have.

Penthouse: How are you like a mother?

Wilson: In every way. I comfort them. I hope that what I have done is to take the working girl, any working girl, and make her respect herself so that she can then respect the rights of others. I hope that I have taken some of them and shown them a better way of life. And by doing this I've cared; I care for them, I really do.

Penthouse: How have you made things better for these girls?

Wilson: Well, they wouldn't be here unless they had felt unloved in the past. They've found a home here. They're here twenty-one days and then they get a week off. They come back to their home after that week. They get good meals, clean surroundings, comfort. They know I care about them. I listen to their troubles. At the same time, I'm very aloof; I'm the management, and you know the old saying: "Management does not fraternize." The relationship I have with the girls is the same as a doctor to a patient, a lawyer to a client, a teacher to a pupil. There are good teachers, good lawyers, good doctors. They are good when they care, when they do that little bit more than they have to. Of course, some are very cold and indifferent. But some have feeling and empathy—not sympathy, but *empathy* for the other person.

Penthouse: Can you teach a woman to love?

Wilson: They all love. *Boy*, do they have feelings! You know, just because these girls are in this profession . . . pussycats have feelings too. Absolutely. They're human. Outside of this business, they're not freaks. Some of their morals are ten times better than . . . Listen, I would rather be in this business than many others. I have a darling husband, darling children—my daughters are not tramps, my son is not a doper. I live a normal life. And I know many a so-called good family in which the woman is playing around with the next-door neighbor's husband and all that. And who are they to cast stones? It's a fact of

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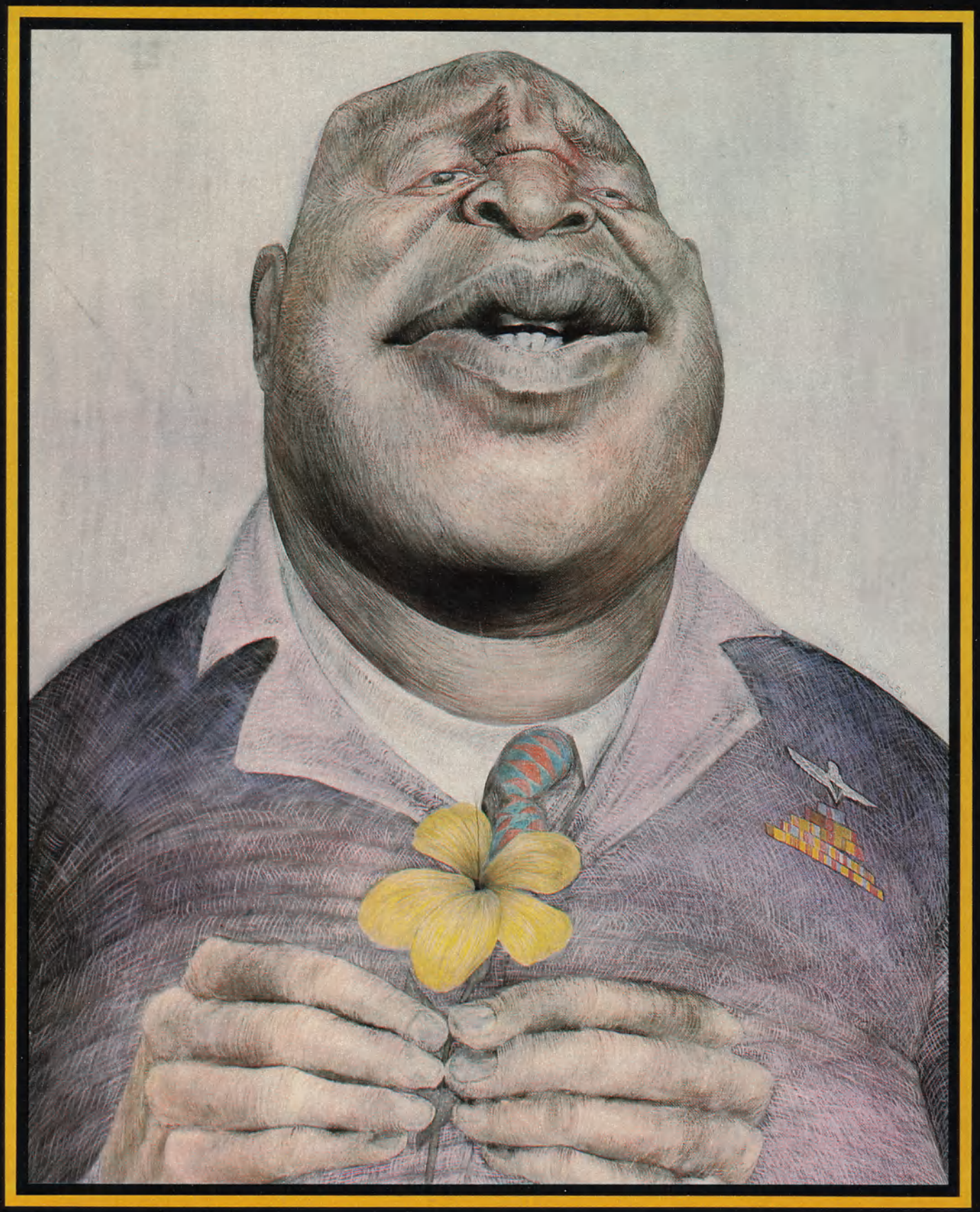

HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 1

There was a wild man from Uganda
Of killing there was no man fonda.
Sweet Idi bidi Amin
Fled the whole bloody scene
With some wives, forty kids, way down yonda!

A skilled improvisor weaves a colorful tale of sex and obsession around a Russian poet, a virginal Polish gymnast, and a soldier who must live with his memories of death.

ARARAT

FICTION BY D. M. THOMAS

Sergei Rozanov had made an unnecessary journey from Moscow to Gorky, simply in order to sleep with a young blind woman. The woman, who turned out to be not so young, and who had dreadfully thin legs which had not been apparent in the photograph she had sent him, came from Kazan; Gorky had seemed a convenient midpoint for their first rendezvous. She was studying for her doctorate at the University, and was writing a thesis on Rozanov's poetry. She had written to him, and they had spoken by phone. Rozanov had liked her voice, but above all it was her blindness which had appealed to him. He had never slept with a blind woman. Although she was married, it had not been too difficult to persuade her to this encounter.

It had not worked out as he had hoped. Her gnarled, veined hands told him that she could not be many years younger than he—Rozanov was fifty. It was ludicrous to be studying for a doctorate at that age. He took her thin legs as an affront. But above all her blindness, when he came face to face with it, did not at all attract him. He found her wandering, unattached pupils creepy. He was glad when they had finished dinner and were in the outrageously expensive hotel bedroom and the light could be turned out.

What appalled him more than anything was that he knew Kolasky was in Moscow, on leave from his tank unit on the western front, and Rozanov's absence (supposedly for a poetry performance) gave the major general a free rein with Rozanov's mistress, Sonia. Sergei believed his mistress was only playing with Kolasky, using him as blackmail to force Sergei to do something about his domestic situation; but he could

PAINTING BY SAMUEL BAK

not be quite sure. Where Sonia was concerned, he was not quite sure of anything. Yet stupidly he had opened up a night in which they could dine, talk, laugh, and make love.

Rozanov shivered at the thought, and barely stopped himself from ringing her, even in Olga's presence.

Olga's lovemaking was acrobatic but lacking in finesse. She seemed to think it was enough to whisper constantly that she loved him. Eventually he had to move apart from her and finish it off himself. She begged him to tell her what she was doing wrong, and of what he was thinking. His reply—"I'm thinking about the Decembrists"—added to her confusion. He did not enlighten her, but went on staring at the fluttering curtains in the darkness.

"I'm afraid I wasn't very good for you," the woman said sadly. "I'm not very experienced."

"You were fine. I liked it so much I kept holding back. I held back too long." He tried to think of an excuse for getting dressed and leaving her, with money to pay the bill, but there was nowhere to go.

No, he would have to see the meeting through to the bitter end, and take the first flight home. The oblivion of sleep would have been a mercy, but unfortunately sleep would not come to him. Torrential rain lashed the window; a storm wind made the jerry-built hotel shake. The storm had arisen during the evening; tomorrow he would find the autumn trees stripped bare. The blind woman was of course glad he was wakeful. She wished to make the most of every moment.

It was like trying to sleep in the ark, Sergei reflected. In his mind's eye he saw Ararat, although he had never been to Armenia. His mother had been born there, and consequently it gripped his imagination; he feared to exchange his vision for reality. With the pleasant and intelligent, but boring, stranger, Rozanov lay in Gorky and thought of Ararat. Two by two they went into the ark. . . .

The conversation in the dark had taken a serious, academic turn. He felt exquisitely bored by her profound analysis of his recent verse. After a while he stopped listening, and listened only to the wind and the rain. Embracing him tightly, aware of his silent mood, Olga asked him if he would improvise a story for her. She had heard of his talent for improvisation. He had inherited the skill from his Armenian grandfather: a man who, having in his youth witnessed an atrocity and developed a stammer, cured it by roaming the remote regions of Armenia, telling stories at isolated villages. He had perished, alongside the poets Varouzhan and Siamanto, in the genocide of 1915.

"Okay," Rozanov said, after she had repeated her plea that he improvise for her. It would be less tedious than having to carry on a serious conversation. "You'll have to give me a theme."

"Can't you make one up yourself?"

"No, it has to come from you."

Olga meditated. "Improvisations," she said: "that's your theme."

He chuckled. "That reminds me of *Egyptian Nights*."

"I didn't know you'd been to Egypt, Sergei," she said. "When? Pre-Sadat?"

"No!" He chuckled again, though his mind flashed to the carnage he had seen recently on the television news. "I meant Pushkin's story."

"Oh, I see! You must think me terribly ignorant. I don't think it's in braille."

"Really? Then we must put that to rights, Olga. It's wonderful! He wrote it, or rather began it, after hearing Mickiewicz deliver an impromptu poem, which overwhelmed him. Mickiewicz must have been fucking good to have overwhelmed Pushkin. I guess he must have been the greatest *Improvisatore*."

"From what I've heard, he couldn't have been better than you."

"That's nonsense. It's just a game, like doing crosswords. To make anything half decent, I have to slave away like everyone else."

> When we entered my cabin she asked me not to turn on the light. Shivering in my arms she said, "I'm still a virgin." I apologized for hurting her. "I like it," she whispered.

"Well, make it a long improvisation, please. Till the dawn that never comes . . . . Will it be a *povest* or a poem?"

"Who knows? I'll have to sit in the armchair, if you don't mind. . . .'Improvisations'. . . that's an interesting theme. Give me a few minutes to collect my thoughts. Do you want some more wine?"

"No, darling: you have some more . . . I've had enough."

Rozanov got out of bed with relief, found his dressing gown and wrapped it round him, curled up in the chair, closed his eyes, and concentrated. . . .

"Three writers thrown together by chance," Rozanov began, "sat up talking and drinking in a hotel on a sultry October night. Before they split up after midnight they agreed, at the drunken insistence of one of their number, to improvise on a common theme, and to compare results the following day. The American woman, a writer of romantic fiction, was clearly at a disadvantage; she did not feel committed to fulfilling a promise extracted under duress, and in any case she thought such game-playing childish. The Russian poet had a reputation for facility, but was drunk. The Armenian was still sober, and moreover was a traditional storyteller: his proud skill had been challenged by a disreputable Muscovite.

"The subject chosen for their improvisation slept serenely through the night. It did not dream of a beloved, dead, ice-cold Armenian father, as the American woman did. It did not fight demons, as the Soviet poet seemed to be doing, for a time at least. It did not talk softly, as the Armenian storyteller did. It did not dream of Noah's flood, nor of the more terrible flood of 1915. It stood. It let the storm clouds improvise around it. . . ."

My doctor has forbidden me depression. It was she who, knowing I was to visit Armenia by way of America, persuaded me to cancel my air tickets and take this sea voyage. "You need complete calm."

It was the first time she had visited me at home. Her quick eyes took in everything: the wall of birches beyond the window; the fragment of Siberian meteorite on my filing cabinet; my desk with a white sheet of paper still in the typewriter; above it, a sketch of Blok at the first night of *Carmen*; the clay unicorn and *rusalka* on the ebony chest to the right of my divan bed. "Why are you so obsessed with sex?" she asked, gazing at my seventeenth-century ikon. She is full of curiosity—it is why I go to her.

"Because I spewed up milk into my mother's lap when I was two," I said. "People were starving, so she stuffed me too full. I still hate milk."

She nodded, with complete understanding. "You should rest," she said. My bed was covered with papers. "I can't," I replied. "A writer can't enjoy sickness. These are proofs of a new edition of Pushkin's stories—I have to correct them by Thursday. Also I have to read, and write reports on, these books." I pointed to a couple of American novels, lying on the bed near the latest issue of *Novy Mir*.

"How do you feel?" my doctor asked. "What's the matter?" She perched on the bed and I caught a faint scent of freshly washed hair.

"I don't know, I was hoping you'd tell me. I'm burning up, or shaking with cold. I'm swimming in sweat."

She took my pulse, but her gaze drifted away to a faded watercolor of a blond Georgian girl I had loved for four days, ten years ago; she lost track of the time. She is not very knowledgeable or skillful—but curious. "You have a fever, Surkove," she observed. "How are your problems?"

"I'm terribly locked in myself. So tightly locked that sometimes I can hear of a whole planeful of people being killed—or a friend telling me he's got cancer—or a dissident being arrested—without feeling; even with a slight *frisson* of excited pleasure. Other times, I can't help being others, I can't help becoming others. Everyone, everything. Not a sparrow falls without my knowing about it, and suffering its death."

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"Ah, that's from the Bible!" she said, smiling.

"Yes!"

"I could give you tranquilizers, but it's not really an answer, is it?"

We were silent, looking at each other helplessly.

It was then she forbade me depression, and advised this voyage. It is a splendid white liner, and my cabin is pleasant. The beauty of it is that Zina and Olga are left behind, and my life is a blank page. There are many attractive women in the ship's dining room, but I shan't get involved. My doctor has been strict about that. "Fuck them if you must," she said, "—if you can. But on no account become involved." And that fits in absolutely with how I feel.

Some of the young women are Olympic athletes, either returning home from the Moscow games or traveling to take up scholarships in the United States in preparation for the Los Angeles Olympics. I contrive to sit opposite one of the them at dinner. She is a slim boyish gymnast, called Anna, a Pole, who looks a little like Nadia Comaneci. But she tells me sadly that she slipped off the beam, and also made a hash of the asymmetric bars. Her best mark was an 8.2 in the floor exercises. She is determined to do better in Los Angeles.

She asks me what I do for a living, and is surprised when I say that I'm an athlete too. "I'm really a sprinter," I explain, "but ten years ago I was requested—well, I didn't have much choice about it—to run a marathon. I found it dreadful but I staggered in. Although it was my first marathon, I finished it second. I started my second marathon before I'd finished the first, and I didn't do very well, though I was pleased with my performance. In my third marathon I came in first, yet it wasn't very satisfying. It made me realize, all the more, I'm really a sprinter."

I was, of course, teasing her, referring—respectively—to my life of Sholokov, and my novels, *Envy* and *Leningrad Awakes!* But (possibly because her Russian wasn't up to following me anyway) she nodded as if she understood. Her thin, pale face could light up with a charming, mournful smile; but she became still and grave when I asked her if she thought we would move into her native land, and said sincerely that I hoped we wouldn't.

We are passing the coast of Denmark. It is dark, but the lights of some coastal town shine out clearly. I am on deck with Anna, and the spray blows cold and salty in our faces. She says she is missing her parents. I reply that she is lucky to have parents to miss. "My father died in the camps," I explain, "when I was not much older than you. He had been away all through the war, and fought bravely. He was back home for a few months; then—off to the Gulag. My mother lived on until about ten years ago; but she spent the last years of her life in a home. We call them homes because they're not. I couldn't have her living in Moscow with me because I spend every summer and autumn in the writers' colony at Peredelkino, outside the city; and at other times I'm away a lot. Also, she would have hated the untidiness. I'm not a neat person." Spray drenched my face. I stopped speaking, aware that I was disobeying my doctor.

The young gymnast slid her arm through mine. In spite of her youth, I could see she felt sad for me, and I was touched by her sympathy. Glancing at her in the faint glow of the sea (there was no moon or stars), I saw how very young she was: probably no more than sixteen. Gymnasts are so very young.

It was a quiet night. The sea was calm for such a dangerous coast. Still, I was alarmed when she disengaged herself from me, took hold of the ship's rail with both hands, and lifted herself into a perfect handstand. But I could feel the absolute confidence in her strong arms, though they trembled. Her skirt falling away over her breast, I saw the faint gleam of white briefs; yet there was nothing erotic or provocative in her sudden action; rather, something innocent and schoolgirlish and high-spirited. She was, I realized, diverting me—cheering me up. After keeping her perfect balance for a minute or so, she slowly lowered herself to the deck. She breathed heavily, and laughed. "If only I could have done that in Moscow!"

> When I married Lyubov' Dmitriyevna, I made it clear our marriage would never be consummated, since I needed to sleep with whores and to be able to worship her.

I was moved by her youth, the transience of her heart. By the time the Los Angeles games came round, she would be almost too old; her breasts would have rounded out. I touched her almost absent breast. We kissed gently, and I persuaded her easily not to go to the disco but to my cabin. I hoped it would take me out of myself. I was terribly locked in my own skull; and—paradoxically—that gave me the feeling that my mind floated an inch or two above my head. Lately I've had that sensation a lot. When we entered my cabin she asked me not to turn on the light. Shivering in my arms she said, "I'm still a virgin." I apologized for hurting her. "I like it," she whispered. I whispered in return some tender lines of Akhmatova, since both her name and her fragility reminded me of her. I thanked her for sharing my lonely voyage. I grew strong and hard with the knowledge of being the first to take her. With a gasp, she tightened on me. I could see only the whites of her eyes, the occasional glimmer of her teeth as she smiled. I felt a paternal love and care for her—this forlorn child going to a strange country.

But when, in the light of dawn through the porthole, I awoke, feverish, hot, and pulled the sheet off us and looked at her sleeping form, I saw nothing had changed. The sharp shoulder blades, the shape of her rib cage through the skin, the gap between her skinny thighs, filled me with pity for her but also relief. I wouldn't be able to make love to her again. I opened, and drained, a can of beer, smoked a cigarette; listened to the drone of the ship's engines; and watched Anna's trembling, dreaming eyelids. She was a sweet, attractive girl. Once I had explained to her that my doctor had forbidden involvement, there was no reason why we shouldn't be good friends on the voyage.

Smoking my second cigarette, drinking my second can of beer, looking down at Anna, and thinking of Donna, my pen friend in New York, I recalled Blok's "Steps of the Commander" and I murmured it to myself. . . .

A thick and heavy curtain at the entrance,
Behind the window—night's mist.
What price now your tedious freedom,
Don Juan, knowing fear at last?

Gold and empty is the sumptuous bedroom,
The servants sleep, the night is deaf.
From some blessed, unknown, distant country
Comes the sound of cock-crow.

What can sound of bliss mean to a traitor?
The moments of life are numbered.
Donna Anna sleeps, her hands crossed on her heart,
Donna Anna is dreaming. . .

Whose cruel features are reflected,
Frozen, in the mirror?
Anna, Anna, is it sweet to sleep in the grave?
Is it sweet to dream unearthly dreams?

Life is empty, senseless, and unfathomable?
Go out to battle, ancient Fate!
And in reply—triumphant and enamoured—
A horn sounds in the snowy darkness. . .

A black, silent motor car flies past,
Like an owl, its lights splashing in the night.
With muffled, heavy footsteps the Com-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

SPACEWAVE

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TURTLES
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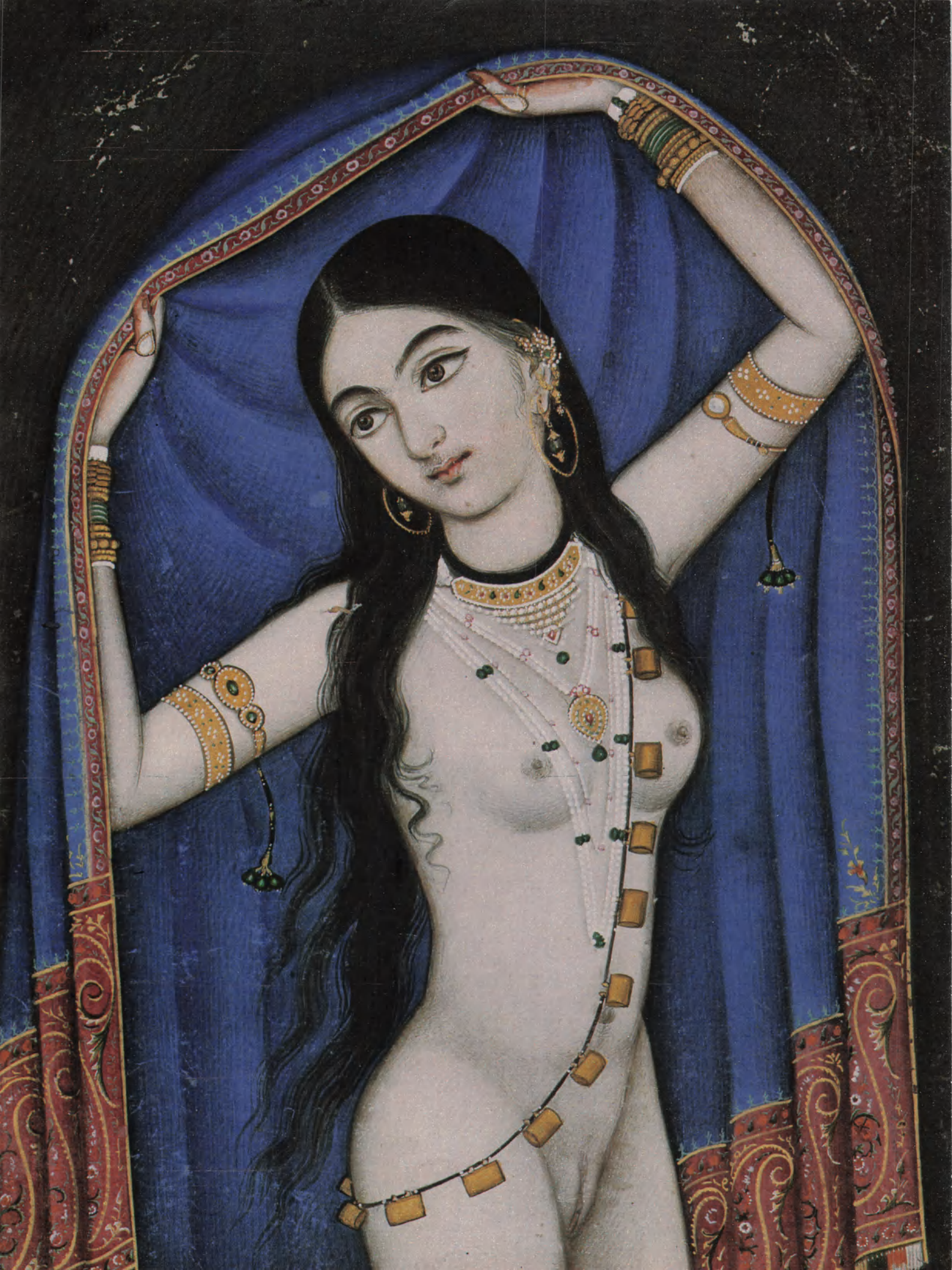
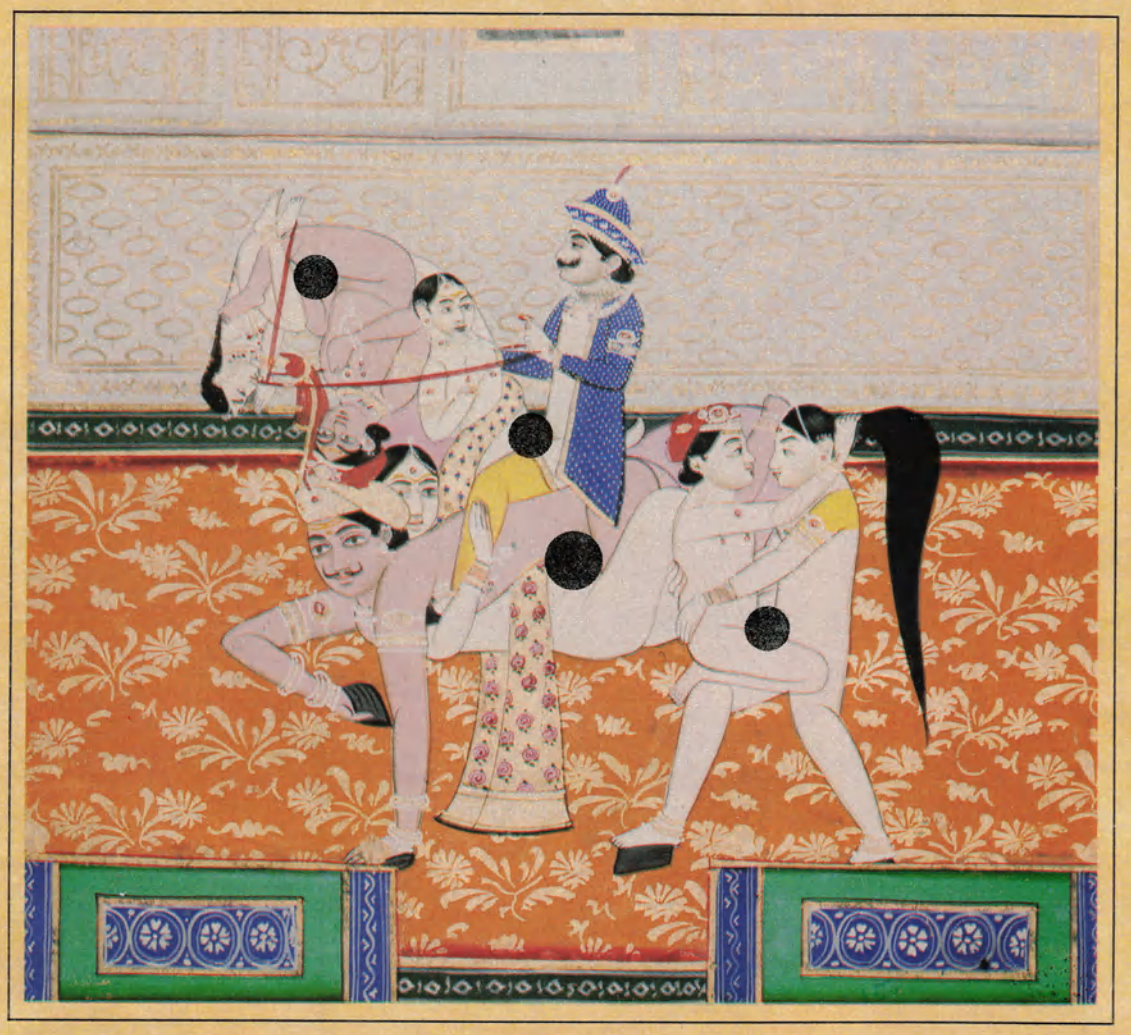
Produced by T. Biggs. © Penthouse Records Ltd., 1982.

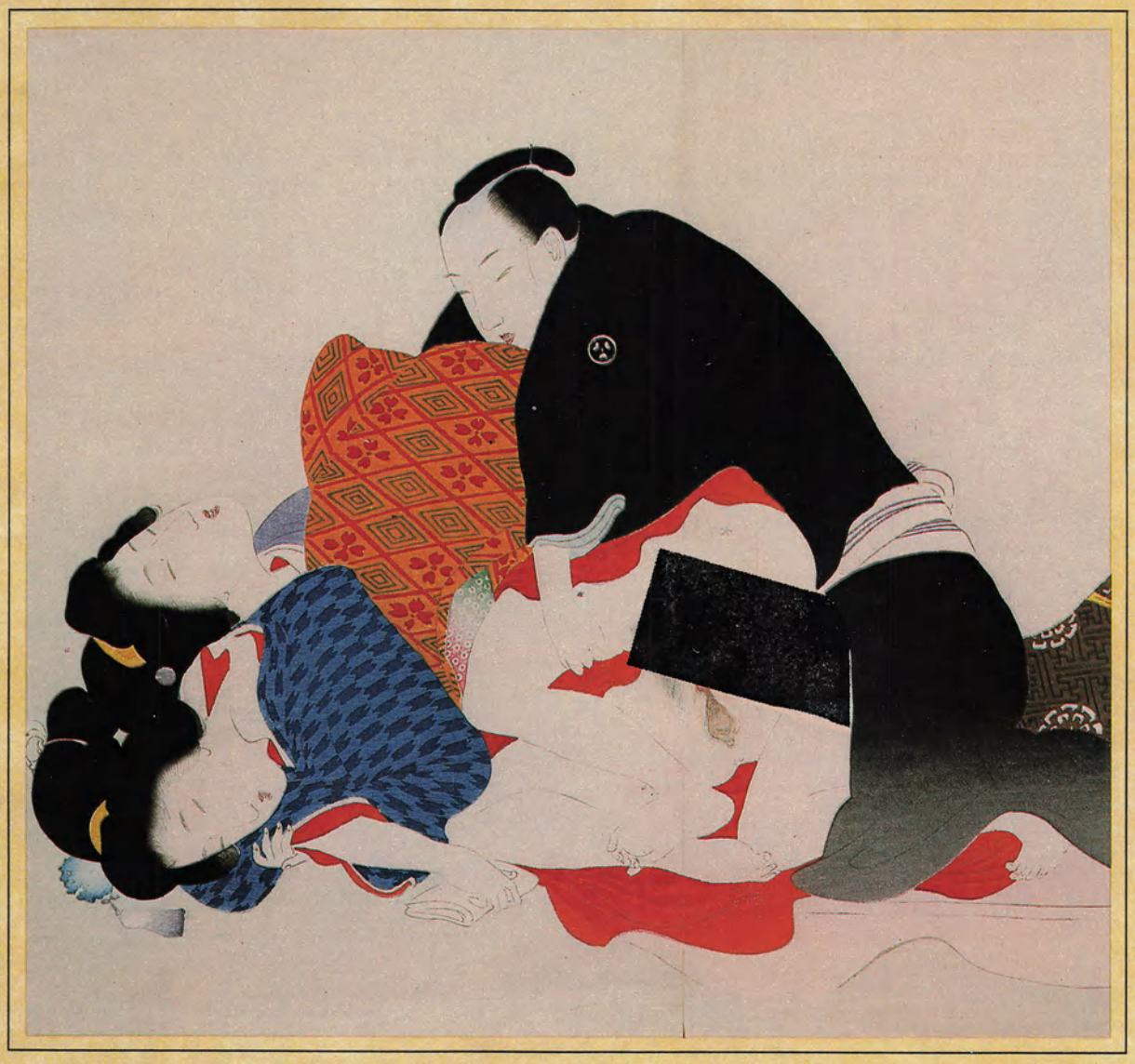


Though created in centuries past by unsung artists, erotic Oriental masterworks are a current cause for celebration by Western man.

WONDERS OF THE EASTERN WORLD

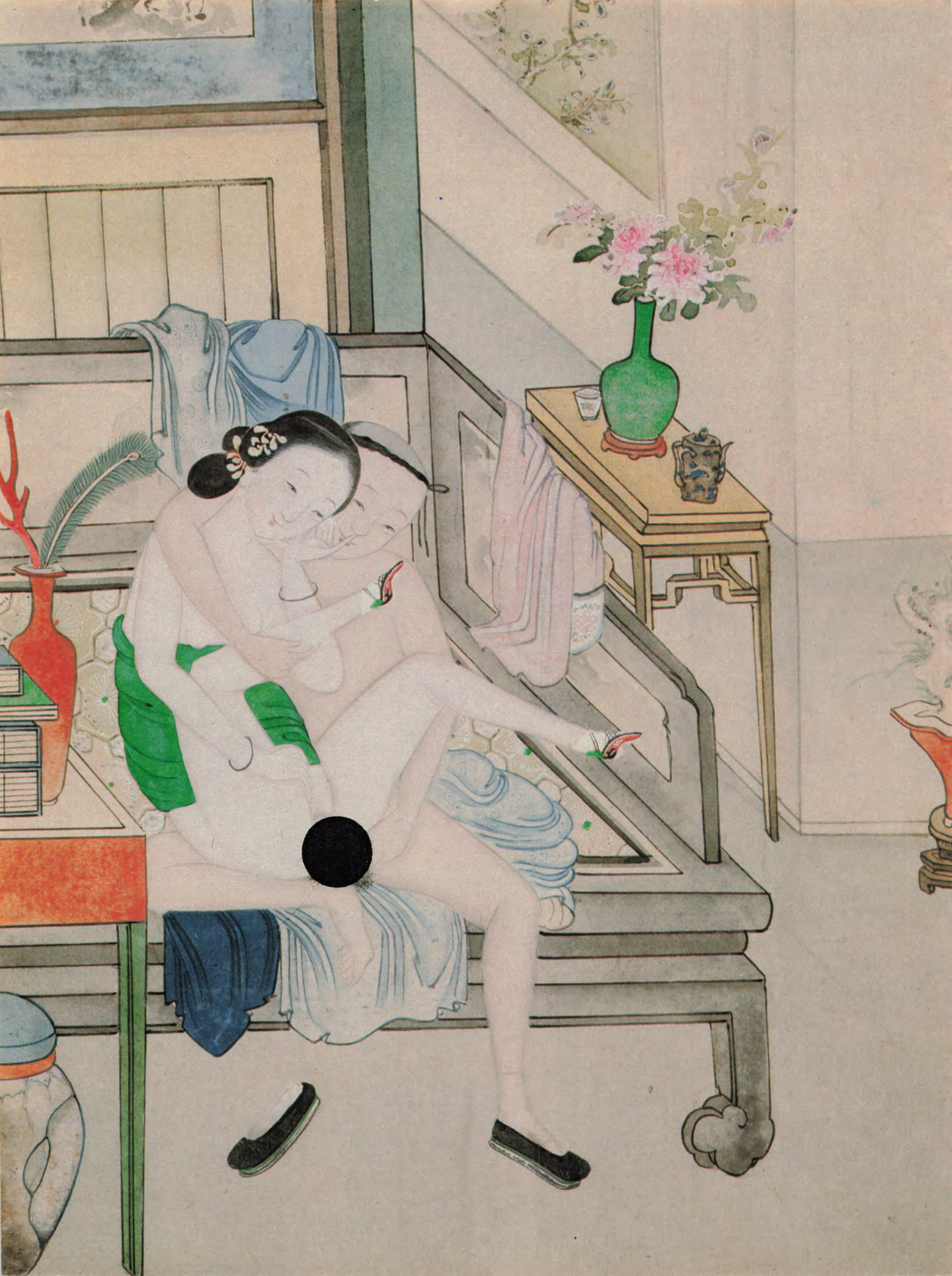


The Far Eastern cultures of antiquity produced a lasting legacy of masterful erotic art, small wonders greatly prized for exquisite workmanship and attention to detail so fine that finishing touches were often done with a single animal hair serving as a paintbrush. The magnificent marvels shown on the following pages are part of a rare group of miniature paintings assembled by Lenem'Arts, Inc. of New York; the entire collection will be publicly exhibited as part of this year's Art Expo '83, to be held at the New York Coliseum, April 7–11. On this page, two gouaches (opaque watercolors) from India: at left (from the Company school of art, circa 1870) is most likely the lovely member of a harem. Above (Jaipur school, circa 1850), multiple desire becomes a stallion fit for a prince...



On the pages preceding, two more gouaches from India: at left (Sirohi school, circa 1760), a beast with yet another burden is portrayed; at right (Marwar school, circa 1870), sex is depicted as something less than a private act. Above, a nineteenth-century Japanese woodblock print confirms the fact that ménages à trois were hardly a modern French invention.

Above, a late-nineteenth-century Japanese gouache suggests that sexual enlightenment for women is no recent development. These artists usually remained unknown, living as in-palace chroniclers who painted what their rulers suggested. Still, they did enjoy access to the intimate secrets of their masters. No doubt, at times, their masters' command was their wish.



In the nineteenth-century Chinese watercolor (left), a lady enjoys the lap of luxury; above, one Japanese watercolor on silk, circa 1900, mirrors the Western missionary position, while yet another (following pages) is a prime example of the artist's predilection for depicting outsized penises. Though centuries and continents apart, some dreams of glory are common to all mankind.

ARARAT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

mander
Enters the house. . .

The door flies open. Out of the immense cold, a sound
Like a clock striking hoarsely in the night—
A clock striking: "You asked me to supper.
I have come. Are you ready? . . ."

To the cruel question there's no answer,
No answer—only silence.
There is fear in the sumptuous bedroom at the hour of dawn,
The servants are sleeping, and the night is pale.

At the hour of dawn it is cold and strange.
At the hour of dawn the night is dim.
Maiden of Light! Where are you, Donna Anna?
Anna! Anna!—Silence reigns.

Only in the fearful mist of morning
The clock strikes for the last time:
Donna Anna will rise in the hour of your death.
Anna will rise in the hour of death.

Only I did not quite reach the end of the poem, for I must have whispered the words "Anna! Anna!" louder, and she awoke. Startled, she asked me what was wrong. I said, nothing, only that I had a fever, and perhaps she should fetch the doctor. She kissed me anxiously on the lips, and sprang out of bed. I saw again the bones beneath the skin as she hooked on her skimpy white bra and pulled on her white briefs, and felt relieved that I was going to be left in peace. I felt irritated when she kissed me again, hungrily, and said, "I love you," before leaving. I wonder if, in spite of myself, I have given her the wrong impression. And it is true that I burn up women as a marathon runner burns up his flesh. How many had I had? Three hundred? Three thousand? I needed the coming revolution to cleanse my spirit. I needed to confess. The ship's doctor, when he turned up, did not invite intimacy; a Latvian, in his rimless spectacles resembling Lavrenti Beria, he had been blanched and scoured by arctic winds.

Nevertheless, I decided to be frank with him. Impassively he took my temperature, then, while he checked my pulse rate, asked me when I had first had this fever. I thought carefully before replying, in the German we both spoke badly:

"Very early in life. When I married Lyubov' Dmitriyevna, I made it clear our marriage would never be consummated, since I needed to sleep with whores and to be able to worship her. Actually, we *did* consummate it—once only; a few years after the wedding. It seemed to us both that we should complete our knowledge of each other, just that one time. Lyubov' Dmitriyevna bores me; but I need her boredom. I can't write unless she's in the house; on the other hand, I would find it tedious to have to acknowledge her presence. She is an actress. It takes her away a good deal, and then I am not happy until she is back. Once, she came back and confessed that she had been unfaithful, and was pregnant. I was filled with joy to know that my Lyubov' had been impregnated by this unknown rival; and I felt joyful about the child, promising that I would regard it as my own offspring. But Mitya died, after ten days in this world. His meaningless life and death shattered me.

"I also love my mistress, Lyubov' Alexandrovna. She is an opera singer. She, too, bores me, but in a sexually obsessive way. I crave the boredom of her spasmodic sensuality. She has long red-gold hair. When I sit in the theater watching her sing *Carmen*, the whole stage is dark except for the red-gold of her pubic hair that I literally can see moving about the stage, under her dress, corsets, and petticoats.

> I was ordered to fling hundreds of Armenians into a deep hole. . . . It must have been 150 feet deep. Those at the bottom soon died. Those at the top lived on for a few days.

"You may not know that Lyubov' means love.

"I love Love, and the child of Love, the love-child. I am in love with Love. Love is the center of my life. Love acts, and Love sings. Love is the Most Beautiful Lady, and has a dark ambiguous cunt. I am the child of Love, and her master. Love fills my days with boredom, and gives my nights moments of rapture. Love is laying me waste, but I want her devastation. I love Love when she combs her red-gold hair, and when she whispers shameful phrases in the dark. I love her when I am sick, and she ministers to me. I love her when she presses the golden swan to her slim body; and when she broods tenderly over the Christ child. I love her when she sits naked on a rock, her hair in strands from the sea water, his left hand resting palm-upwards on her sturdy thighs—whether to give or to take, we don't know.

"And—yes—I am beginning to feel much better, doctor. I think I'd like to get up and dress."

Protesting that my temperature is dangerously high still, my doctor submits and helps me on with my shirt.

I think I can even take some breakfast. The ship is rolling heavily and I stagger into the dining room. Anna is sitting with a fat black discus-thrower from Cuba; she sees me and waves to me with a childlike openness of affection and surprised happiness. She is relieved to see me better. In the presence of the discus-thrower, it is impossible to tell her that I can't become involved with anyone; and when we are left alone, it's still not possible. I can see in her face that last night's spell is unbroken, and she clearly intends we shall pass the day together. I tell her I have to spend it working. It is true enough, in its way. But I can see she is disappointed and puzzled. Later I glimpse her at the swimming pool, where her white one-piece swimsuit accentuates her thinness. In contrast I am attracted (as last night I would have thought impossible) to the gross black girl, the discus-thrower. I imagine that mountain of flesh lowering itself on to me, and there is something perversely exciting about the thought. To be lost in so much flesh. I take it as a sign of returning health.

In the smoke room, there is no one but an old man, who reads a book and looks sad. I say "old man," but maybe it is just his white hair and leathery skin. Perhaps he is not so old. I forget that my own hair is now quite gray. But I am surely not wrong about his sadness. He is only pretending to read his book. His eyes keep drifting toward me, and he obviously wants to talk. Well, I feel in a much more cheerful mood, and there is no harm in helping a fellow man in distress. Let him talk to me if he wants.

I remark on the pleasantly warm autumn weather, and it allows us to chat about the old-fashioned pleasures of ocean voyages. "Are you on holiday? What do you do for a living?" he asks, in a friendly way. "I'm a writer," I reply. "Really a poet; but in the last few years I've also written a biography and two novels. I've felt rather lonely, and writing a novel is a good way of making friends. One's life becomes increasingly fictional in middle age, I find. There's no longer a great difference between real life and fiction. . . . But that's a feature of our age generally, don't you think? Fiction seems tame compared with reality; and people's reality is so fantastic it seems like fiction. . . . Take the supposed memoirs of Shostakovich, which I've read in *samizdat*. Genuine or a forgery? Does it really matter? . . ."

I trail to a halt, conscious that I've rambled. But the old man is nodding, smiling. "Aren't you Victor Surkov?" he asks. "Yes, I thought so! I read about you in *Krodokil*. Hasn't your book won a Lenin Prize? Congratulations! I've forgotten the title of the book."

"Leningrad Awakes!"

"Ah, yes! I must read it. Is that the book you've got in your lap?"

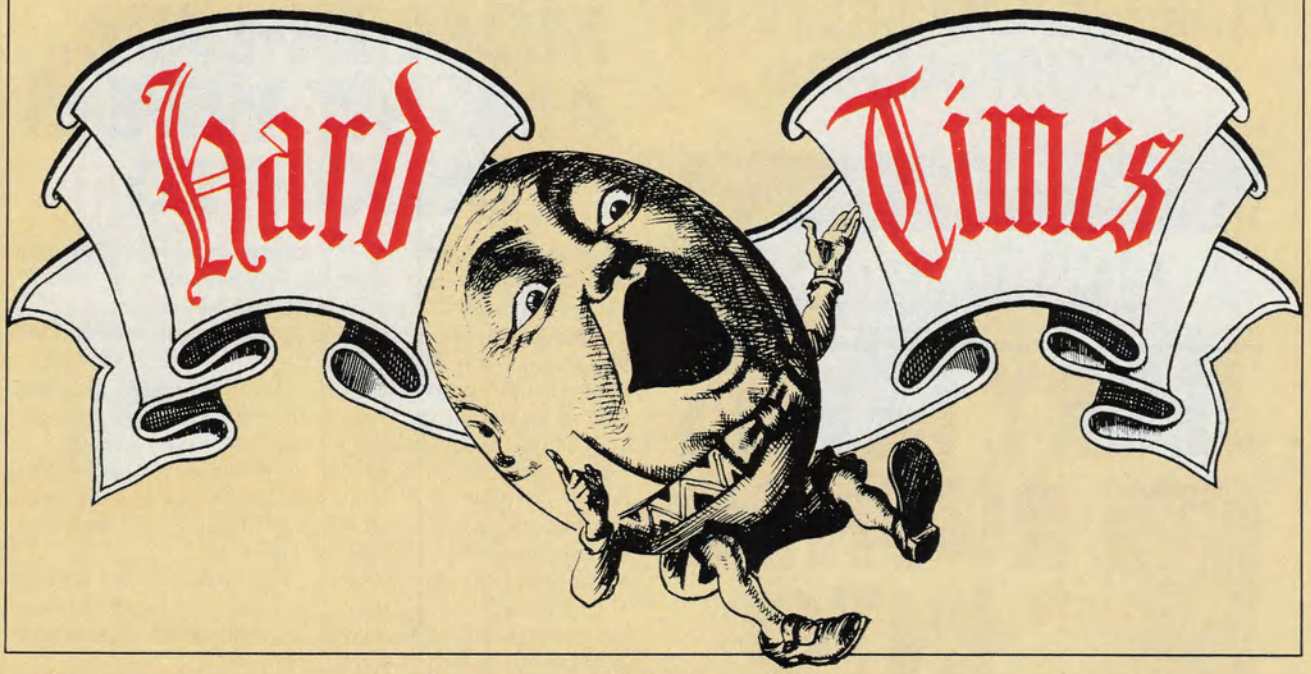
I laugh. "No! This could hardly be pub-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172

EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic,
lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information
culled from the nation's press

EXTRA



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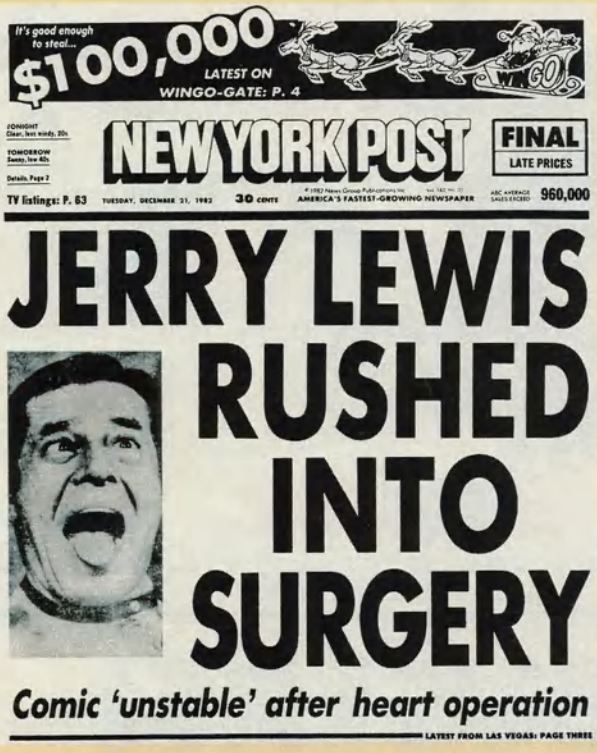
CHILD ABUSERS!

MIKE MULLEN/L.A. HERALD EXAMINER

Sister Lourdine Sok (left) and Sister Urban Maureen Molitor stand outside a Whittier, Calif., court Wednesday after both nuns were convicted of misdemeanor child abuse. Sok was found guilty of hitting an 8-year-old student in the stomach, pulling his hair, stomping on his foot and grabbing him by the cheeks to lift him off the ground. Molitor, the school's principal, was found guilty of failure to report the child abuse. Both sisters have been reassigned to other duties. (New York *Daily News*–submitted by A.E. Rouse, Jr., Brooklyn, N.Y.)
Well, Jesus did say suffer *the little children.–Editor*

THE PULITZER PRIZE FOR GOOD TASTE IN JOURNALISM



NEW YORK POST

(Front page, New York *Post*, Dec. 21, 1982–submitted by Regina Dombrowski)

I'LL WED MY SEXY MOM-IN-LAW... AND MY WIFE IS DELIGHTED

Dave Tait is an unemployed milkman who plans to divorce his wife to marry the woman he's fallen madly in love with–but she's none other than his mother-in-law!

And Dave's wife, Susan, likes the idea so much she and her boyfriend want to have a double wedding when Dave and her mother tie the knot.

"I feel no jealousy at all and I am very happy for both of them," said Susan. "I was very shocked at first, I could have accepted any other woman, but not my own mother. Then I realized it was probably the best thing that had happened to me. It meant I could make a break from Dave instead of carrying on living a lie and always arguing."

The shocked neighborhood in Wolverhampton, England, has been abuzz over the bizarre family affair since 24-year-old Dave recently moved in with Pauline Jackson, his 40-year-old mother-in-law.

Susan lives down the street with her boyfriend, Graham, and Dave's young daughter.

"We have certainly given the neighbors something to talk about," said Pauline. "They just can't get over it."

The mother-in-law said no one was more surprised about the strange state of affairs than she was.

"I hated Dave when I was his mother-in-law," Pauline said. "He had taken my daughter away from me and if we spoke at all it was only to have an argument. But then I had a party and it all happened."

Pauline said she felt sorry for her son-in-law because he and Susan were having marital problems.

"We danced together and as the hours went by we just got closer and closer," she said. "At the end of the evening he kissed me and I felt myself responding. We didn't do anything about it for a month.

"I think we were both a little scared about what was happening to us, but then Dave came to see me and we talked it over and realized we were falling in love."

And when Pauline's husband found out she was pregnant with their son-in-law's baby he moved out and got a divorce, and Dave moved in.

"Our love is just one of those things that happen," said Dave. "I can't explain it. Pauline and I didn't get along at first. It was only when my own marriage was failing that I realized that I was falling in love with her," said Dave with a smile. (*Weekly World News*)

LITTLE TRAMPS

CAMERA PRESS

There was no shortage of bowler hats, baggy pants and canes when scores of schoolkids turned out to honor Charlie Chaplin, the funniest funnyman of them all. The occasion was the unveiling of a statue of the Little Tramp at the Vevey Film Festival in France. Chaplin's widow Oona was there and so was British sculptor John Doubleday, who created the statue. The mini-Chaplins came from schools all over France to Vevey, which is only a few miles from where Chaplin made his home. He often used to take walks along Lake Geneva, past the spot where his statue now stands. (*Globe*)

WACKY PROFESSOR IS THE DEVIL'S PARTNER

When philosophy Professor Newtol Press plays the devil's advocate in his classroom, he really gets into the role–by wearing horns as he gives his students hell.

The 51-year-old professor's ploy has made philosophy one of the most popular courses at the University of Wisconsin's Milwaukee campus.

"The horns add a little drama, give a little force," said Press. "They are particularly forceful to those students who believe in the devil. Some of our arguments get pretty nasty and some of the students would see the horns there whether I wore them or not."

With Press playing the devil's advocate, the class argues over the outrageous suggestions that the professor makes in his effort to keep his students on their toes.

"I'll suggest sterilizing welfare mothers, killing the elderly to save money," he said. "Many of the students were a little perplexed, a little disoriented to find out they would actually have to solve problems like this. But they say they enjoy thinking and this is one of the few courses that enables them to do that."

Press stirred up his class by suggesting that old people be killed "because they are unproductive." But the students argued against the idea concluding that "if you substitute the word 'black' or 'woman' for elderly, you would realize that killing the elderly is prejudice, not practical."

Press said he got the idea of wearing horns in class about five years ago while thinking of new ways to make his course more interesting. *(Weekly World News)*

WIDE WORLD

MOST RIDICULOUS QUOTE FROM A WORLD LEADER

WIDE WORLD

PLO chief Yasser Arafat says his terrorist organization is like the extraterrestrial creature in the hit movie "E.T." Arafat, in a television interview, said they both want only to "go home." *(United Press International)*

A LAST FLING BEFORE PRISON

A Flushing man, en route to a federal prison camp to serve a one-year term for cashing $20,000 in stolen checks, apparently took a detour through Elizabeth, N.J., to cash an additional $25,000 in stolen checks, officials said.

Louis Markus, 43, was convicted this week on 20 counts of interstate transportation of stolen securities. Officials said he cashed checks stolen from the Adirondack Chair Co. between Sept. 3 and Sept. 7, 1981, while en route to Allenwood Federal Prison Camp in Pennsylvania.

After cashing the checks at the North Avenue East check-cashing service in Elizabeth by using phony corporate papers identifying him as an Adirondack officer, Markus continued on to Allenwood and began serving the one-year term, officials said.

Assistant U.S. Attorney Robert J. Kipnees said Markus had no connection with Adirondack and that it was not known how he got the stolen checks.

Markus is being held at the Metropolitan Correction Center in New York. *(Newsday)*

BRA ATTRACTS LIGHTNING BOLT

The metal underwiring of a woman's brassiere probably attracted the lightning that killed her as she walked through a London park, a coroner has concluded.

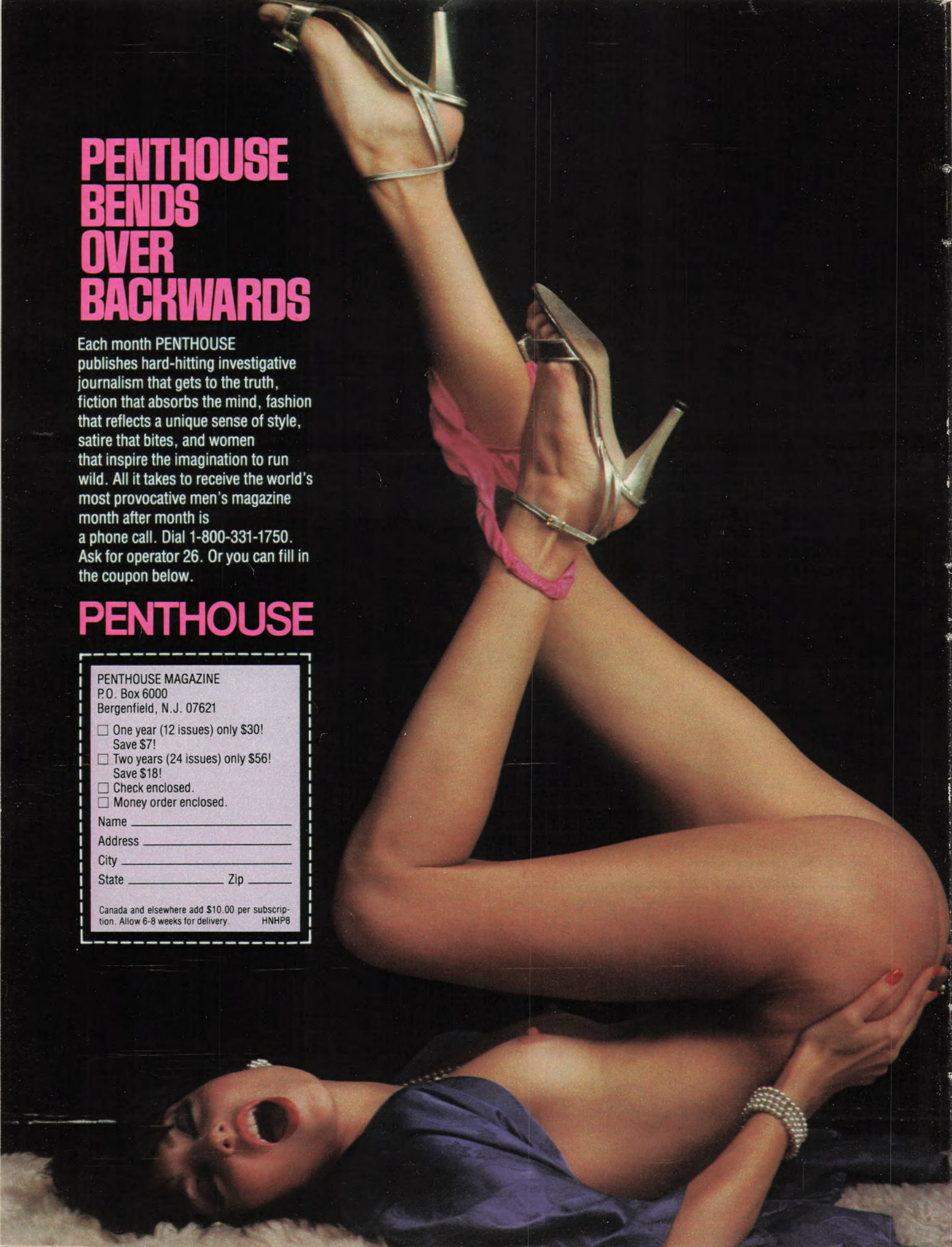
The body of Iris Somerville, 62, was found under a tree in Queen's Park in the Willesden district of northwest London after a rainstorm two weeks ago.

At an inquest Wednesday, pathologist Dr. Iain West testified that a burn mark on her chest appeared to match exactly the pattern of metal reinforcing in Mrs. Somerville's bra. He said it was likely the metal attracted lightning to her body. *(Associated Press–* submitted by Bill Lee)

She was really dressed to kill.–Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Please include the name of the newspaper and the date the clipping was published.



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PSYCHOGRAPHIC
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IS TIME ON YOUR SIDE?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty-six questions to see if you're using time effectively.

PSYCHOGRAPH

"Time," says famed management guru Peter Drucker, "is the scarcest resource." And, of course, he's right. No matter how rich you are, you'll never to able to buy a day that has more than twenty-four hours in it. Let a minute slip through your fingers and you can be absolutely sure that you're never going to get it back.

While most of us know that all the clichés about the value of time are true, it's the rare man who runs his life as if he actually believed them. The vast majority of us act as if we were born with inexhaustible trust funds of time. We throw away minutes and hours as nonchalantly as Saudi princes dispose of year-old Rolls-Royces. The same guy who gets sweaty palms at the thought of spending an unproductive dollar will think nothing of idling away time in the most profligate manner. When it comes to time, most of us are big spenders . . . and big wasters.

How we spend our time is largely a matter of habit. During childhood we develop patterns of dealing with time that are likely to dominate our entire adulthood. The kid who can't get his book report in on time becomes the man who sends belated birthday cards and who tells you yesterday's work will be done sometime next week. Naturally, our ideas about what constitutes good use of our time vary from person to person and depend heavily upon our upbringing and social background. A week at the baccarat tables of Monte Carlo may seem like time well spent by a European aristocrat, while a hard-driving American industrial tycoon will probably consider it a scandalous waste of time. But no matter what you like to do, bad habits can keep you from getting full value for the time you invest. A poorly developed ability to manage time can screw you up, whether you're playing chemin de fer with the jet set or fighting merger wars in corporate boardrooms.

Answer these questions honestly and you should get an idea not only of how well or badly you manage your time but also of which habits are your worst time-wasters.

1. When you are faced with a task that requires careful attention to detail, how are you likely to react?
   (a) I hate highly detailed work. I avoid it as much as possible. I'll gloss over the details and try to get the "big picture" quickly.
   (b) I love highly detailed work. I could spend my life doing it. In fact, when I have such work to do, I'm likely to stretch it out because I enjoy it so much.
   (c) I fall between the two extremes. I can do highly detailed work, but I know when to wrap it up and get on to other things.

2. Do you generally put in longer hours than other people who work at jobs similar to yours? (Note: if you are in school, mentally substitute school-related situations for job items. The results will be just as valid.)
   (a) yes, just about all the time
   (b) yes, frequently
   (c) occasionally
   (d) rarely or never

3. Is it very important to you to feel popular with your co-workers?
   (a) yes
   (b) somewhat
   (c) not really

4. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement? "If you want a job done well, you usually have to do it yourself."
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

5. When you tell someone you'll meet him at a specific time, do you usually arrive when you said you would?
   (a) yes
   (b) I'm occasionally late.
   (c) I'm often late.
   (d) I'm just about always late.

6. When an important decision has to be made at work, you generally prefer to make it:
   (a) on your own
   (b) in conjunction with others at a meeting or brainstorming session

7. Are you a pack rat? Do you have trouble throwing things out even when you know there's virtually no chance you'll ever need them again?
   (a) yes
   (b) somewhat
   (c) no

8. Do you have trouble saying "no" to people?
   (a) yes
   (b) sometimes
   (c) no

9. Do you worry a lot?
   (a) yes
   (b) yes, but probably no more than most people
   (c) some, but not much
   (d) no, hardly at all

10. Do you take up various interests and hobbies only to abandon them before you've achieved any real competence in the area you've chosen?
    (a) yes, frequently
    (b) sometimes
    (c) not usually

11. Do you often make false starts at work, beginning projects and then not finishing them?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

12. Are you a perfectionist?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

13. If you have two tasks to do and one is easy while the other is difficult, which will you usually try to do first?
    (a) difficult
    (b) easy

14. When you have *several* things that need doing, do you have trouble setting priorities and deciding which are the most crucial?
    (a) yes, a lot
    (b) I have some trouble doing this.
    (c) I have little or no trouble setting priorities.

15. Do you often try to do more than one thing at a time (like studying or reading reports while you watch television)?
    (a) yes
    (b) occasionally
    (c) no

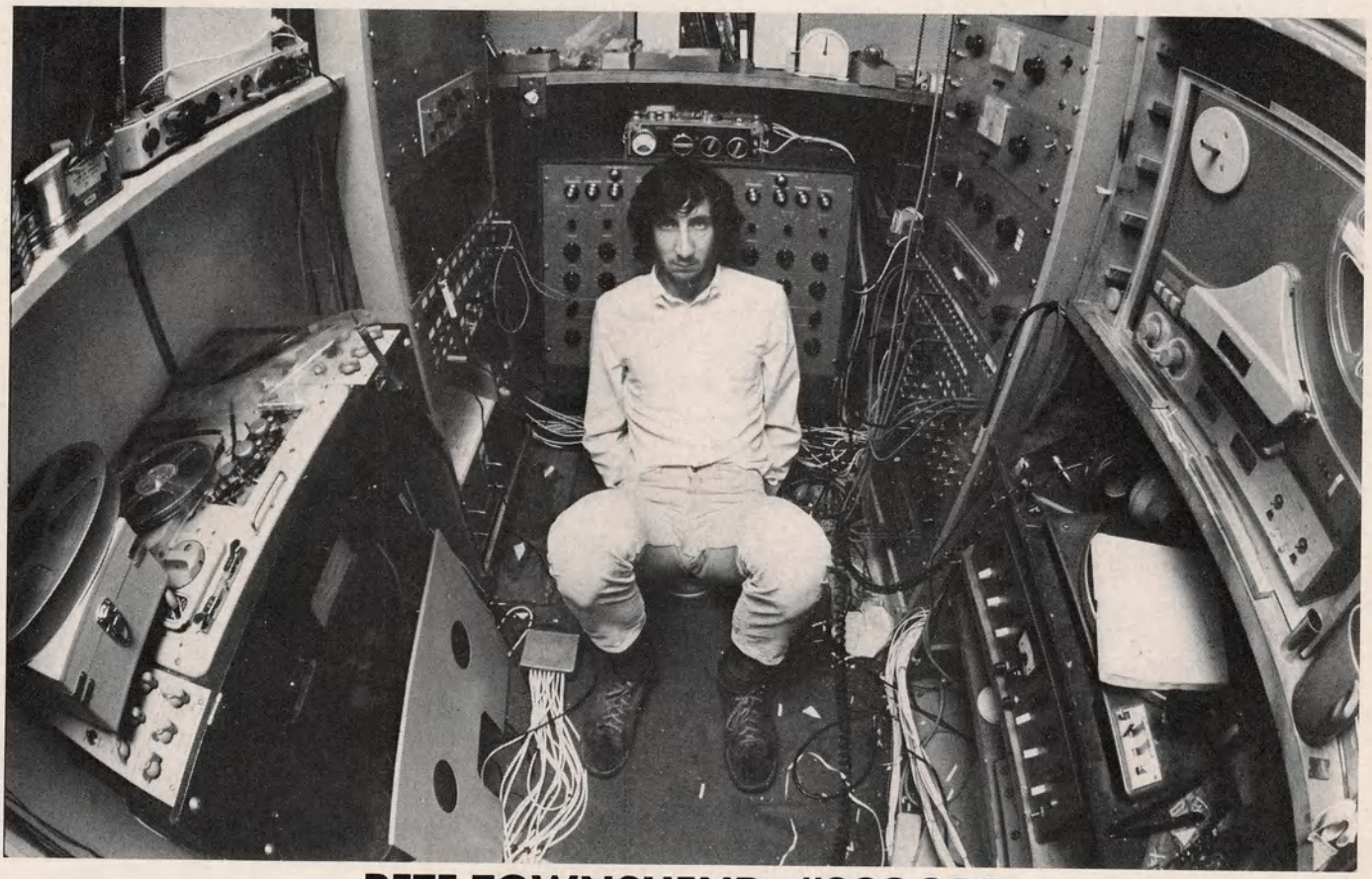
16. Do you usually get things done on time?
    (a) yes
    (b) no
    (c) sometimes yes, sometimes no

17. When faced with a task, do you usually set a deadline for yourself even in instances where no official deadline has been assigned?
    (a) yes
    (b) sometimes
    (c) No, I usually assign it a lower priority and do it when I have time.

18. Do you tend to leave things until the last minute?
    (a) yes
    (b) sometimes
    (c) no

"For many years it has only been the people close to me who have heard the music I made for myself or by myself. I have always called these recordings 'demos.' Demos they have been, whether made for my amusement, for film sound tracks, for experimentation purposes or to submit material to The Who...The real joy I get from playing and writing comes through, and that joy is something I want to share. This isn't meant to be a definitive collection, just a scoop."

–PETE TOWNSHEND



PETE TOWNSHEND "SCOOP"
ON ATCO CASSETTES & RECORDS

A DIVISION OF ATLANTIC RECORDING CORP.

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ATCO

PSYCHOGRAPH

19. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement? "I find I often underestimate the amount of time I need to get things done."
(a) agree
(b) disagree

20. How's your attention span?
(a) Very good; I can concentrate for long periods of time without getting distracted.
(b) Pretty good; I can concentrate when I really have to, but if I'm not under heavy pressure my concentration sometimes slips.
(c) My attention span is relatively short; I get distracted easily.

21. Would you say that, deep down, you really know what you want out of life?
(a) yes
(b) no

22. Do you feel you never really have enough time to do all the things you need to do?
(a) yes
(b) Sometimes I feel like that.
(c) not usually

23. Do you often work on holidays and weekends and postpone or cancel vacations because you have too much work to do?
(a) yes
(b) no

24. By the end of the day have you usually accomplished the things you set out to do when you began the day?
(a) yes
(b) not always, but most of the time
(c) no
(d) I don't generally set an agenda for my day; I take things as they come.

25. Is the area where you do your primary work messy and disorganized?
(a) yes
(b) somewhat, but it's not badly disorganized
(c) no

26. Which of the following statements most closely reflects your decision-making style?
(a) I often make impulsive, spur-of-the-moment decisions.
(b) I don't make a decision until I have every possible relevant and useful fact at hand.
(c) I'm between the two extremes.

SCORING
All possible answers on this psychograph have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 130 points; the lowest, 26.

1. a-1, b-2, c-3
2. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5
3. a-1, b-3, c-5
4. a-1, b-5
5. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1
6. a-5, b-1
7. a-1, b-3, c-5
8. a-1, b-3, c-5
9. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5
10. a-1, b-3, c-5
11. a-1, b-5
12. a-1, b-5
13. a-5, b-1
14. a-1, b-3, c-5
15. a-1, b-3, c-5
16. a-5, b-1, c-2
17. a-5, b-3, c-1
18. a-1, b-3, c-5
19. a-1, b-5
20. a-5, b-5, c-1
21. a-5, b-1
22. a-1, b-3, c-5
23. a-1, b-5
24. a-5, b-5, c-1, d-1
25. a-1, b-3, c-5
26. a-1, b-1, c-5

If you scored 96 to 130 points:
You are extremely thrifty with your time. You manage it well and don't get sidetracked easily into doing things you didn't plan to do. You are probably extremely good at setting priorities and you don't let minor things take up major portions of your time. You are *not* necessarily one of those people who seem to have something scheduled for every minute of every day. Such people, though they seem efficient, often are the biggest time-wasters. They look busy because they manage time poorly and consequently are always on the verge of being swamped by the things they have to do. Actually, people who score high on this psychograph often *look* like time-wasters. This is because they organize their priorities so well that they have plenty of time left over to do as they like. The executive who spends large chunks of time on the golf course or the tennis court is often the most effective type of manager. He knows how to delegate work so he doesn't get bogged down in minor details that his subordinates should handle. Men in this high-scoring category may sometimes appear to be chronic daydreamers. But their daydreams are not wasted. Someone like Albert Einstein may have looked like he spent large amounts of time puttering around and daydreaming, but it would be hard to argue that he didn't use his time productively.

61 to 95 points:
You are about average when it comes to wasting time. When something is really important, you'll usually get it done on time and in good order, but in other areas of your life you tend to be lackadaisical about organizing your time. Things you would like to do get put off because you never seem to have time; noncritical work assignments keep slipping further and further down in the growing pile of paperwork on your desk; the dreams of accomplishment you once had seem to recede further and further from your reach. If you don't get organized, you'll find your life has sped by without your ever doing the things you most wanted. Look at any answers you chose that carried point values of 1 or 2. These are your weak areas; start working on them.

26 to 60 points:
You are a spendthrift when it comes to time. You very rarely get full value for the time that slips through your fingers at an alarming rate. However, since time-wasting is basically due to bad habits, you can do something about it. Try working on the following areas:

Concentration: R. Alec Mackenzie, a well-known management consultant and author of the excellent book *The Time Trap*, says, "The ability to concentrate is a power that has enabled men of moderate capabilities to reach heights of attainment that have eluded the genius." Take a single task and focus on it for ten minutes. Vow that you will allow no extraneous thoughts, people, or telephone calls to intrude. Do this daily, gradually lengthening the time. Most people have trouble concentrating on a single task for much more than twenty minutes.

Set priorities: It's hard to attain your goals if you don't know what they are. The Stoic Roman philosopher Seneca was dead right when he said, "When a man does not know what harbor he is heading for, no wind is the right one." Take time to figure out what needs doing first; don't just plunge into the task nearest at hand. People will always try to interrupt you with trivia. Don't let them sidetrack you.

Keep a time diary: Break your day down into fifteen-minute segments and record everything you do in the course of the day. Enter your activities—no matter how banal—shortly after you do them. Don't wait until the end of the day to fill in your diary. If you do, you'll overlook the little diddly-shit stuff that is probably the biggest factor in your time-wasting. Follow this course for a couple of weeks and you should get a clear pattern of where your time is being wasted. Repeat this procedure once or twice a year to make sure you haven't slipped back into old habits.

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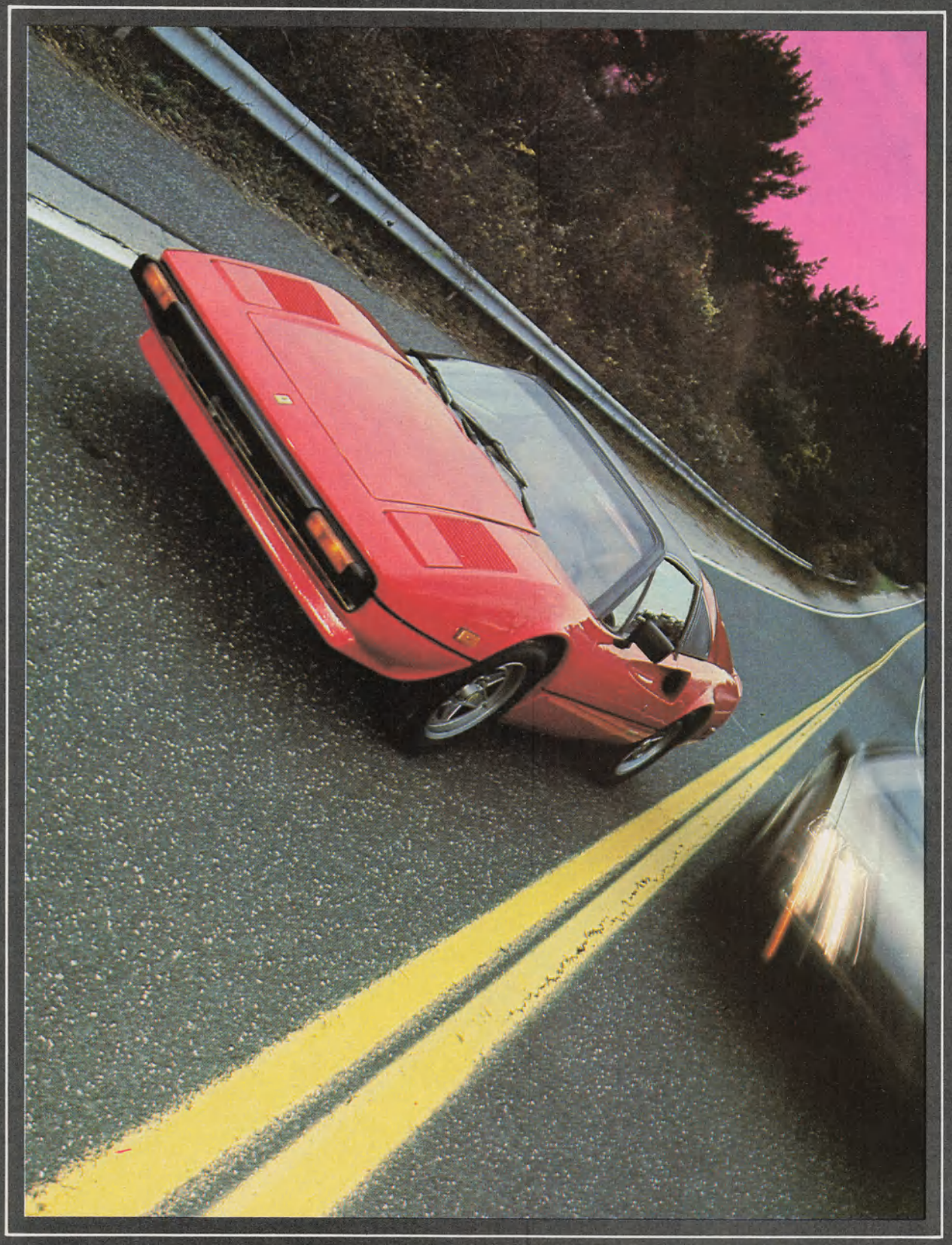
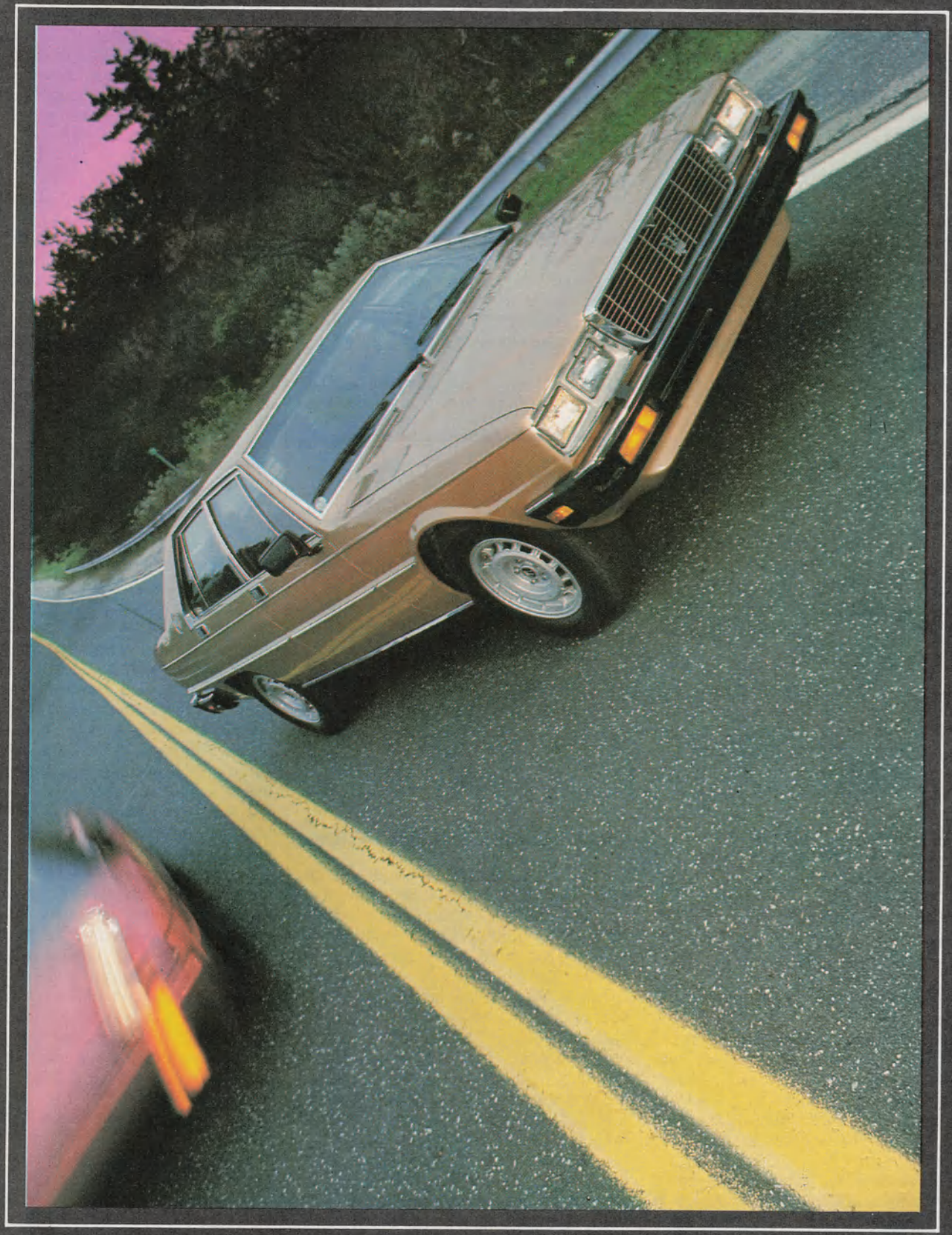


TWO FOR THE MONEY

BY REGGIE JACKSON



What can you get for
$60,000? Pick from a duo of sleek, speed-bred
Italian Stallions.
Ferrari, of course, and Maserati.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC MEOLA

Ferrari and Maserati: twin legends in the Italian automotive industry. How many times have we seen those ultimate racing machines roar under the checkered flag? For those who want that cachet—and the heritage that goes with the names—a few tamed-down versions of those Italian stallions are available for U.S. roads. Of course, that kind of breeding doesn't come cheap. Both the Ferrari 308GTSi and the Maserati Quattroporte cost in the neighborhood of $60,000, plus or minus a little change.

Naturally a strict comparison of these two cars is a bit like comparing apples and oranges. The 308GTSi is a slick two-door sports car, designed for fast turns and fun. Very different from the Quattroporte, which is an opulent four-door sedan—a kind of sporty luxury sedan for the guy with two kids. Which one is "better"? That's not the point. Both are outstanding, in different ways. But suppose you've got $60,000 to spend on a car and you're wavering between two "life-style" images. Are you going for extraordinary comfort, a conservative but sumptuously styled car with plenty of horsepower? That's the Maserati. Or do you want to flaunt the Ferrari's distinctive red color, sleek style, and reputation for flat-out speed? The Ferrari shows its stuff immediately, from the outside. With the Maserati, you've got to climb inside to really appreciate the value of $65,000.

Let's start with the Ferrari. Make no mistake about it: this car's an attention-getter. People stare at it. Like almost all cars in the Ferrari heritage, the 308GTSi Spider was designed by the legendary Sergio Pininfarina. As a result, it's typically sleek, aggressive, smooth. True to Ferrari breeding, this car is definitely beautiful to look at. A silky thoroughbred, ready to hit the track.

Performance is very impressive. The car rides and handles extremely well. Because of its wide wheelbase and low-slung design, the 308 is terrific at taking curves and corners, even at relatively high speeds. I had it up to 120 mph and the car felt very solid, not scary or bumpy. It hugged the road quite well. Steering is also excellent; the car handles lane switches extremely well and never slides. You feel safe in this car. The brakes are outstanding, and the suspension provides great response and a reassuringly secure feel.

In terms of sheer, brute power, some people may be in for a slight disappointment. Because of tight federal emission controls, Ferrari has abandoned its mighty V-12, at least for U.S. distribution, and settled for a smaller-displacement engine. True, the transverse-mounted V-8 delivers a nifty 205 horsepower and can send the car from 0 to 60 in less than eight seconds. Though I didn't test the limits myself, the two-seater 308GTSi can reportedly exceed 145 mph. But those who expect racing-machine muscle and rocketlike speed—because the name's Ferrari—won't find it in the 308. Don't mistake this model for Ferrari's Double D Boxer, a truly awesome machine. The 308 is for the kind of guy who wants a Ferrari—wants that name—but doesn't want a car that will get away from him. For myself, I wished the car had more power. I wished it had more pickup, especially in third and fourth gear. And in fifth, the 308 doesn't pull nearly enough. Fifth is really a gas-saving economy gear—which isn't what you need for this kind of money.

As a cruising, or touring, automobile, the 308GTSi leaves a lot to be desired in terms of interior comfort and roominess. I'm six feet tall, two hundred pounds, and I found the interior cramped. Nor did I much like the seat, which I found too low, giving me the sense I was sitting right on the floor.

Some other small complaints. The 308GTSi, which I drove, comes with a Targa-type top that's easy to remove but very awkward to store behind the seat. (For less fresh air, there's the closed-roof Berlinetta, the 308GTBi.) The only way to store the top comfortably is to leave it at home.

> Are you going for extraordinary comfort or sleek style and flat-out speed? The Ferrari shows its stuff immediately. With the Maserati, you've got to climb inside to appreciate its value.

This is not a *roomy* sports car. With its tight interior and very limited trunk space, about all you can carry along is an extra shirt and spare hat. I had some trouble with the car's defroster, particularly in working the vents. It's a minor problem, and you've got to remember that even magnificent luxury cars, like the '74 and '75 Rolls-Royce Corniches, had defrosting problems. The dashboard gauges were all fine and easily readable. The car doesn't come equipped with a radio, which may surprise the customer who's paid $60,000. However, the car *is* wired for radio with stereo speakers and power antenna. For sixty grand, the folks at Ferrari let you select—and buy—your own car radio.

Let's see what you get for $65,000 in the Maserati Quattroporte. From the outside, this automobile doesn't begin to match the Ferrari's knockout style. It's conservative, subdued. On only passing inspection, a lot of people looked and wondered what the car was. Open the door, however, and you know instantly why this is a Maserati. The Quattroporte has the most luxurious leather interior I've ever seen. Anyone who got up close was tremendously impressed with it. Women love it. You'd have to say that this is a very sexy car.

Again, it's important not to be deceived by the name Maserati. If you expect the brute muscle power of a Daytona-type racing machine, you won't find it in the Quattroporte. The name is definitely sportier than the car. This is a classy, luxury four-door sedan. And it's a big car, not only large in size but heavy: the curb weight is 4,650 pounds. However, with its potent 301-cubic-inch engine putting out 280 horsepower, this automobile has plenty of power. More like the Mercedes 380SEL, perhaps, than the 6.9 Mercedes, but you won't be disappointed accelerating in the 60-to-80-mph range. And remember that the Quattroporte roars to 60 mph in just 9.3 seconds.

As a big, heavy car, the Maserati handles remarkably well. There is some softness to the ride, a little sponginess around the curves—naturally you can't expect the same instant, tight response of a Ferrari sports car. But the Maserati powers through turns with a totally secure feel and never insulates the driver too much from the driving experience. Steering was nicely responsive, with excellent braking capability. The car even *sounds* terrific. Its big four-cam V-8 engine emits a throaty burble from twin exhausts that makes this automobile sound like it really means business.

If the engine sounds businesslike, the interior is pure pleasure. From the gorgeous tan leather seats to the light-colored briarwood trim, this car was designed to satisfy the eye. Even the carpeting is attractive and pretty. Most of all, the interior of the car is outstandingly comfortable. Seats are operated with six-way controls—very similar to the Mercedes 380SEL's seat controls—and they conform to every curve of the body. The exquisite glove-soft leather is just as voluptuous in the back, where passengers will enjoy plenty of leg room. Driver visibility is excellent.

The Blaupunkt radio is outstanding; the sound is very good. I also liked the luminous dashboard lighting, although I would have preferred it if there were more attractive, classically styled gauges. There are very nice glove boxes and storage compartments between the two front seats. This car means to be opulent, and it succeeds.

With names like Ferrari and Maserati, of course, you simply can't go wrong. Which car strikes your fancy obviously depends on questions of practicality and personal taste. But for my money—and for sixty grand I expect a lot—Maserati gets the checkered flag.

America's Best.

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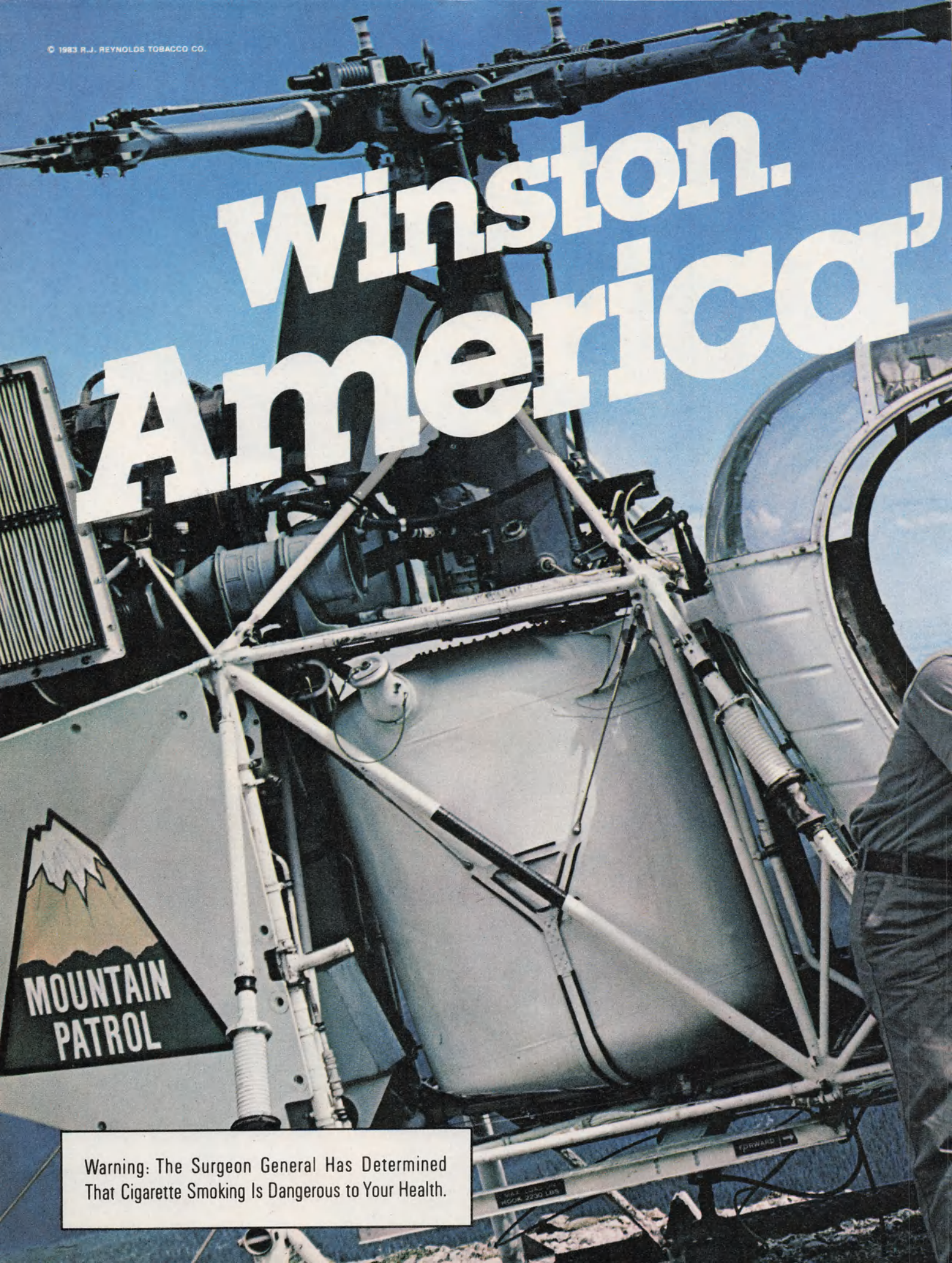

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Adventurous designers cut durable dress-for-success summer sportswear in heroic proportions.

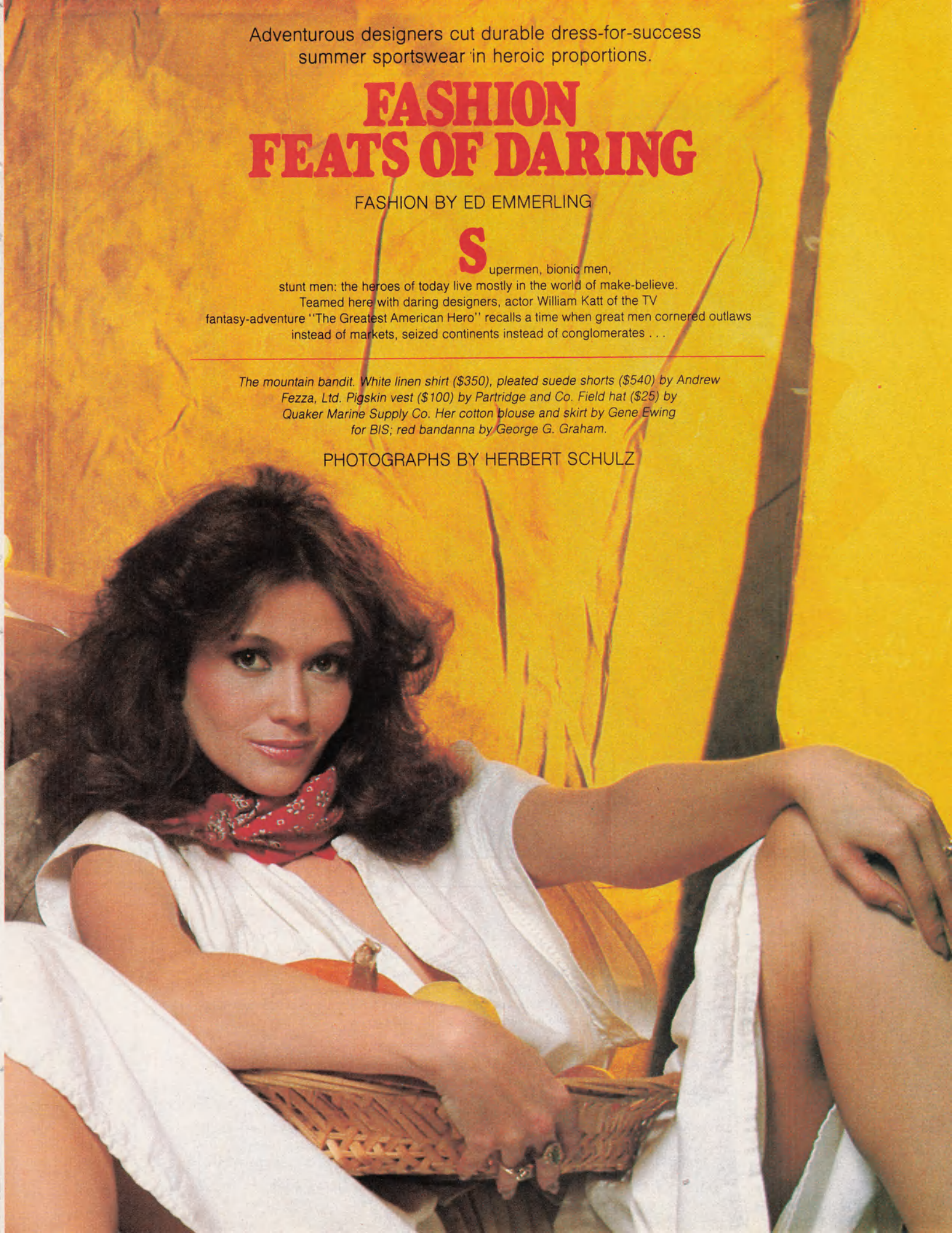
FASHION FEATS OF DARING

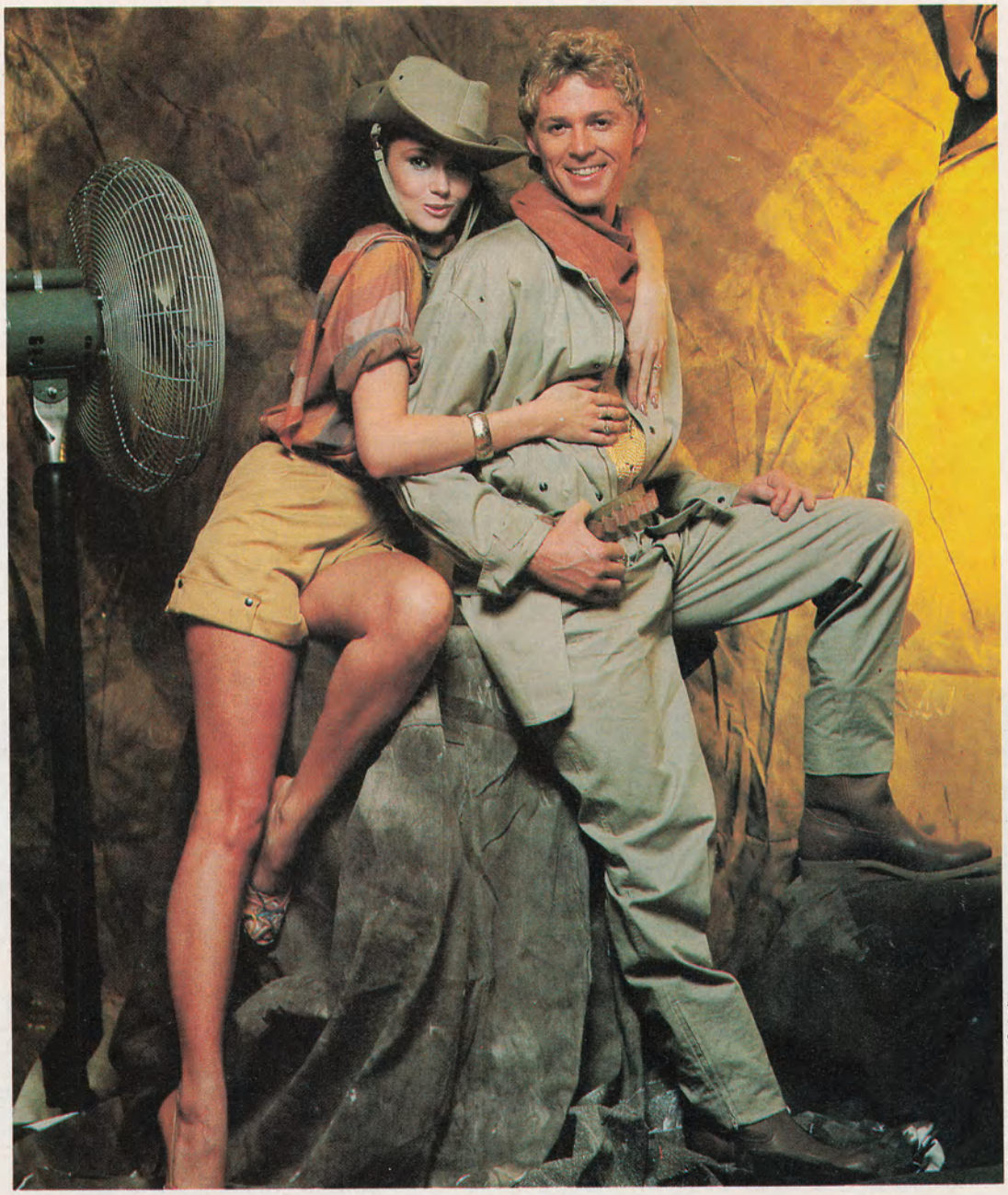
FASHION BY ED EMMERLING

Supermen, bionic men, stunt men: the heroes of today live mostly in the world of make-believe. Teamed here with daring designers, actor William Katt of the TV fantasy-adventure "The Greatest American Hero" recalls a time when great men cornered outlaws instead of markets, seized continents instead of conglomerates . . .

The mountain bandit. White linen shirt ($350), pleated suede shorts ($540) by Andrew Fezza, Ltd. Pigskin vest ($100) by Partridge and Co. Field hat ($25) by Quaker Marine Supply Co. Her cotton blouse and skirt by Gene Ewing for BIS; red bandanna by George G. Graham.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERBERT SCHULZ





Hair and Makeup by Quietfire

In those days, dressing for success often meant rugged, functional outdoor wear like the kind Katt models here. These handsome but dashingly durable designs can be worn for real or fantasy adventures; either way, the wearer will assume heroic proportions for outlaw-loving ladies eager to form heroic couplets.

(Above) The "Rough Rider." Cotton safari jacket ($350) with trousers ($150) by Piero Dimitri Couture, Ltd. Leather cartridge belt ($40) by Partridge and Co., boots by Herman Survivors. Her cotton blouse, walk shorts, and hat by Piero Dimitri Couture, Ltd.; shoes by Stuart Weitzman for Mr. Seymour. (Opposite) Australian outback hiker. Oiled linen jacket with detachable sleeves, Bermuda shorts, knee socks, and suede hiking shoes (ensemble $460) by Nino Cerruti 1881, Paris. Swagger stick ($15) by Cooper and Sons. Her deerskin blouse ($310) and skirt ($380) by North Beach Leather; fishnet scarf ($25) by George G. Graham.

For more information on merchandise featured here, see page 158.

PRISON GUARDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

meanor convictions, and unbecoming conduct.

But despite the state's desperate need for new correction officers, the professional training in New York is surprisingly minimal compared with that of police and firefighters. And while policemen are given credit for capturing the violent criminal, it is the prison guard who has to care for and control him for years to come. For all intents and purposes, this means living with the criminal, and few rookie guards are psychologically prepared. There are merely six weeks of training at academies where new recruits study such topics as interpersonal communications, range training, defensive tactics, report writing, prison law, and street Spanish, the last almost useless because of the diversity of dialects and accents among inmates of Latin origin. Then the rookie is sent off for another six-week stretch to a maximum-security facility to work closely with an older officer before his final job placement. C.O. Jim Mann, an Attica hall captain, scoffs at the brevity of instruction. "It took me eight years to get wise to all the inmates' games, and I'm still learning. A new man will get beat so easy."

New York has been trying to employ as many black and Hispanic guards as possible, to correspond with the percentage of these groups among convicts and alleviate racial tensions. But most of these new guards want to work near the big urban centers where they have friends and family. They request transfers as soon as the option is available, leaving upstate jails like Clinton staffed almost totally by white, rurally raised locals. In fact, the movement of officers around the state resembles musical chairs. Last year Fishkill Correctional had to forward 1,200 paychecks for guards who had transferred to other prisons, which means that within a relatively short period that much staff had already moved on. This incredibly rapid turnover of personnel ensures that virtually every month or so a hall captain has to refresh or teach new guards the procedure in his block, which is almost like teaching migrant laborers. This engenders feelings of tension and mistrust between inmates and officers because relationships based on trust cannot be formed.

Since a court ruling eliminated the twenty-one-year-old age requirement, quite a few guards are apple-cheeked and fresh out of high school, eighteen or nineteen years old, and these young men are put in charge of older, streetwise inmates of another color. The treatment they get from inmates is known in the trade as "skull fucking."

"They're kids," said a Clinton correction lieutenant of twenty-three years' experience, who chooses to remain anonymous, "and the inmates know it. They eat 'em alive. How can you expect an inmate of thirty-five or forty to respect or take orders from a kid half his age? It's one of the main reasons we have so many disciplinary problems these days. The minimum age for a guard should be twenty-five."

But supervision of the crowded Clinton recreation yard, scene of many bloody clashes, presents a challenge for a veteran or a rookie. Upon first impression it resembles a gigantic junkyard. There is a crazy-quilt pattern of over fifty courts, separated by narrow footpaths and spread across a steep hillside. Crumbling, waist-high stone walls and unkempt shrubbery stake out each chunk of real estate. Every court is ruled by a different inmate clique, has its own cooking area and tiny garden, benches and chairs, and is decorated to the tastes of the collective landlord. A crude iron ski run rises from the center of the yard for winter use. Bright yellow numbered guard posts are interspersed throughout. If any contraband is found on a court, its inmate manager is "written up" or "keep-locked" (restricted to his cell all day), the two most common means of maintaining discipline. Any prisoner who steps uninvited upon a court that is not his own risks being stabbed or beaten.

> An officer at the maximum-security Clinton Correctional Facility spoke bitterly: "I'm doing twenty-five to life here, except I'm doing it in eight-hour shifts."

C.O. Kelly climbs the rocky path winding through the courts, passing the spacious turf ruled by what he calls "power people," the Mob-connected inmates, some sporting designer shirts, then by plots dominated by American Muslims, the Puerto Rican Young Lords, Irish convicts who adorn their space with shamrocks, Rastafarians embroiled in permanent conflicts with both white and Muslim fellow inmates, and scores of other cliques composed of the most certifiably dangerous men in the state. Although the traditional prisoner hierarchy has mostly broken down, leaving only child murderers and child abusers as pariahs, the cliques are a necessity, because in Clinton unprotected loners quickly become targets for rape or extortion.

Kelly's eyes scan the plots for signs of gambling, illicit sex or drugs, or tremors of impending violence. He turns and gazes above the plots to the back wall, where the bocce lanes and the regulation-size basketball court are surrounded by shouting, running inmates. Weightlifters, escaping into their bodies, hypnotically hoist iron at different sites while effeminate homosexuals flit from court to court, welcome everywhere. The aroma of barbecue wafts through the air as Kelly descends the hill. On Saturdays there is a "wood call," and each prisoner barony is allotted a wheelbarrow of timber to use for cooking. Inmates are very territorial, and courts have been known to "vanish," expropriated in the same way stronger nations seize land from weak neighbors. But despite the athletics and tomato plants, there is a stifling, nightmarish atmosphere, as if one were trapped inside a giant clock whose gears aren't moving. The yard seems to seethe with imminent danger, paranoia, sadness, and fear.

At the bottom of the hill, C.O. Kelly is momentarily silent as he surveys the yard. "I'm doing twenty-five to life here," he says softly, "except I'm doing it in eight-hour shifts."

From a tower overlooking the yard, a group of guards study the scene and trace movements of inmates on numbered maps of the courts.

"See that court? See where it's located? All Italians. These are the guys pretending they're Mafia. They're the guys who don't bother you. They just want to get their bid done and get going."

"What I'm trying to figure," interrupts another officer, "is how that big, fat dummy got on their court."

"He's the manager of Court 1A. Billy."

"I know, but how the hell did he get there? Do they think he has money, or what?"

"Well, the thing is he's local . . ."

"So it's packages or money . . . or he's drawing maps."

But escape maps rank very low on the list of a guard's fears. In all the maximum-security prisons visited, there was an almost obsessive concern with violence and personal safety. Attica, in remote Wyoming County, was by far the worst.

There are guards still working in Attica who saw their friends carried out of the gates wrapped in bloody blankets after the nightmare inmate revolt of September 1971, one that culminated in the roar of state police shotguns and that took the lives of twenty-nine inmates and ten prison-guard hostages. Memories of that horror are never far from the minds of officers. Both guards and inmates now say that conditions are ripe for another tragedy. Today the facility operates at 109 percent capacity, with approximately 2,150 inmates and 638 officers (divided into three shifts). The housing situation has gotten so bad that when an inmate goes to the hospital, another is promptly moved into his one-bed cell in a system called "double encumbering." One hundred and fourteen assaults on guards were documented by the guards' union within a recent

six-month period. The men and women in blue shirts and black pants who patrol the gloomy cinderblock corridors in this highly structured jail are running scared.

"The first thing somebody asks if you're a guard at Attica is 'What kind of gun do you wear?' Gun? There are no guns. First thing they do is take that away from you, blow your head off, and shoot five other guys!" Dave Montgomery, a heavyset blond officer of thirty-five, closes his fingers around the hardwood baton that is the only weapon officers are allowed to carry, except for those who do tower duty on the wall. Montgomery started work in Attica after the rebellion, but it haunts him. His numerous on-the-job injuries include having his testicles kicked so deep into his inguinal (groin) ring by an inmate that he had to be operated on to get them out, and a broken nose. "They also ask, 'Do you really beat up on them guys?' Beat up on them! It's absurd. I try to get along with these guys as best I can. Everybody here realizes they're going to wind up in the hospital or punched. It's got to happen. You've got thirty years to do in this place. The walls are our responsibility. We're here to make sure they stay inside."

Walking along the hall that separates Attica's five distinct yards, bleak squares where inmates spend time idling, lifting weights, or playing sports, Montgomery pauses to scrutinize D-yard through a small, barred window. It is dusk on a mild spring day, but many convicts have heavy winter coats slung over their shoulders to deflect stabs from homemade shivs, and they loiter with backs to the wall, eyes wary.

A nervous young rookie officer unlocks a barred hallway door to admit Montgomery and a reporter after checking identity passes. With so many new officers circulating in and around the prison, it is no longer possible to rely on facial recognition alone. Correction supervisors are afraid an inmate will get hold of a uniform and saunter out the front gate.

"You take a guy in here who's already killed a couple of people and he kills a correction officer," continues C.O. Montgomery. "He doesn't have one goddamned thing to lose. He won't have any more time than he's got already, but you can't make those idiots out there realize it. There's a goddamned flag-draped coffin and two weeks later nobody remembers you. The public could give a shit about us! The public opinion—what I see in the paper—is that we're bloodsuckers, we're animals, we're all of those things. I *never* tell people I work as a prison guard in Attica. *Never!* I'll tell them I collect garbage, anything. I won't tell them I work at Attica, so my family doesn't get embarrassed when we go out. All I'm looking toward is retirement in eleven years. Why the hell don't they build some more prisons and make this place semi-safe?"

C.O. Bob Haug, thirty-two, eight years in Attica and a former Chevrolet assembly-line worker in Buffalo, became a guard when upstate New York began to be blighted by factory closings and layoffs. He usually works in D-block on the 3:00-to-11:00 P.M. shift. An average day begins with a roll call of all officers on the shift, with some being assigned rotating job posts. Then Haug makes a round of the gallery to see who is in his cell or at school. At approximately 3:10 the student inmates return and for the next twenty minutes are counted before being locked in. The counting process is one of the mainstays of a guard's work. Next return the inmates from the recreation yard, who are also counted and locked in. An officer working D-block, which is divided between regular population and an "honor" unit with larger cells and more privileges, will now make another round and find out who wants dinner. At 4:15 it is time for chow, and before they go a master count is taken. All movement of prisoners is done in groups except for a few who move around on passes. After they return from dinner and the count is once again taken, officers will spend about fifteen minutes handing out letters, distributing newspapers, and getting a list of those inmates going to the night-recreation yard or the evening classes. "I've got thirty on [tier] twenty-seven going to the yard, and twenty-four on twenty-eight," an officer shouts

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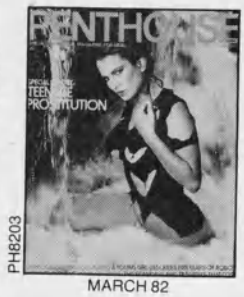
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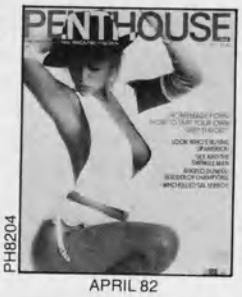
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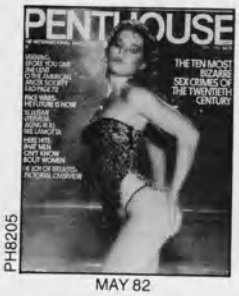
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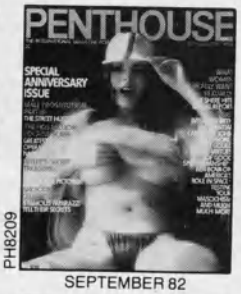
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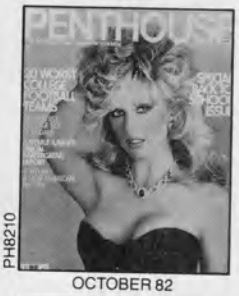
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to Haug, who takes precise note of the numbers when he functions as hall captain. From 6:30 to 9:00 the inmates either attend school or hang out in the yard, with the option of staying outside until 10:00 if the weather is warm. Those attending school are able to get about forty-five minutes in the yard after classes. But by 10:00 P.M. everybody is locked in, and the next shift takes over an hour later. While the inmates are occupied, C.O. Haug sits at an officer's station outside the five-tiered cellblock with the other officers, drinking coffee and chewing the rag, except when a lieutenant, representing management, is lurking about. They're known as "white shirts," and are not particularly relished.

C.O. Haug, like so many others, speaks compulsively about violence. "Damn it, we *are* scared," he emphasizes, lighting another cigarette. "Any time they want this place they can have it. We'll take it back, but they can have it for a short time on any normal day. I go by the cemetery in town and each day I think, 'Is today the day?' It could be you. You're in the wrong place at the wrong time. If people here say they aren't scared, they're bullshitting. They're lying. You just keep drifting along, hoping it's not your day to be a victim.

"This stuff about us hating prisoners is a bunch of crap," he says. "The thing that gets everybody is the constant stress that builds up, the constant tension. It just sort of builds up, builds up, and you keep thinking, 'When is it going to happen? When is it going to blow?' When I first started here, inmates didn't touch an officer. They wouldn't even come up and say, 'Bob, how are you?' Now assaults are up something fierce and everybody's walking around with their stick out. The inmate doesn't think anything of taking a pop at you. Then he runs to his cell and locks in. You've got more trouble then, because you've got to get him out. The thing is, as the prison gets more crowded, they're baiting us. They'll set up a fight, and then you'll go out there and you got a bunch of them around you. Holy shit, the whole world just caved in! You don't know: is that a real fight and should I get involved? Or is it a bullshit fight and some guy is going to nail me from behind?"

He watches warily as a company of green-clad inmates march by, the forty men escorted by a tiny woman guard barely five feet tall with baton in hand. The contrast between the huge, muscular physiques of many prisoners, a result of long hours pumping iron and pounding the bag, and her frail frame is startling, almost comical. Haug's eyes cloud over as he watches them turn a corner.

"Say I'm rolling around in a corridor and my only help is a little woman," he says. "If she don't drop her drawers, I'm in deep trouble. With my luck, it'll be a six-foot homo with his knife out. It's not because I'm a male chauvinist, it's because these guys are. No matter how small a guy is, they're scared of him. No matter how big a broad is, they're not." The emergence of women correction officers has, as we shall see later, become a major and disturbing controversy.

Violence is endemic in Attica, although most incidents are of the inmate-against-inmate variety. They can be triggered by disputes over homosexual "booty," gambling debts, race, religion, or machismo contests. They can and do happen anywhere and on the spur of the moment. Apparently, assaults on guards have little to do with whether the officer is stern or easygoing, the former having a better time of it if he is fair. Everybody in Attica seems to be looking over his shoulder at all times in a horrid cycle of institutionalized paranoia. While most sex acts and inmate stabbings take place on the crowded cell gallery when the guard's vision is blocked by milling bodies, a more savage method of inmate reprisal is to torch an enemy's cell, usually someone who welshed on a bet. If that isn't sufficient warning to scare a foe off the gallery, then he'll be stabbed in the yard. Usually the terror-stricken victim will ask to be put in protective custody, or in the "protection unit," as it is called. Guards don't have that privilege.

"The inmates are not the ones being terrorized," states Haug. "The stone-cold killer off the streets—the one the public says should be hanged, should be executed, all the weird little tortures they can think of—once he comes through the front gate . . . they think, 'Oh, that poor man! His mother was on drugs, his father was an alcoholic, he grew up on the streets, and it's *our fault* that he's here, so why don't we do something for him now?' Oh shit! It's too late! Why didn't somebody think about that poor kid when he was a poor kid running around the streets?" Haug exchanges friendly greetings with several inmates returning from work and thoughtfully watches them enter the cellblock. "I'll tell you right now, if I was out on the street and I was unemployed and I lost my house and they jerked welfare off from underneath me, I'd get a gun and get food for my kids. At least they could get welfare while I was in jail. The worse the economic situation gets, the better business is here. We're in the warehouse business. Nobody—penologists, jurists, psychologists—has the balls to say so."

C.O. Bryan Huckeba is the block officer for Cell Block C in Clinton, the reception unit for new inmates. A stooped, mustached man in his mid-thirties, he has found the job physically costly. A karate kick in the knee resulted in a 40 percent disability, with most of the cartilage gone. He was punched in the head so hard that he had double vision for a month. There is a scar on his arm several inches long where he was slashed by a "bug," one of the mentally disturbed inmates. On the domestic front, he's had recurrent marital problems, something he attributes directly to the job. "Nobody enjoys being treated like an inmate at home," he admits candidly. But he, too, through the phenomenon of spending more time in prison than

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at home, is able to sympathize with certain inmate grievances. Throughout his work day, cells are clanging open and shut while inmates approach with requests, complaints, and outright con games. He looks directly into each inmate's eyes and replies with a combination of cynicism and patience, as if he's heard every story a hundred times. Like most officers, he's convinced inmates are out to con him every step of the way.

"There's a lot of inequality," he says. (Most guards will tell you that the parole board should be done away with.) "I'll take a guy down to the board who's never been written up or caused problems, just wants to do his time quietly, and the parole board will keep him here for another couple of years. Then there's a guy who's been nothing but trouble, from segregation unit to segregation unit, and they'll let him out. It's almost as if they want the bad guys out to keep the jails quiet. You find out after you're here awhile that there's almost a class system. The guy with the money gets out of jail. You have very few ideals left after you work in one of these places. At the very best, the inmate gets depressed. The really sane ones are the ones who go crazy."

Not all maximum-security prisons have the high assault rates that Attica and Clinton do. Despite the recent uprising, Ossining, more commonly known as Sing Sing, has a lower rate of attacks, probably because it's closer to New York City and inmates are able to relieve tension through more visits from family and friends. It also has a "looser" internal security system and functions as a feeder facility, with many inmates (and guards) waiting to be sent upstate to harsher jails or coming back down near the end of their sentence. The convicts who seized control of Cell Block B were part of this transient population. Many of them complained of having to wait up to eight months without visitation rights or recreational activities. A Sing Sing lieutenant also attributed some fault to the guards themselves. He said there was often a "Wyatt Earp syndrome" among rookie guards, an excessive zeal that borders on harassment of inmates. This causes unnecessary and often dangerous friction. Thus, many experienced officers refuse to strenuously enforce what they call "bullshit rules," just as policemen often let minor infractions slide.

One increasing problem that both prisoners and guards agree has aggravated violence in prisons is the mixing of an enormous number of "bugs," or severely disturbed inmates, with the regular population. A New York court ruling prevents the Department of Corrections from housing these people in special prisons, which could also function as hospitals. As a result, at least 300 of them are housed in Attica alone and possibly as many as 400 in Clinton, although some of these are in the annex adjacent to the main prison buildings. Most are kept on megadoses of psychotropic drugs. Although most bugs are harmful mainly to themselves, they can go out of control without warning. Said one officer: "A guy will be talking to you for five minutes and then he suddenly hits you, or starts screaming, or throws a tray in the mess hall. They can't be depended upon." For every ten new inmates processed in Clinton, at least three will be sent directly to the annex satellite unit, which diagnoses and treats just a fraction of the deeply troubled prisoners.

In Attica the bugs are kept as much as possible by themselves in a special cellblock because they can't function among the regular population. Nonetheless, they often mix with the others in the recreation yard. Many correction officers regard the treatment of these disturbed inmates as irresponsible and sometimes potentially lethal. C.O. Haug took nearly two hours filling tiny paper cups with pills of such powerful medication as Thorazine and Mellaril, and diverse types of sedatives and "neat little painkillers," as he put it.

> I never tell people
> I work as a prison guard in
> Attica. Never!
> I tell them I collect garbage,
> anything. All I'm
> looking toward is retirement.

Haug emptied six full containers of potent straitjacket drugs for just two companies of bugs, nearly seventy inmates. Another guard performs the same task on an earlier shift. One inmate had five different kinds of medication in his cup. Another was being treated with 600 milligrams of Thorazine three times a day. Hang hadn't the faintest idea what he was dispensing, didn't know which medications do not mix, or if the inmate had earlier palmed them and might later take three at once. The consequences could prove fatal. "Why should I be handling drugs that I don't understand myself?" he asked. "I once gave a guy three Stelazines and damn near knocked his socks off. These are controlled substances. I could kill somebody. If these pills were found in my house without a prescription, I could go to jail. A lot of these guys shouldn't even be in here. They're out of their minds."

Another guard complained that they were bearing the brunt of problems caused by the inadequacy of Attica's Mental Hygiene Unit, which, for an inmate population of over 2,000 men, has a staff of nine medically trained personnel. An inmate desperately in need of psychiatric counseling, the guard said, will get sent to the unit just once every two weeks for three to five minutes to see a psychologist. He will ask how the inmate is feeling, if he needs more medication, and say goodbye. The visit goes down in the inmate's records as received psychotherapy, when, according to the guards, it is anything but that.

In Attica last year I observed "Rocky Madrid," a skinny, odd-looking bug from the Bronx with an elongated pinto-bean-shaped head who spent much of his time chomping wetly on the corner of a towel, bumming smokes, and babbling wildly about how well the Yankees were doing. If the team was in a slump, so was Kid Madrid, only more so, much more so. He is one of the guards' favorite "kids," a term reserved for the human pets certain officers adopt. The officers themselves are referred to as "daddies." Polaroids of Rocky Madrid, in various demented postures, adorn the walls of D-block. "Gimme a poof! Gimme a poof!" he howls as he circles the yard while laughing guards toss him cigarettes and other inmates glare angrily.

Prisoners often complain that guards are unable to distinguish one caliber of inmate from another and that what the officers call assaults are actually inadvertent injuries caused by inmates when they are fighting among themselves. Other prisoners say that guards will sometimes bait an inmate for months until he explodes and strikes out. No prisoner I spoke to complained of physical harassment or beatings, but they repeatedly spoke about wanting to be respected as human beings. Inmates said that when they were treated insensitively or indifferently by officers regarding the small, simple amenities of cell life, a deep resentment developed. They cited incidents like bulbs not being replaced in cells, the denial of a bucket of water to wash under the arms when it was clearly no threat to security, or being escorted to the yard too late to watch the evening news on television. These seem like petty issues, but in the course of an inmate's tightly confined life such things assume great magnitude.

"There's a new type of guard and a new type of inmate," said a veteran Attica officer. It is now common, according to guards throughout the system, for feces and urine to be thrown at an officer from a cell. The throwers are often younger, more rebellious men that both guards and inmates refer to as "loudmouths, jitterbugs, punks." Although some of these men are violent criminals, many are serving harsh sentences for relatively minor drug offenses, like one to three, three to five, and five to eight. A three-year sentence qualifies a man for maximum security and the "jitterbugs" feel absolutely no stigma or shame about being in jail.

Ellene Scott, twenty-five, is a correction officer working at Bedford, the maximum-security women's prison. A specialist in unarmed self-defense, she grew up in

Harlem, where a majority of Bedford's inmates are also from. "You get called motherfucker so many times," she said, "that you start thinking it's your name. Why are they so young and in here? You have inmates that are seventeen and eighteen in here. What were they doing? Being here has taught me, Who can you trust? An inmate tells you something with a straight face and you find out she's lied to you. It hurts. I don't trust people so much since I've been working here."

Except at Bedford, I couldn't find a single guard or inmate who felt that women should be working in any capacity where they have to secure prisoners on the gallery, the volatile open area in front of the cells where so many assaults occur. The prevailing sentiment was that if violence erupts, women don't have the physical strength to really help anybody and are merely risking their own lives and the lives of others. The more experienced guards feel that females would be better off working in the visiting room, school, hospital, or in correspondence (mail screening). Male officers in some facilities claim the administration assigns women to jobs where there's less risk and yet are paid on a par with the men. At Clinton some are nicknamed the "palace guards" because they sit at the gate, restricted from inmate contact. Officers there tell of a woman officer who charged two inmates with masturbating in front of her. She wound up working as a correction counselor for a salary increase of $4,000 a year.

Bedford, situated in one of New York's wealthiest suburbs, is called "the campus" because it resembles a junior college, if one surrounded by concertina coils of barbed wire fencing. In the last two years the number of male officers has risen to almost 100, nearly half. Subsequently, the assault rate against officers has gone down, because most women inmates apparently feel they can't hurt a man. Although there isn't the pervasive paranoia and fear of violence existing in upstate jails, guards at Bedford seem to have even lower morale. They complain bitterly of overwork and a system of mandatory overtime where they can be ordered to work yet another complete eight-hour shift on same-day notice. As in all of the state's prisons, one hears a litany of complaints about Prisoners' Legal Services, a state-funded organization of advocacy lawyers who assist inmates having civil-law grievances. Many guards claim that PLS is being paid money by the legislature to file suits against them. Because of past abuses, Bedford now works under the aegis of a court-appointed "master," who has mandated that the guards write more detailed reports in case of inmate suits. Guards complain that they aren't trained to do this correctly and that the advantage lies with the inmate.

But reports are often the least of the guards' problems. The Attica mess hall erupted in January 1980, and two officers were stabbed. Four rounds of tear gas were used to disperse the rioters and proved effective: inmates ran out into the freezing yard in T-shirts rather than be trapped in the hall with the noxious fumes. At a range outside the prison walls, guards take weapons training, with the greatest emphasis being placed on tear gas instruction.

"The primary reason for gas in this place is as a stopgap between the loss of our authority and the use of deadly physical force," says the instructor, Bob Hulshoff, a burly, gray-haired officer in his fifties, as his uniformed students watch. "From the time you fire until the gas starts spuming out, there's a three-second fuse delay. It's sixty-six yards from where we stand on the mess hall platform to the back wall. These damn things cost twenty or thirty dollars a grenade. You shoot one, and then three or four around it, and you've got a shithouse full of gas. There's a lot of noise and you'll see a bunch of gas come out. You should aim it at the back wall of the mess hall."

He lifts a wide, tubular barrel and fires a gas bomb about twenty-five feet down the gravel-strewn range. It goes off with a frightening bang and a cloud of micro-fine dust fills the air. The smell is foul, like a ferret in heat, and upon contact makes the eyes water and burn. Nonetheless, it is possible to walk through the gas and not panic if one breathes deeply from the bel-

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"We're talking gas normally in large areas, like the mess, the chapel . . . places like that," continues the instructor. "Gas is like a big hand, like a shepherd. You shepherd your flock with it."

Gas is used frequently in Attica to subdue an armed inmate in his cell, or to move a disruptive, new prisoner in the reception unit. Its strategic value is to drive people out of an enclosed area into an open space like the recreation yard, which is covered by two gun towers. Guards also say they use it in the Special Housing Unit, or "box," where violent inmates who are disciplinary problems are housed almost twenty-four hours a day in their cells. It was the one area in all prisons I was denied permission to visit. Being placed in the box for an extended period of time is the worst punishment that can be inflicted on an inmate who has committed a crime behind the walls. Yet, in some facilities inmates are asking to remain in the box rather than return to the general population, because they fear for their lives.

The instructor shows his students a display of contraband homemade weapons. Included are a razor blade inserted into the melted end of a toothbrush, a wooden dagger, and a nail clipper taped open with its point honed to needle sharpness. There is also a white cardboard submachinegun that an inmate claimed he was making as a gift for his son. "These guys are ingenious," comments an officer. "They have twenty-four hours a day to lie in their bunks and scheme."

But when it comes to scheming about contraband weapons, drugs, favors, and money, the ingenuity isn't just on the part of the inmates. "You get officers who get in so deep they get busted," says C.O. Jim Mann. "It goes from a pack of cigarettes all the way up to drugs. It's a matter of record." Both inmates and former inmates interviewed claim that an enormous amount of prison contraband is brought into the jails by correction officers.

Guards see it differently. "You'd be surprised at the mothers and wives who smuggle in contraband," said Mann. "You'd think if you had a loved one in prison you'd want to keep him from any further trouble." Most contraband, they believe, comes in packages sent from home. Some of the ploys include jars of Vaseline with the Vaseline scooped out, the contraband inserted, and the Vaseline heated (probably by microwave); after the Vaseline melts, it seals over and appears to be untouched. Bars of soap are cut in half, the contraband is inserted, and the side of the bar is moistened. Sears Roebuck has a canning process, used in the home, whereby anything can be put in cans. After labels from other cans are put on those containing the contraband, the two cans are almost indistinguishable. Toothpaste tubes are opened at the bottom and money or drugs inserted, and the tubes are sealed by heating; the technique is considered practically undetectable. Oranges have been found to contain dope, which has been inserted by syringe. The imagination of the smuggler is fertile, and the prisons are filled with liquor and drugs, according to officers. Traffic in Clinton is so heavy that a guard recently found an inmate sending marijuana *out* of the facility.

During a walk through an Attica honor block, a guard points to a cell with an aquarium where goldfish flicker through the water, a refreshing contrast to the endless parade of regimented guards and inmates. "They hide marijuana and knives in the gravel at the bottom of the aquarium. These are the last aquariums allowed in Attica."

But weapons and homemade alcohol have long been a fixture of prison life, and guards know they are almost impossible to eliminate. "We just don't have time to frisk all the cells," says Jim Mann. "The only time we'll frisk a cell is if we can smell booze when it's being made." The traditional brewing method is to take orange juice, a little sugar, and baker's yeast or a few slices of white bread and let the mixture sit in a warm place for a while. Guards claim it tastes awful, but gulped with a few smuggled pills, it gives the inmates a buzz. The guards are almost inclined to tolerate it. Weapons, on the other hand, are a more serious matter. Despite a prior-announcement warning to inmates, a cell frisk last year at Clinton turned up more than 4,000 weapons of every variety. The staff was alarmed.

"Miss Atwood, please draw up the necessary papers. Robertson is about to retire for health reasons."

There is a small bar in Attica village where many of the prison staff drink themselves into oblivion after a shift. It is called Ye Olde Stage House and it is owned and operated by a former correction officer who was assaulted in the mess hall and retired on disability. Here the men sit and speak about the day:

"What's good about this job?" asks C.O. Jim Mann rhetorically. "After twenty-five years you can retire at half pay. I can't really say anything positive about the job except for some of the people you meet, and they're always officers, not inmates."

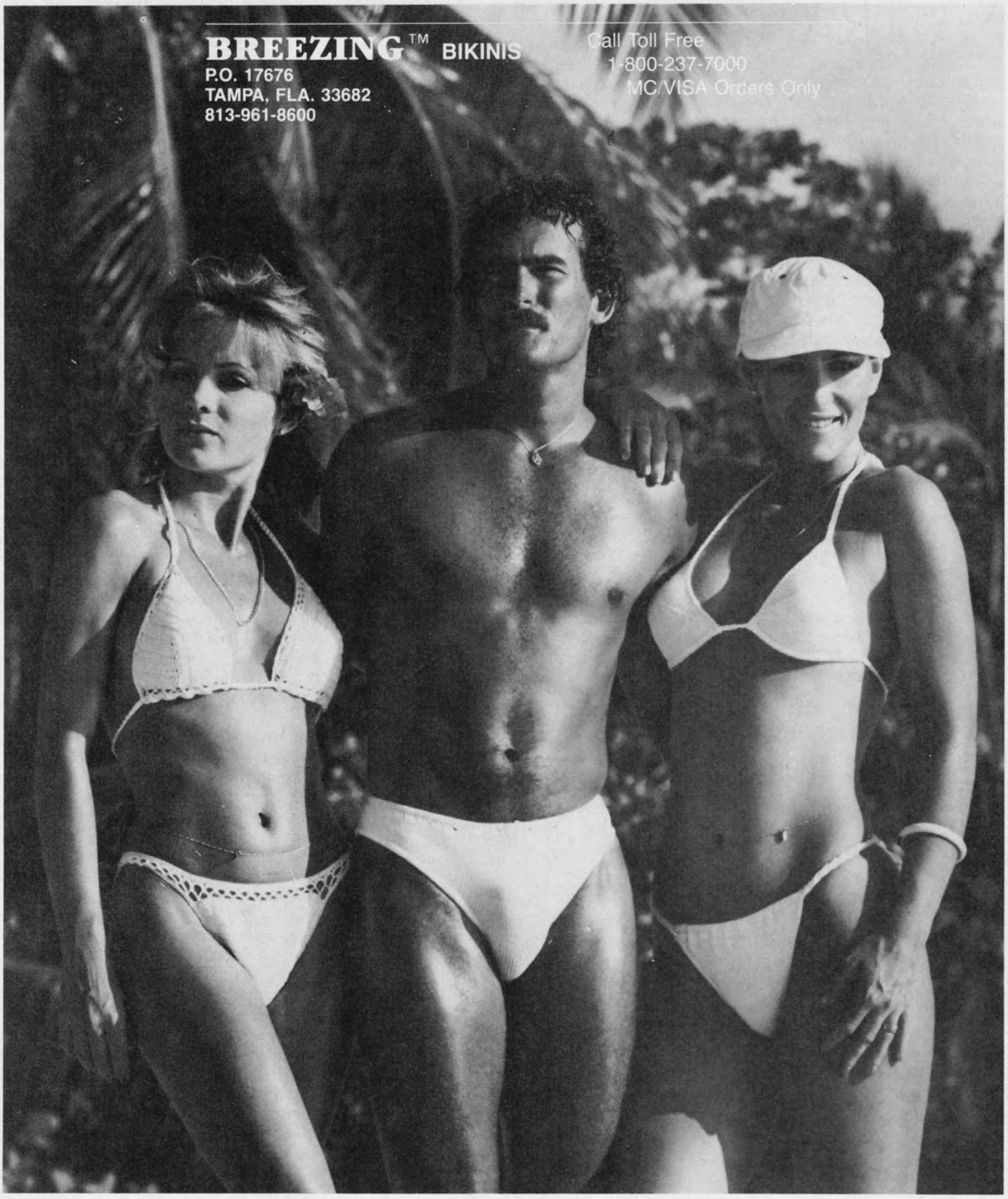
"You know," offers another man, "this inmate in D-block says to me, 'Why should I get my diploma? I can earn $600 a day on the street pushing cocaine and the worst thing that can happen to me is that I'm sent back here.' If I get *my* diploma, the most I can make is $15,000 on the street."

"There isn't a big market out there for used correction officers," snorts a burly man drinking bourbon.

An old man, long retired from Attica, dressed in a red and white checkered shirt and khaki pants, has been listening to the conversation from the next table. Suddenly he stands and puts his arm around the third man. He is smiling.

"Prison guards, son! Prison guards! Not correction officers—prison guards!"

He smiles alone.



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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

and probably too innocent, for me.

Once we got to her place she put on some records and went into her room to change. I made myself comfortable on her sofa. When she came out she'd changed into some jeans and a tube top. The jeans were of the modern fashion, very tight, and the top fitted her figure very well. I'm tall and Catherine is large for a young woman, coming up almost to my height. Her figure is very alluring. She went to get some coffee and we listened to all the records she had set on the player. I have to tell you that I hardly listened, since she had almost all my attention.

We had not turned on the lights on entering her apartment, since it was summer and it was still light. But when the music came to an end the light was dim. That was when she kissed me, catching me by surprise. She didn't stop there but instead sat on my lap and began to neck with me. For just a few moments I considered putting an end to the matter, but I had been too long without a woman and responded very enthusiastically. After a few minutes she pulled off her top.

I was very excited seeing Catherine bare like that. Her breasts are very large, each about the size of a grapefruit, and very firm, with nipples that are very stiff and erect when she becomes sexually excited. She turned to let me kiss them, pulling my head to her breasts to let me know what she wanted. She was twisting about on my hips making me even more excited. After a little while she said we should go to bed. But instead of moving to her room right away, she took a few moments to get out of her jeans. She tossed them back over her shoulder and stood there smiling at me, looking just like a pinup in your magazine. She had not been wearing underwear, and she was a very beautiful sight.

We entered her bedroom and she helped me undress, then got on her bed. Up until then I had never made love on top of a bed, so I was a bit shy, especially since I am no longer a young man and am not as attractive as the young men she would normally be making love with.

But she pulled me down into her, guiding me with her hand, and so obviously enjoying it that I was as hard as I had ever been. But I came too soon, and was exhausted. When she came back she sat next to me and we talked for a while. After a bit of time she began to play with my organ. Then she bent down to take it in her mouth. You may not believe this, but I have never had anyone else, not even my ex-wife, do that to me.

I was very surprised, not only that she would do it but that it would feel so good. She does it very expertly, using her tongue and lips so softly and at the same time so firmly. In a short while I was hard again and I climaxed in her mouth. She swallowed it and continued pleasuring my organ until it was hard again.

At my age such an erection so soon after two climaxes is rare. This time she let go of me with her mouth and sat on me, taking me into her and shifting around until she was comfortable. With her hands on her hips, she began a series of movements that resemble those of belly dancers. All the while she was smiling at me, asking me how it felt and telling me how it felt to her. It was all very exciting, and she was getting very excited too. And when she climaxed she twisted on my hips so sensually and with such a sexual expression on her face that I climaxed right then with her. She lay down next to me to rest, and after a while we got under the covers to sleep.

I have never met a woman who is so sexual. You don't have to be an older woman to be a good teacher, and you don't have to be a young man to be a student. I married her within a few months. My friends say I am a fool, thinking she's a young gold digger, but she went to bed with me not knowing much about my finances. I kept quite a bit after my divorce and I never let her know until after we were married. I had told her, as well as everyone else, that my divorce had left me broke. Catherine was concerned about me, not money.—P.R.

"Is it true that you've been sleeping with my wife?"

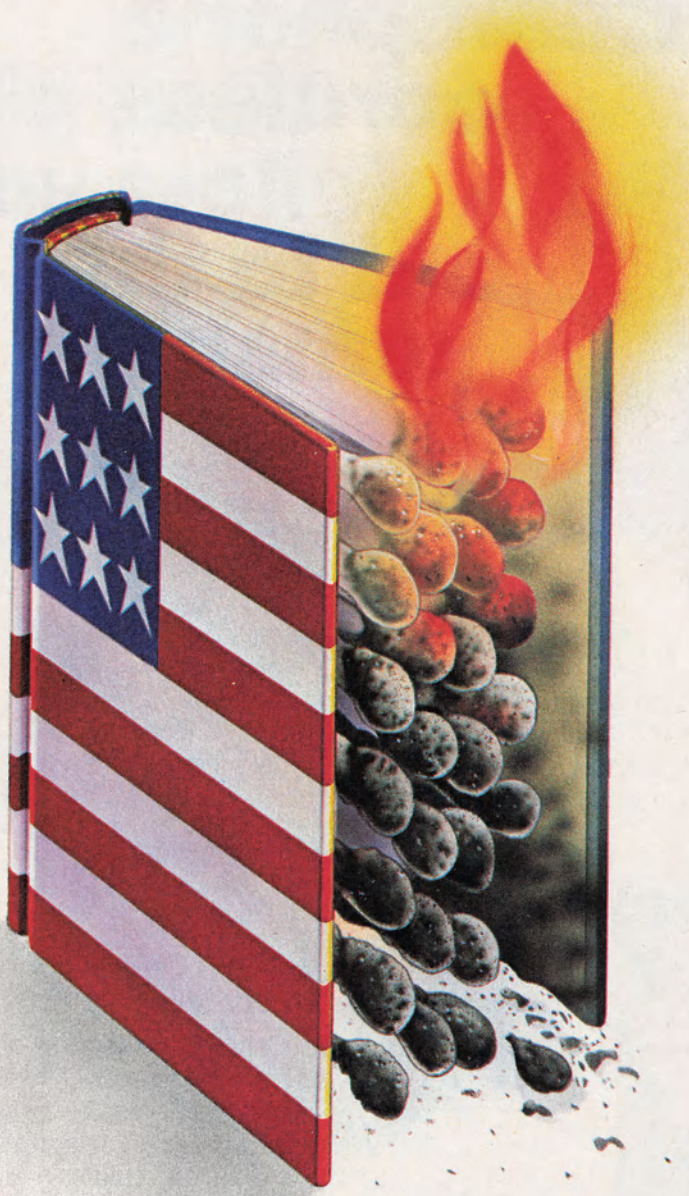
So now you are married to a pretty, sexy young lady and you can taste the delights of being young once more. You complain that your first marriage was much more conservative, but so were you and everybody else in the country. You should not really blame your ex-wife. The relationship you have right now seems to be purely sexual. You are making up for lost time and the two of your appear to have very little else in common other than a taste for modern music.

You did not mention anything about her as a person, other than how nice she is to make love with.

A dear friend of mine, a rich American bachelor, now forty-five, has fallen madly in love with a pretty twenty-one-year-old Dutch girl. She adores him, almost like a father, though her politics were extremely leftist. He is a capitalist who travels all over the world and spends money like water. Now, after a year, she is becoming less leftist, accepting any gift he gives her.

He recently asked me if I thought a relationship can last when your girl friend never argues with you. She has no opinions about life, yet he loves her because she is so pretty and young. He misses the equality of a relationship between two adults, pretty though she may be.

Inner beauty usually grows with maturity in life, and she, like your present wife, has probably got a long way to go before reaching an adult level of thinking. You may not live to experience that.



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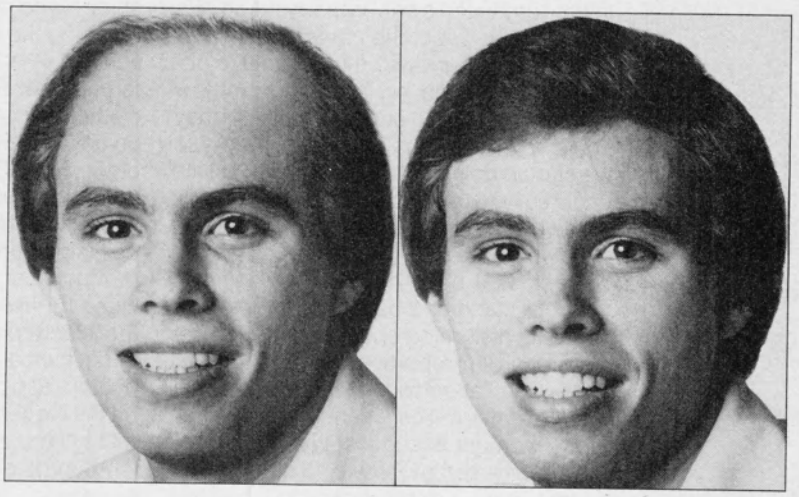

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Small breasts	*Large breasts*
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intense	self-centered
passionate	narcissistic
articulate	tendency to overweight
witty	underdeveloped mind
energetic	inarticulate
slender	unsophisticated
chic	blowsy
enthusiastic	smug
charming	self-satisfied

HOW TO MAKE LOVE WITH HERPES

Herpes need not be a millstone around the genitals. Perfectly safe techniques allow a man or a woman to enjoy sex without fear of transmitting the disease, even when the case is active. Author Mark Hunter has had herpes for ten years.

THAT MOMENT OF IMPOTENCE

Temporary inability to perform sexually is a terrifying and embarrassing moment for any man. Solutions on how to save the moment—and long-term self-esteem—are offered in Patrick DeVore's survey of male "temps."

FALWELL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

know all the chicanery and dishonesty and deception and the absolute hate on the part of some against this ministry and this preacher and against you [the congregation] and what you stand for and the message we preach. . . . They nailed your Lord to the cross, too." More ominous have been the activities of a small group of young men around Falwell. They form his "security force," apparently designed to forestall what Falwell has openly feared are assassination plots against him (recently, he said his ministry was under siege from "militant atheists," homosexuals, and others).

It is difficult to define exactly what this group of young men does, although there is some indication that it may be involved in something more than "security work." Falwell himself provided that indication in a recent tirade against a local gay support group's meeting place, saying, "Right here in this town there's a house . . . bought and operated by the homosexual community . . . and there are persons who live there just so they can do their own thing, on their own property. And it's amazing, the list of the names of the persons that go there we've been able to obtain. We've been so blasted by a few people. I couldn't understand why they could write about us and criticize us—so we started doing a little sleuth work, a little undercover work; not a little, a whole lot. Amazing who goes down there. You wait until we find out all the facts and everybody finds it out. The time has come to take our stand and be strong."

This is disturbing enough, but there are also recurring reports of fanatical Falwell supporters' attempting to intimidate or harass Falwell's critics. There is no evidence at the moment to suggest that these people are directed by Falwell to carry out intimidations; indications are that they are self-appointed defenders of the faith. Nevertheless, their activities have grave implications. Witness what happened to Lynn Ridenhour, a former professor of English at Liberty Baptist College, who publicly threatened to reveal what he claimed were unsavory activities inside the Falwell organization. Ridenhour received an ominous visit from a student who had preached on the "Old Time Gospel Hour." According to Ridenhour, the young man said: "If you want to live, leave Jerry Falwell alone. Don't say anything against him. Don't write anything against him. . . . No one crosses Falwell and lives. I know men who have crossed him and died."

This sort of fanaticism is hardly surprising, considering Falwell's repeated and not very subtle hints that he and he alone understands the "word of God." Falwell's followers in Lynchburg—and elsewhere—have taken their cue from their minister's basic theology, which is that there is only one "true way" and that he alone knows what it is. And anyone who does not similarly believe is not only wrong but in the hot grip of Satan, either to be converted to The Truth or consigned to hell.

In the process of propounding this vision, Falwell has played fast and loose with history—and, most significantly, his own personal history.

By now, the people of Lynchburg, excepting his devoted followers, have grown weary of Falwell's oft-told tale of his rise from obscure origins, of how he found God and a wife one night in the Amen Corner, of how his little church started in the shell of an abandoned soda pop factory and rose to become one of the great cathedrals of modern fundamentalism, and so on and so on. But there are plenty of people in Lynchburg who remember things differently. They remember Falwell as the son of an alcoholic bootlegger who used to ride around town in a black seven-passenger Hudson, dressed up like Babyface Nelson. They remember the rumors surrounding the motel the family used to own out in Fairview Heights, just outside Lynchburg. Now they look at the big cars in Falwell's garage (one bearing the interesting license plate "JLF 84") and his big house—called "Graceland East" by some, who also call the high wall surrounding the Falwell property "the wall of Jerryco"—and his omnipresent "security force," and all the rest of it, and they conclude that not much has changed when it comes to the life-style of the chief inheritor of the Falwell name. Moreover, there are some in Lynchburg who remember that Falwell's conversion was no sudden flash on his personal road to Damascus but the product of an ambition formed in the days when he used to listen to Charles Fuller, the electronic preacher of his day, and haunt the balcony of a popular preacher's church, aspiring, as local legend has it, to be the biggest and most successful fundamentalist preacher ever.

According to the version put out by the handful of worshipful books Falwell has authorized to be written about him, he followed the call to a Bible college in Missouri, wrestled with himself and attained mastery, returned to Lynchburg, gathered a congregation, and found a location for his church—thanks to what has come to be known as "the miracle of the wet distributor." (That's the one where the real estate agent's car stalls in a rainstorm, his thoughts unaccountably turn to Jerry Falwell's need for an empty building, the nearby Donald Duck Cola plant occurs to him at once, and presto, his car miraculously restarts.)

The rest, as they say, is history, with a lot of help from Falwell's personal magnetism. Reality, however, is somewhat different. It is perfectly true that Falwell attended the then nonaccredited Baptist Bible College in Springfield, Mo., but those three years and the ThG. (graduate in theology) degree he received there constitute the whole of his formal theological training. His doctorates, like so many of the "doc-

torates" held by prominent evangelists, are purely honorary ones, awarded by other nonaccredited fundamentalist institutions in Tennessee and California.

He returned to Lynchburg and gathered a following all right, but there are those who remember (not fondly) that he did so by splitting the congregation of an established but troubled church. His ministry did indeed grow by leaps and bounds, but its expansion was due far less to Falwell's message of brotherly love than to a potent mixture of circus showmanship and naked racism. In no very subtle way, he dramatically expanded his ministry by pitching his appeal to white working families, who were attracted to him as much for the entertainment he provided as for the certainties he preached, and who didn't want their enjoyment of the spectacle marred by the presence of black people.

And what showmanship! He imported Christian karate experts to break blocks of ice with their bare hands. He imported Christian ventriloquists. He imported a man who bills himself as "the world's tallest Christian" to make an appearance. Falwell gave away prizes to encourage attendance; according to local mythology, one of them, a motorbike, was ridden down the aisle of the church during services. None of this has anything to do with religion, of course, but there's no harm in it. One might even say that it has a certain quaint charm that is sadly missing now that Falwell has turned his church into a television studio and has taken to importing such evangelical and right-wing superstars as Dallas Cowboys coach Tom Landry (minus his organization's famed scantily clad Cowgirls cheerleading group); and Phyllis Schlafly, the anti-Equal Rights Amendment activist.

However, one vestige of the old Roman circus atmosphere remains: Falwell's annual "Scaremare," held each Halloween in an old house in Lynchburg. This yearly event has a number of interesting exhibits, the most notable of which features a girl tied to a bed and gyrating her pelvis while a man, presumably meant to represent a mad doctor, hovers in the background with a blood-tipped surgical knife. (The purport of this tableau is elusive.) Having feasted their eyes on this remarkable scene and others, Scaremare visitors are herded into a mandatory mini-revival prayer meeting before a casket. Those who try to leave are guided back into their chairs, and anyone refusing to bow his or her head is subjected to a lecture by one of Falwell's young assistants, who informs the miscreant that "God is not mocked." Interestingly, in one of his sermons announcing this upcoming event, Falwell noted that "somebody had to have a warped mind to put [Scaremare] together." And possibly an unintentionally entertaining one, too, for Scaremare is probably the best show in town; off-duty fire marshals are in attendance to help keep the crowds in line. It has a bizarrely comic quality, and if Falwell's activities in

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Lynchburg amounted only to this sort of fundamentalist amateur-night theatrics, there would be little reason for concern.

But there are many dark sides to the Falwell operation. One has been the overt racism in Falwell's appeal. In 1958, for example, Falwell sermonized: "If Chief Justice Warren and his associates had known God's word and had desired to do the Lord's will, I am quite confident that the 1954 decision [*Brown* v. *The Board of Education*, the landmark ruling ordering desegregation of public schools] would never have been made." Arguing that "God had drawn a line of distinction" between the races, Falwell pointed to the "three forces" behind the integration movement: "the hand of Moscow . . . those who would use such a terrible tool to gain political power [and] the Devil himself." In case his congregation was insufficiently alarmed, he saved his trump card for the last: intermarriage. He reported that in one northern city (otherwise unidentified), a pastor friend had told him that "a couple of opposite race live next door . . . as man and wife." Falwell reminded his flock that black people were under the curse of Ham, "the progenitor of the . . . colored race," and that the Hamites "were cursed to be the servants of the Jews and the Gentiles." Lest they might have missed something, Falwell hastened to add that "it says servants, not slaves." In other words, that white person up north was sleeping with the help.

During the civil rights struggles of the 1960s, young blacks were turned away from the doors of Falwell's church, a fact that the black people of Lynchburg have never forgotten. Nor have they forgotten that in 1965, just a few weeks after the confrontation between marchers and state troopers in Selma, Ala., Falwell questioned the "left-wing associations" of Martin Luther King, Jr. In the same sermon, he went so far as to twist the biblical story of the Samaritan woman at the well to make it suggest that one should not criticize segregation.

Falwell today is very sensitive about charges of discrimination, and denies that his private school, Lynchburg Christian Academy, was begun as a whites-only institution. The statement is remarkable in view of the fact that for several months after the formation of the school was first announced, on November 10, 1966, it was consistently described in the local newspapers as being for white students only. Indeed, during a meeting in the spring of 1967, one of us distinctly heard Falwell say "no" when he was asked if his school would admit any black students.

A man can change, but has Jerry Falwell? Today, during nationally broadcast services, his television cameras zoom in on black faces in his choir and congregation, and there are black children in his Sunday school. According to Junius Haskins, a prominent black Lynchburg leader, at least some of these youngsters have been brought in the yellow school buses that began to appear in Lynchburg's black neighborhoods within the past three or four years. Further, says Haskins, the children are enticed aboard in exhange for pizza and candy. Falwell recently referred to a young man at his college as "the funniest-looking white man I've ever seen."

Out of the Lynchburg Christian Academy grew Liberty Baptist College, Falwell's own institution of higher learning, where the administration discourages interracial dating and recommends that the offending couple obtain the permission of both sets of parents. Falwell is the college's chancellor, and its president is Armand Pierre Guillermin, whose admiration for Jerry Falwell apparently knows no bounds. "When the earth was created," Guillermin declared at one point, "and a man was needed to propagate and subdue it, God brought forth Adam. . . . Today . . . God has again provided a man to meet the need and challenge of the hour. That man is Jerry Falwell."

> According to a former professor at Falwell's college, he was warned: "Leave Jerry Falwell alone. . . No one crosses Falwell and lives."

Guillermin presides over an institution that sets out to produce Falwell clones, students who will "spread the word" of the Falwellian dogma. That dogma, fundamentally, amounts to a conviction that the vast majority of Falwell's fellow men are in a peck of trouble—unless, of course, they think the same way Jerry Falwell does. It is a dogma that can lead to some astonishing myopia, and there are those in Lynchburg who wonder at the kind of students Falwell's supposed institution of higher learning is producing.

For example, one important part of Liberty Baptist's SMITE (Student Missionary Intern Training for Evangelism) program is something called the Student Foreign Exposure Program. This program, which involves foreign travel, would seem to belie the notion that such activity is broadening, witness this recent advertisement: "In Mexico City, you will see millions of people who have *no chance* of going to heaven. . . . You will also visit Querétaro, one of the major strongholds of Catholicism."

If you'd rather see your millions of hell-bound Catholics in Haiti and the Dominican Republic, you can also go there. A brochure for the program describes them thusly: "The people of Haiti are French-speaking descendants of African slaves. Their lives are tormented by their extreme poverty and their belief in and the practice of voodoo." Meanwhile, according to the brochure, across the border, "the Spanish-speaking African descendants in the Dominican Republic enjoy a much higher standard of living. But their Latin culture included the predominant practice of Catholicism. Thus, most Dominicans are perpetually and futilely trying to earn God's favor, working their way into Heaven."

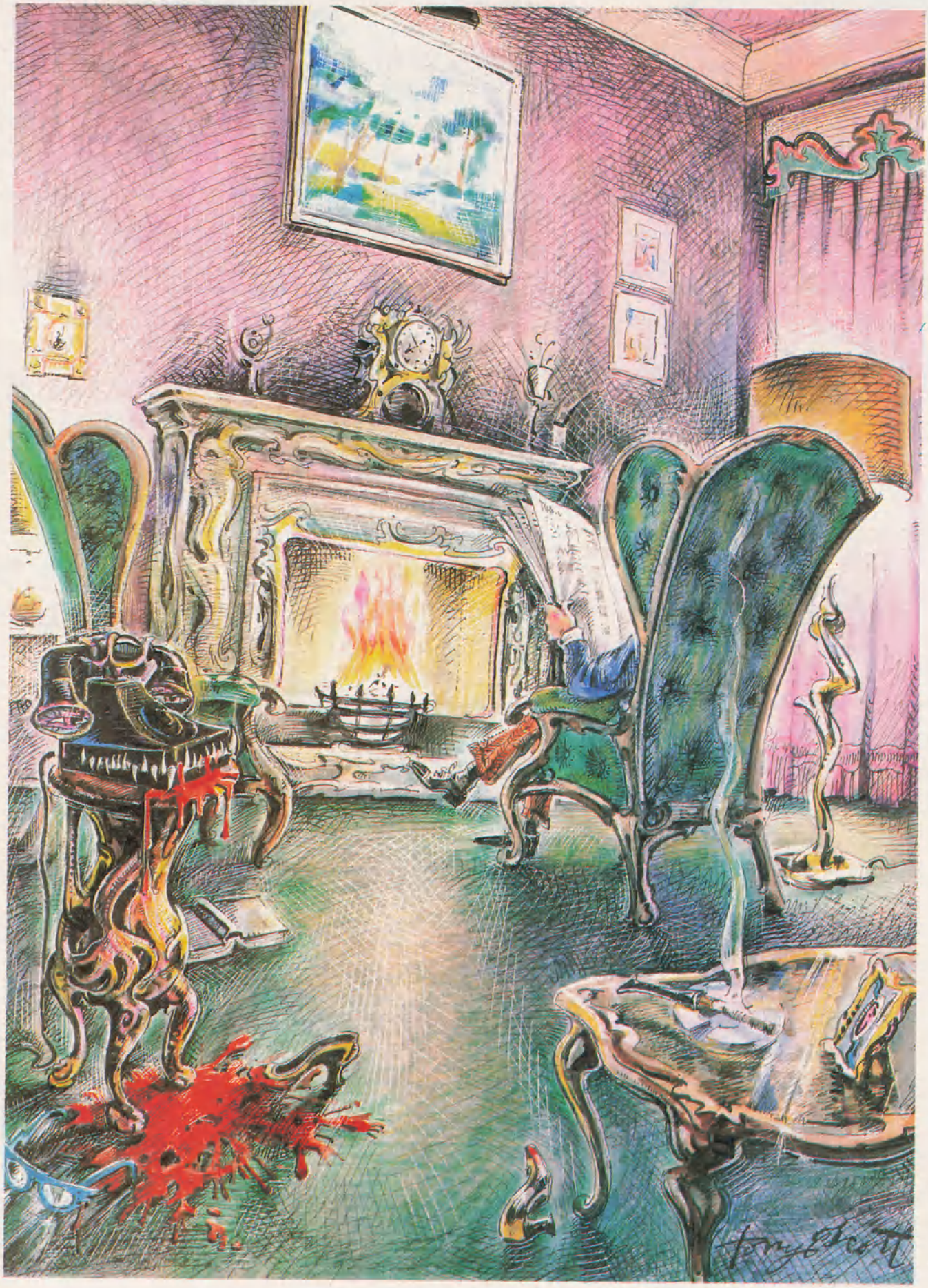
A man is mirrored by his creations, and by that standard, Falwell, as founder of the "Old Time Gospel Hour," the Moral Majority, the Lynchburg Christian Academy, and Liberty Baptist College, has created monuments to himself. They are monuments to narrow-mindedness and dogmatic stupidity, for they simply institutionalize what Falwell believes: he is a heaven-bound "true Christian" at the head of a mighty army of similarly endowed young warriors. Anything is possible in this narrow theology, including creation of what Falwell has often called a Christian America, by which is meant, of course, *his* Christian America. It is the sort of thinking that has permeated, seemingly, all levels of the Falwell operation. As one executive of Falwell's ministry phrased it, "If Jerry Falwell says a rooster can pull a freight train, it's not up to us to ask any questions about it."

Centrally, it is what Falwell has come to represent that has most disturbed us. We have at times been amused at some of the antics of his operation. More often than not, though, we've been appalled. Naturally, things are viewed quite differently by Falwell and his associates. Among other things, they seem incapable of understanding that our criticism is theological rather than personal. We object to a ministry that has used the Bible to exploit racial unrest in our city. We object to the bullying and the intimidation of those who do not think the same way Falwell does. As southerners, Virginians, ordained ministers, and citizens of Lynchburg, we utterly reject his use of the Bible, his twisting of passages of that greatest of books to support his social and political agenda.

And we are not alone. Contrary to what may be a widespread belief, despite the cloud Falwell has cast over our city, Lynchburg, Va., is not in the pocket of its most famous native son. Never has been, never will be—or so we hope. Falwell lives here, but so do we; it is a coincidence of geography. And no matter what impression he might give on radio and television, in those interludes of doctrine and bigotry that intersperse his tireless pitches for money and more money, we're still free.

And we intend to remain so. After all, the people of Lynchburg know Falwell better than anybody—and they know what's in store for them if they ever relax.

"Jerry Falwell: An Unauthorized Profile" is available from Educational Services, P.O. Box 1314, Lynchburg, Va. 24505, for $6.95 plus $1.50 postage and handling.



". . . Who was that on the phone, darling?"

ARARAT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136

lished in the Soviet Union! At least, not the complete text."

He asks if he may glance at the book, and to save him getting up I carry it across to him. He reads the title, with lips that tremble slightly, the way old people's sometimes do when they read.

"Ah! . . . Babi Yar . . . I was there."

This last phrase falls with a sigh, like the fall of a birch leaf.

I mutter my sympathy. He looks ill; and I want to divert him from these tragic memories. "Where have you been living?" I ask.

"I am stateless."

I nod. "And what do you do—or what *did* you do?"

"I've been a soldier, and involved in international politics."

I nod again, encouragingly. He tells me his name is Finn, of Scandinavian origin. There is something Nordic about his form and features. He is on his way to deliver a speech at the United Nations. He asks me why I am on this voyage. I tell him about my American Armenian friend whom I have never met. His face becomes ashen. "I know Armenia well," he says. "I was there during the First World War."

"It's a terribly tragic country."

"Yes, and never more so than in 1915."

"Were you involved in the holocaust?"

He sighed deeply. "I was."

"Tell me about it—if it's not too distressing for you."

"It does distress me, but I'd like to tell you about it." He moved carefully, tottering a little, to a chair next to me, and settled himself in it.

"It's difficult to know where to begin," he said. "For there was no precise beginning. I was a young army officer, serving at first in the Bulanik district, about fifty miles northwest of Moush. There had been some incidents of torture of Armenians during June—teeth knocked out, nails pulled out, limbs twisted, noses beaten down, the rape of wives and daughters in the presence of their menfolk—that sort of thing."

As Finn leaned forward I smelt his unpleasant breath. "It was of course necessary," he said, "to deport the Armenians from Turkey. But I have often wondered if we could have done it in some other way. We rounded up all the male villagers from around Moush on July 10: herded them into concentration camps and bayoneted them. The women and children we drove into large wooden sheds and set fire to them. Of the 60,000 Armenians who had been living in Moush, very few survived.

"No, my memory is not as good as it used to be. Earlier than that, we had moved against the inhabitants of Erzindjan. We told them they were being deported to Mesopotamia. Soon after we left the town, we separated the men from the others, and killed them. The women and children went on. Many were attacked in the early stages of their journey, and their clothes taken from them. When they reached the Kemakh gorge, overlooking the Euphrates, we tied their hands behind their backs. I gave the orders to pitch them over into the gorge. Probably 25,000 Armenians of Erzindjan were slaughtered, about half of them at the Kemakh gorge.

"Next we turned to the Armenians of Baiburt. We rounded up about 17,000. We couldn't prevent brigands from the hills swooping down, stealing their clothing and abducting the girls. The men had already been shot, just outside Baiburt. At the Kemakh gorge we disposed of the women and children in the usual way. Some of them tried to swim to the riverbanks, but we managed to shoot them. The same thing happened to the villagers from the plain of Erzerum.

"Next, I was ordered to go to Trebizond. Being near the coast, we were able to throw many people into the sea, or send them out in old boats and sink them. But many more were got rid of by forced marches. For us soldiers, there was hardly any respite. But I remember one day, I managed to go and bathe in the river Yel-Deyirmeni. It was rather shallow, and I saw a woman's nude body in the river. Her long hair floated down the current, her

"I'm afraid, Mr. Dithers, even as a professional rock musician, you can't list recreational drugs under travel expenses."

bloated white belly gleamed in the sun. I noticed that one of her breasts was cut off. I was therefore sure it was not the responsibility of my own troops. I saw other bodies, and a human arm caught up in the roots of a tree. The river became choked with bodies, like logs drifting down. I saw a band of frothy blood clinging to the bank. I should guess we killed almost all of the 17,000 Armenians in the town of Trebizond. And when we marched the 18,000 Armenians of Kharput into the desert, only 150 got through. Some women drowned by flinging themselves into wells, so thirsty had they become, their tongues like charcoal. Yet in spite of those filthy bodies, the others still drank from the wells.

"Am I boring you?" he asked, for he had seen me glance at my watch. I explained that I was trying to cut down my smoking, and rationing myself to one every half an hour. But it was very difficult.

I suggested taking a stroll on deck, for the atmosphere in the smoke room had become stale. But he was caught up in the story of his life, and—as if he had not heard me—continued:

"Mostly the men were killed locally, but the women and children struggled over steep mountain paths to the parched deserts. They were robbed of all they had, raped if they were attractive, and then killed. In the province of Dirarbekir we got rid of 570,000. An unbelievable figure, isn't it? But I assure you it is true. I have seen my own soldiers put up their hands to avert the sight of the bloated naked corpses of murdered women lying by the roadside, and in the desert wastes. In the plain of Maskinah, everywhere one looked there were little hills, each of which contained 200 to 300 corpses. Those who survived were racked by dysentery. I saw little children so hungry they ate anything they could find—grass, earth, even excrement. I saw women pick out the undigested oak kernels from horses' excrement. In Deir-uz-Zor I was ordered to inflict cruel punishments: bastinado, hanging, the rape of little girls. I was ordered to fling hundreds of Armenians into a deep hole in the ground. It must have been 150 feet deep. Those at the bottom soon died. Those at the top lived on for a few days.

"Yet altogether there has been great exaggeration of the numbers killed. It is certain that no more than a million were killed. I have heard it said there were a million and a half killed. This is not true."

The old man stopped speaking, exhausted. I took the chance to plead hunger and a lunch appointment with a young lady. It was not true, but I wanted to get out into the open air. Fortunately, the old man said he was not hungry. In fact I looked for Anna in the dining room, but her table was full. After I had eaten, I went to my cabin for a while. But I was given little chance to rest, for soon the ship's doctor appeared. The gross black discus-thrower was with him. Apparently she was training also as a nurse. She gave me some pills.

After they had gone, I slept for a few hours; and when I awoke it was dark. Strolling on deck, I came upon Finn. He came straight up to me and started to talk as if we had had no interruption. "In 1918," he said, "I was in Baku. I had orders to kill all the Armenians in the street. The whole of Surakhanskoi Street was covered with dead bodies of children no older than nine or ten. Many of them had had their throats cut; others had been bayoneted. I was obliged to drive my car over the dead children. The sound of crushing bones was appalling. The car wheels became covered with the intestines of dead bodies. Later, in Smyrna, I had orders to set fire to the Armenian quarters. Thousands of screaming people rushed to the dockside, hoping for rescue on the ships there, and were drowned. I actually saw one poor woman give birth to a baby as she was pushed over into the harbor."

Silently we fell into step.

"You said you were at Babi Yar," I observed quietly.

"Yes. Again, it was necessary to get rid of the Jews, but if I had my time over again I think it could have been done less cruelly. The beatings were not necessary, though we thought they were at the time in order to soften them up and stupefy them so that they would die without murmur. It was effective in that sense.

"What a beautiful evening," he said. We looked up. All the constellations were out, amazingly more brilliant than they are over the land. Orion was particularly striking. "However," he continued, "apart from the first few days at Babi Yar, I had little to do with the Jewish problem. I had mostly to do with the gypsies. In Yugoslavia I saw Ustashi militiamen pull children to pieces and beat them to death against trees. The Ustashi were unbelievably savage. On one occasion, I remember, I was ordered to make a girl dig a ditch, while her mother, seven months' pregnant, was tied to a tree. I was ordered to open the mother's belly with a knife, take out the baby, and throw it in the ditch. We threw the mother in too, and next the girl, after raping her. We covered them with earth while they were still alive. This is only one example among hundreds, but one of the few occasions when I was ordered to soil my own hands. The gypsies died in a very unseemly way. The Jews were very composed when they went to their deaths—they stood still to be shot; but the gypsies cried, screamed, and moved constantly. After the war was over I worked in India, Africa, and later in Indochina."

"When did you retire?" I asked him.

The old man sighed. "I've never truly retired. One becomes indispensable. Or at least one thinks one does. Actually nobody is indispensable; there is always someone ready to step into your shoes."

We left it at that, separating to go to our cabins. I saw little of him during the rest of the voyage. Sometimes I caught sight of him, engaging somebody else in earnest conversation, and I guessed he felt a compulsion to go over his story.

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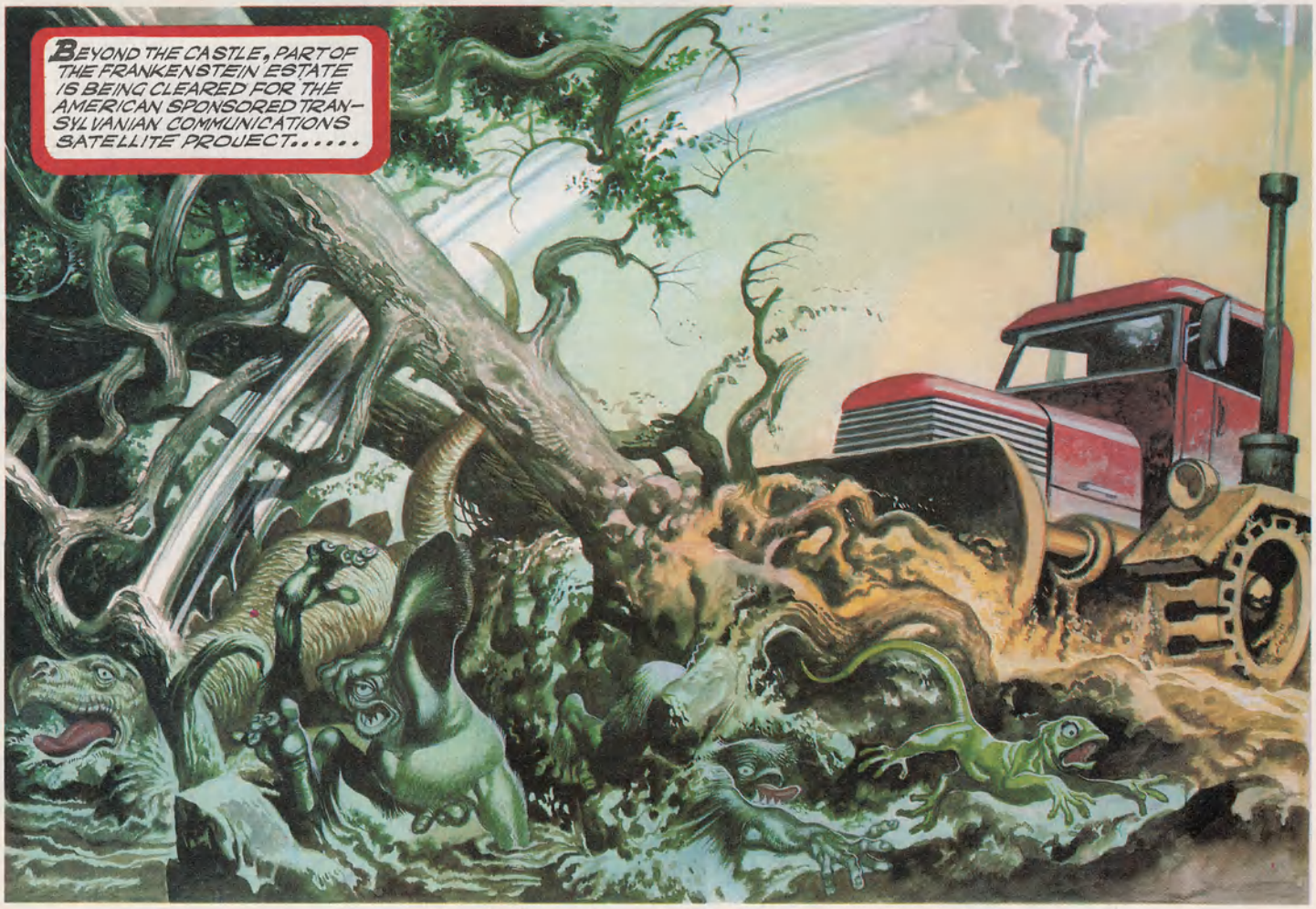
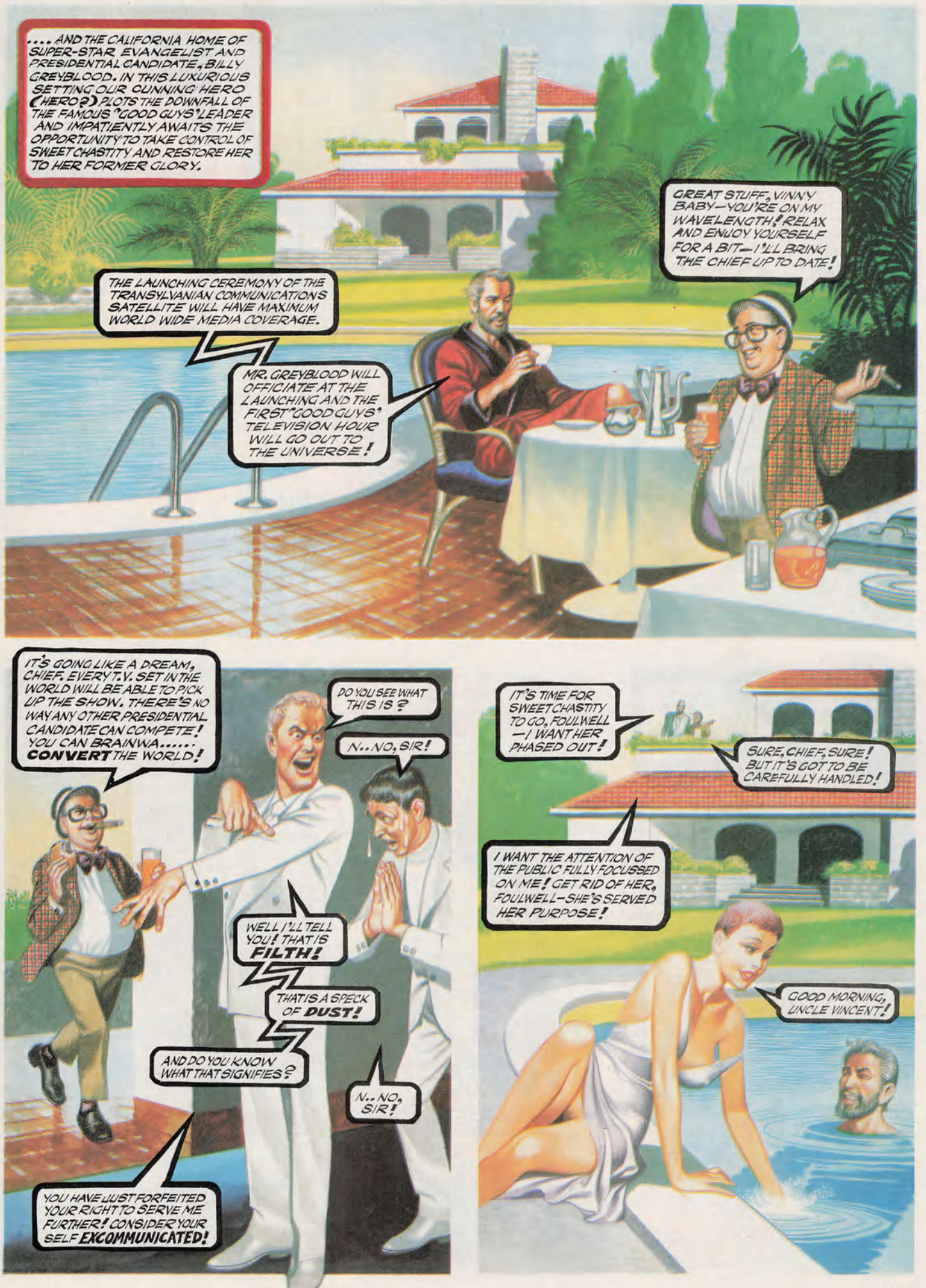
IT'S ALL IN THE MIND, KID! SHE FEELS ENTITLED TO IT. US — WE JUST WISH WE HAD IT!
D'YOU WANNA BE RICH?
RICH IS RELATIVE! IF I HAD MY BUS FARE OUT OF THIS PLACE I'D BE RICH!
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE


BEYOND THE CASTLE, PART OF THE FRANKENSTEIN ESTATE IS BEING CLEARED FOR THE AMERICAN SPONSORED TRANSYLVANIAN COMMUNICATIONS SATELLITE PROJECT.....

AND TO THINK THAT OUT THERE IT WAS ONCE A BEAUTIFUL SWAMP— ALL NATURAL QUAGMIRE AND BOG HOLES—UNDISTURBED FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS!
YOU LOT MAKE ME SICK!
ALWAYS TRYING TO TURN THE CLOCK BACK!
SAVE OUR ENVIRONMENT
CONSERVE OUR NATIONAL HERITAGE
IF IT WAS LEFT TO PEOPLE LIKE YOU WE'D STILL BE IN THE STONE AGE! THAT'S PROGRESS, MAN—THAT'S THE FUTURE!

AND WHILE THE MARCH OF PROGRESS PENETRATES THE GOTHIC GLOOM OF REMOTE TRANSYLVANIA, VINCENT, 13TH BARON VON FRANKENSTEIN, AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY TO THE U.S.A., DIVIDES HIS TIME BETWEEN THE SOPHISTICATED SOCIAL LIFE OF WASHINGTON.....
YOU OKAY FOR THE MAHLER WITH THE BOSTON PHIL-HARMONIC NEXT THURSDAY?
WHAT'RE THEY PAYIN'?
CHILI BEANS? CORN PONE? GRITS? TEXAS LONG HORN STEAK?
WHERE'S TONTO TONIGHT?
YOU HAVEN'T ANY MAALOX, HAVE YOU?
HE'S SOB TORN UP HIS TREATY!
THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT WILD BILL -HE ALWAYS KNOWS WHEN HE'S HAD ENOUGH!


....AND THE CALIFORNIA HOME OF SUPER-STAR EVANGELIST AND PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE, BILLY GREYBLOOD. IN THIS LUXURIOUS SETTING OUR CUNNING HERO (HERO?) PLOTS THE DOWNFALL OF THE FAMOUS "GOOD GUYS" LEADER AND IMPATIENTLY AWAITS THE OPPORTUNITY TO TAKE CONTROL OF SWEET CHASTITY AND RESTORE HER TO HER FORMER GLORY.
THE LAUNCHING CEREMONY OF THE TRANSYLVANIAN COMMUNICATIONS SATELLITE WILL HAVE MAXIMUM WORLD WIDE MEDIA COVERAGE.
MR. GREYBLOOD WILL OFFICIATE AT THE LAUNCHING AND THE FIRST "GOOD GUYS" TELEVISION HOUR WILL GO OUT TO THE UNIVERSE!
GREAT STUFF, VINNY BABY—YOU'RE ON MY WAVELENGTH! RELAX AND ENJOY YOURSELF FOR A BIT—I'LL BRING THE CHIEF UP TO DATE!
IT'S GOING LIKE A DREAM, CHIEF. EVERY T.V. SET IN THE WORLD WILL BE ABLE TO PICK UP THE SHOW. THERE'S NO WAY ANY OTHER PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE CAN COMPETE! YOU CAN BRAINWA..... CONVERT THE WORLD!
DO YOU SEE WHAT THIS IS?
N..NO, SIR!
WELL I'LL TELL YOU! THAT IS FILTH!
THAT IS A SPECK OF DUST!
AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT SIGNIFIES?
N..NO, SIR!
YOU HAVE JUST FORFEITED YOUR RIGHT TO SERVE ME FURTHER! CONSIDER YOUR SELF EXCOMMUNICATED!
IT'S TIME FOR SWEET CHASTITY TO GO, FOULWELL —I WANT HER PHASED OUT!
SURE, CHIEF, SURE! BUT IT'S GOT TO BE CAREFULLY HANDLED!
I WANT THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC FULLY FOCUSSED ON ME! GET RID OF HER, FOULWELL—SHE'S SERVED HER PURPOSE!
GOOD MORNING, UNCLE VINCENT!

AND WHEN WE HAVE CONTROL OF THAT SATELLITE WE WON'T NEED FRANKENSTEIN ANY MORE!
OHO, FOULWELL — ARE YOU GONNA FIND YOURSELF EXPENDABLE TOO?

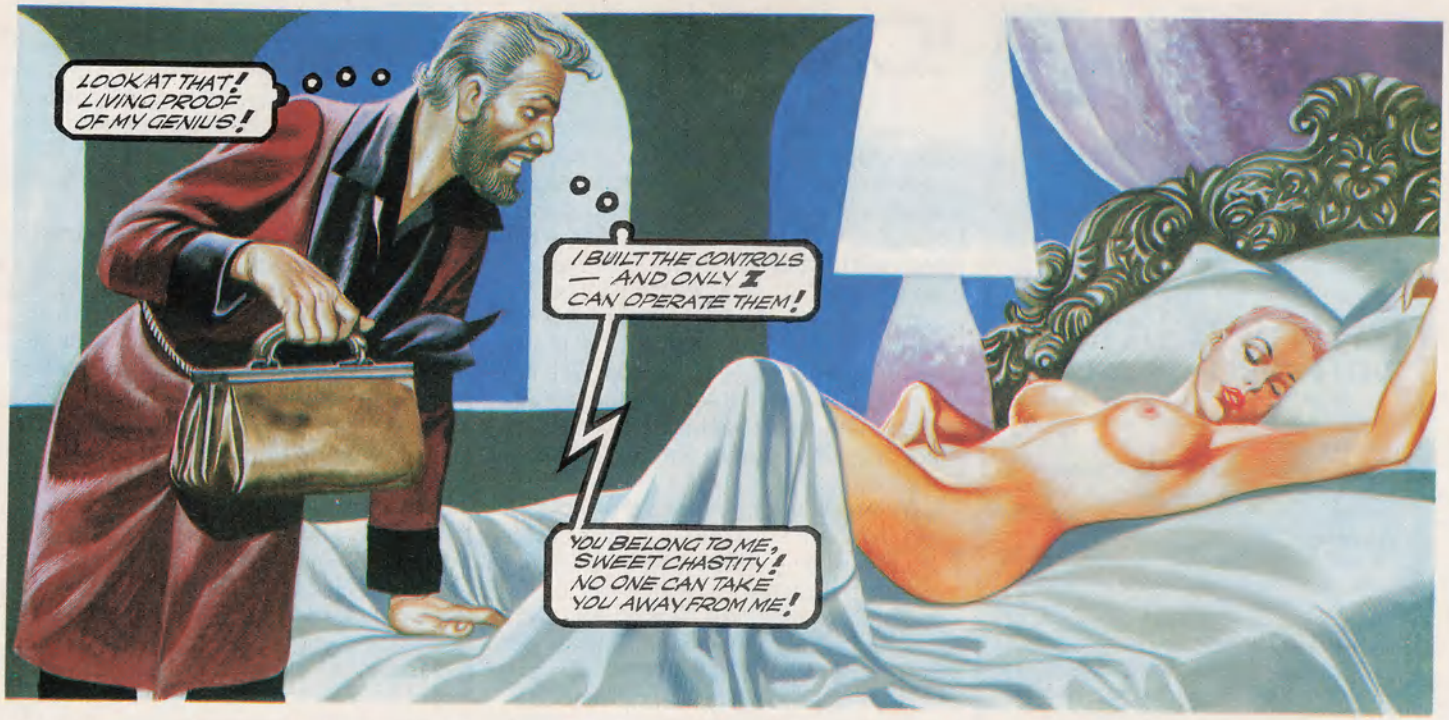
AREN'T YOU SWIMMING, CHASTITY?
NO, UNCLE VINCENT— I DON'T THINK THAT WOULD BE RIGHT!
NOT RIGHT? I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

I DON'T THINK MR. GREYBLOOD WOULD APPROVE!
I FORSOOK ALL EARTHLY PLEASURES WHEN I JOINED THE "GOOD GUYS"

I MUST GO — THAT'S THE MEDITATION BELL!
YE GODS! WHAT A DULL AND BORING WOMAN! WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO HER?
WHEN I THINK OF HOW SHE USED TO BE! I'VE GOT TO GET AT THAT COMPUTER — AND SOON!

LATE THAT NIGHT...
SILENCE! THEY'RE ALL SLEEPING THE SLEEP OF THE RIGHTEOUS!

I HOPE THOSE DAMNED GUARD DOGS AREN'T ALLOWED TO WANDER AROUND INSIDE THE HOUSE!


LOOK AT THAT! LIVING PROOF OF MY GENIUS!
I BUILT THE CONTROLS — AND ONLY I CAN OPERATE THEM!
YOU BELONG TO ME, SWEET CHASTITY! NO ONE CAN TAKE YOU AWAY FROM ME!

UNCLE VINCENT?
THE NIGHTMARE'S OVER, SWEET CHASTITY!

click!
I'M TAKING YOU HOME!

NOW! LET'S START GETTING BACK TO NORMAL!
NORMAL? WE TELL YOU — THIS GUY IS DISASTER PRONE! EVERYTHING HE TOUCHES TURNS TO ASHES! FRANKLY, WE'RE TERRIFIED WHENEVER HE GETS ANYWHERE NEAR OUR LUSCIOUS HEROINE! IT'S BACK TO NAIL BITING UNTIL NEXT MONTH!

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LOSING IT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

Carla was as nervous as I was—she was a virgin, too—but she'd get down there and suck and suck and suck, trying to straighten me out. Which, looking back, seems really sporting of her. Well, after we'd been at it for maybe thirty minutes, just trying to get that miserable little boot on my bum cock, she began to laugh. Now I *know* it was nervous laughter, but at the time I nearly cried. Anyway, that was the abrupt end to my first sexual attempt. Carla and I never did get it on together. In fact—no surprise—we broke up shortly after that night."

For a year Luke harbored the secret of his failure with Carla, afraid to try again for fear of repetition. "It took me a while—another two years before I summoned up my courage—but this time I waited until I was nuts for the lady. I mean, I was *mad* about her. And, I promise you, I didn't have any problem at all. Not then. And not since."

For Luke, romance made the difference. It was the chief ingredient present the second time around, the one that had been missing from his first aborted sexual attempt.

On the other hand, Robert, a seventeen-year-old pre-med student at U.S.C., has no use whatsoever for romance. "Romance?" Robert echoes, incredulous. "Not the first time! For me, the first time meant a time for exploration. A time of *learning*. Learning *how* to have sex, that it was different from jerking off under the covers at night. I had a lot on my mind, and romance was the least of it."

Robert's initiation to sex was something else altogether. "My dad installed air conditioners for a living, and we lived down by the California-Mexico border in a town called El Centro. Summers there got real heated up—100°, 110°—and if you didn't already have air conditioning, believe me, you'd sell your mother to be able to afford it. During the summers I would help my dad. I'd go on calls with him, and sometimes, when he was real busy, I'd handle the installation or a breakdown. One day we got a call from this cathouse right across the border in a town called Mexicali, and Dad was so bogged down he told me to take it myself. So off I went, this skinny know-it-all fifteen-year-old kid. I remember it was a blistering morning, so hot that nothing moved. At the cathouse it was still early. The shades were drawn, and most of the chicks were hanging around the kitchen, having coffee, doing their nails, mending hems—chick things. Nobody was talking much, they were just sitting there, watching TV and conserving their energy. And what can I tell you—it was tit for tat. I came along and cooled things out for them; they made it hot for me!" Robert laughs heartily at his own little joke.

In truth, Robert's virgin flesh must have made the girls hot as well. At seventeen he is dark, wiry, and muscular, with soft, curly hair and the kind of eyelashes girls would kill for. And at fifteen, he recalls, he was already well-developed. "I guess those chicks were looking for a little diversion on that hot morning," he says. "First they sat me down and gave me a cup of coffee, which they spiked with brandy. Then Carmencita—she was the madam—started teasing me. 'Hey, *muchachas*, I think this boy is cherry,' she said, and because it was true, I blushed down to my roots. But I was feeling pretty hot myself. Maybe it was the weather, maybe the atmosphere, maybe the attention all these sexy chicks were giving me. Still, I was uncomfortable, so it was a relief to go about my business. I spent the next two hours fiddling with the air conditioner, which I had to take out of the window in order to repair.

"When I was finished, Carmencita came over and embraced me. 'Roberto, if you handle girls like you handle machines, your cock going to have busy future,' she joked with me. 'I tell you what. You pick any of my girls, I give her to you as present for your cherry.' 'I don't want any of your chicks, Mama,' I said to her. 'I want the expert. I want you yourself.' Actually, I don't know why I said that—all her chicks were hot numbers, real knockouts. But there was something about Carmencita. She was thirty or thirty-five, I couldn't tell, and was big and round and juicy. And I dug the way she smelled."

He also liked the way she moved. Robert spent most of the rest of that day at Carmencita's until eventually his father telephoned, worried because his son hadn't returned to the office. "I figured I deserved a holiday," he says. "After all, a guy doesn't lose it every goddamned day."

On a scale of one to ten, how would Robert rate his first sexual experience? "Eleven," he laughs. "I got lucky."

Two mornings a week for the rest of that summer Robert returned to the bordello in Mexicali. There he rendezvoused with Madame Carmencita and sometimes, too, with one or the other of her girls. In the fall he began going with a girl from his high school, and when they started having sex together, he found himself less inclined to visit Mexicali. Still, Madame Carmencita must have taught her prodigy well. Since Robert has been at U.S.C. he has been keeping steady company with a pretty graduate student in psychology.

Is it different with a nonprofessional?

"Yeah, it's different," he says. "Stacy, my girl, is still a beginner compared to Carmen. But I don't mind." He winks now. "You see, even though she's chronologically older, *I'm* teaching her. And she's a hot student."

These days, it seems, it's not unusual for boys to seek out older women as partners for their first sexual experience. "They know the ropes," says Jonathan, a college sophomore from Detroit. "Last summer when I made a conscious decision to lose my virginity, I *also* decided to

lose it with a woman who was considerably older. I didn't want to experiment with someone my own age who would be anxious and scared, just like me. And I certainly didn't want a girl who might be nervous enough to *laugh*, the way girls sometimes do when they are uneasy about something."

For Jonathan, the opportunity for sex arose at the country club where he spent the summer before his freshman year. "I met a woman at the pool. She was about thirty-seven, with a sensational figure—after all, she'd swim about sixty laps a day—and great red hair. She also had a husband who was constantly out of town on business, three kids who were at sleep-away camp, and a lot of time on her hands."

Was sex the first time round everything that Jonathan had imagined it would be? "No," he says honestly. "Not even with a woman of experience. I was so awkward and self-conscious that I couldn't really enjoy it. It was so—so *intimate.* And Marilyn had her troubles too; after all, she had a kid who was only three years younger than I, and so she had to wrestle with a lot of feelings of her own. But she was sweet and patient, and thank goodness we both had a sense of humor about it all. And even though the first time I orgasmed so quickly and she didn't orgasm at all, we worked on it. And in the course of the summer it got *really* good. Sex is one of those rare sports you can learn very quickly if you happen to luck out and get a good, uninhibited teacher."

"My first time was with an older woman, too," says Tony, a teenage grocery clerk from the Pelham Parkway section of the Bronx. "It was four years ago, and I planned it that way. In fact, Steffie was my barber—I mean, my hair stylist. One afternoon I walked in for a haircut, right? And like I'm her last appointment. We get to talking, right, and one thing leads to another—you know how it is—and we finally split for her place on the Grand Concourse. We're both panting, we want at each other so bad. Steffie begins massaging my neck and my back, and then we strip down to our underwear and begin dancing close. It was real nice. But then, while we're fooling around, she starts in saying to me, 'Forget it, you're just a kid!' which gets me real pissed off, so I wrestle her to the ground and we start rolling over and laughing. Then suddenly my rod is as stiff as a bat, and I begin kissing her all over, and she keeps saying to me stuff like, 'Oh, God, I want you, baby, I want you.' So I pull down her panties and open her legs wide. And then you know what happened?" Tony leans over and drops his voice to a half-whisper. "I come all over her. My prick hasn't even touched her belly. I haven't even put my hand in that pussy yet, and I come! Man, it was the most fucking embarrassing moment of my life. Of course, no one knows this but her and me and now you too. So, look, watch it—and whatever you do, don't use my

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In order to document better the nature of sexual behavior in the eighties, as well as to implement the needs of young people embarking on their first sexual experiences, *Penthouse* presents a virginity questionnaire. If you have had your first sexual experience sometime in the past three years, please fill out the questionnaire and mail it to Questionnaire, Penthouse Editorial, *Penthouse* magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022. The results of this survey will be published in a future issue of the magazine.

Age _____
City & State _____
Occupation _____
Level of Schooling _____

How old were you when you lost your virginity? _____

How old was your partner? _____

With whom did you lose your virginity? Describe your relationship with that person. _____

How long did you know your partner prior to your first sexual experience? _____

Did your partner know you were a virgin? _____

Where did your first sexual encounter take place? _____

When did it take place? _____

Did you do the persuading? Did your partner? Or was it mutual desire? _____

What prompted you to choose this particular partner at this particular moment in your life? _____

Did you have an orgasm during your first sexual experience? _____

Did you have more than one orgasm? _____
If so, how many? _____

Did you have trouble reaching orgasm? _____
If so, why? _____

Did your partner have an orgasm or orgasms? _____

Did she (he) have trouble reaching orgasm? _____

Prior to your first sexual experience, had you ever masturbated to orgasm? _____

For how many years had you been masturbating to orgasm? _____

Did you use birth control during your first sexual experience? _____ If so, what kind? _____

How would you describe your first sexual experience? _____

Did you and your partner have sex again? _____

If so, how long did the relationship continue? _____

How did this first sexual experience affect your relationship with your partner?

(a) Enhanced it.
(b) Ruined it.
(c) Strained it.
(d) Didn't affect it at all.
(e) Defined it as purely sexual.

If you could relive your first sexual experience, would you change it? _____
If so, in what ways would you change it? _____

In what ways, if any, did your first sexual experience affect your future sexual encounters? _____

In what ways was your first sexual experience a positive one? _____

In what way was your first sexual experience a negative one? _____

On a scale of 1 to 10, how would you rate your first sexual experience? _____

On a scale of 1 to 10, how would you rate your latest sexual experience? _____

What was the most disappointing aspect of your first sexual experience? _____

What was the most gratifying aspect of your first sexual experience? _____

What are the most important qualities to look for in a (first) lover? _____

real name in the piece, please."

Lighting up a cigarette, Tony (*not* his real name) exhales deeply, then closes his eyes as though the humiliations of the world are still on his shoulders. "But, see, that's not the end of it," he says quickly. "Steffie knew what was happening almost before I did. She was a good kid. She took me in her arms and began stroking my head, the back of my neck, my chest. In five minutes my rod is stiff again. This time she guides me inside her. And, it's so fucking terrific, so hot, so soft. For a moment I stayed perfectly still. I was afraid to move. But then I couldn't help it, and almost immediately I popped inside her. Again! I fucking wanted to die. 'You stupid fairy!' I told myself and began to worry that something was goddamned wrong. But she read my mind. 'Relax, baby,' she shrugs. 'I can see you're just starting out, so leave everything to me, okay? You'll be great.' "

Tony spent the rest of the night with Steffie. "After the first two pops, I was calmer but still horny as fucking hell. This time she shows me just how to do it. She has me lie there on my back, and she rolls over on top of me and rides me up and down like she's busting some bull in the goddamned rodeo. Shit, but it turned me on! I'd probably still be there today if her cousin hadn't walked in right in the middle of our little ride." Tony takes another puff on his cigarette and grins. "But ever since, I really dig getting my hair cut."

"You've seen all those TV flicks about the delivery boy and the older woman?" asks Ian, a young part-time clerk at one of Manhattan's largest supermarket chains. "Well, I lived it. Really. When I started working here three years ago, I'd deliver groceries after school. And so one day I take these packages to this woman's penthouse apartment. When she goes to pay me, she asks me to follow her into the bedroom. I do because I'm a good kid, and what do I know besides the fact that I have to get paid, right? Besides, this lady is no ordinary housewife. Bunny is about thirty-two, with shiny black hair and dark eyes. And while I'm waiting for her to write the check, she makes no bones about it—she just lies down on her big, king-sized bed. I must've been standing there with this weird look on my face because then she takes my hand and gently pulls me down beside her. 'I like you,' she says to me, and before I know it, her sweater is off, so is her bra, her skirt is up, and she's pushing my head down between her legs.

"Christ, I'd never had my head there before. I'd never even *touched* a woman there! And so I started to get scared. I mean, her body was a grown woman's body; it all looked so strange and felt so strange. 'Kiss me, kiss me there,' she ordered me. And I didn't know what to do, so I obeyed her. I really don't know why I got so hard, because I'm not sure if I liked what I was doing or not, but I guess it was sexy. Anyway, I started getting hotter and hotter. And finally Bunny pulled my pants

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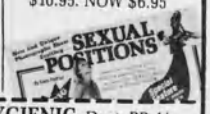

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off, and I climbed on top of her and started pumping away like there was no tomorrow. I must've been in a trance or something. When I finished, she looked up at me and asked, 'You're new at this, aren't you?' I just about died. But she took me in her arms and held me. 'Do you want to do it again?' she whispered. I did. And I was grateful she was so understanding. But I was also afraid I'd get fired if I stayed there, so I said no."

How does Ian look back on his first encounter? "Well, it sure as hell was nice," he recalls, his eyes smiling. "But I was pretty anxious. I mean, this woman was so sophisticated and—and I was really still a kid. You know, when it happened I'd been *thinking* about sex, but to tell the truth, not enough to actually get up and go out and try it. Who knows, maybe Bunny came to me too soon, but I'd say it was an adventure that at the time seemed as scary as it was exciting. In fact, it was too scary. Frankly, jerking off alone was better. But at least I'd gone through it. I'd survived my first experience. And I was up for more."

Did Ian and Bunny ever get together again? "No," he explains. "After that day, I tried to do more of her deliveries. But the funny thing was, I was never able to find any. Maybe she had second thoughts about the whole business and switched supermarkets. Too bad. I never saw her again."

"My first sexual experience was really wild," says Matthew, an owlish young man of eighteen who is now a junior at Fordham. "I was always very precocious, and because I had skipped two years in junior high school I was also rather small for my age and kind of self-conscious about it. Therefore it was tough for me to initiate anything with a girl I really liked because she was always older, taller, and more fully developed than I was. But one night, during my senior year at high school, I went to a beach party along the Jersey shore. It was one of those humid June nights, and the whole senior class was there with gallons of vodka and orange juice, packets of Quaaludes, some incredible grass, and even—though it mystifies me how those kids can afford it—a couple of grams of cocaine. Well, after a few screwdrivers, a joint or two, a 'lude or two, and a few toots of coke, I was feeling full of self-confidence. Conversation was easy, and suddenly I found myself lying on these secluded dunes with two girls. There we were, trying to talk at 2:00 A.M., laughing our heads off, and falling all over each other. Before I knew it, we were all nude and kissing and hugging. Then, suddenly, the mood changed from giddiness to something more serious. Our touching became more sensual. Both of these girls were seventeen or eighteen to my fifteen, and they were a good deal more experienced than I was, too. But soon it didn't matter, for the three of us began making love. In a sense it was just the way it had been in my fantasies—a truly marvelous moment."

Matthew, like most of the men interviewed for this survey, rated his first sexual experience as a positive one; and when asked if, given the second chance, he would want to rework the scenario in any way, he, like most of the others, declined. "Nope. Not unless I could trade those girls at the beach in for, say, Nastassia Kinski and Debbie Harry," he says. "But that's just quibbling. Really, I couldn't have lost it in a better way or at a better time."

What is striking, however, is that so few of the women interviewed experienced as many good feelings as their male counterparts did. Few had really positive initial experiences.

June is an exception.

"When I finally had sex, it was marvelous, fantastic—everything it had been been cracked up to be," she confesses. June, a psychologist of twenty-eight, is something of an anachronism in that she remained a virgin until three years ago. "Maybe it's because I'd thought about sex for so many years and had felt so deprived about not being able to have it," she now explains thoughtfully. "Or, more aptly, not being 'eligible' to have it. You see, I suffered a six-year bout with anorexia nervosa. Sex was like food—I totally denied it. I never masturbated—ever. And I protected myself so well that I didn't even have to deal with dating, let alone sex."

Fortunately, a slow but intensive course of therapy helped June gain control over her eating habits and begin to view her adulthood with less terror and more acceptance. "It took me three years of refeeding and retraining before I looked normal again," she says. "And it took even longer for me to start to feel like a grown-up woman. In fact, not until I'd finished college and was on a graduate fellowship in psychology did I allow myself to begin dating."

The process of reentry into the world of grown-ups was painful. "In some ways, I suppose, I was like a fifteen-year-old—nervous, cautious, fluttery, unsure of my appeal. But in fact I was twenty-four, and for the first time in my life I let myself experience sexual feelings. I developed the most enormous schoolgirl crush on one of my professors. Warren was a man of great kindness and intelligence, and he became my mentor. Gradually we began spending more and more time together, and not simply for intellectual purposes. Soon I was head over heels in love. Also, it was exciting because our relationship was kind of illicit. Here was a respected professor at a major university going out with a student who was almost half his age. At any rate, Warren became my father, shrink, and friend as well. He knew about my past and my 'condition,' as I called it. I trusted him completely. And so, after a year of being turned on twenty-four hours a day and thinking about nothing other than my embarrassing chastity, I finally

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begged him to rectify it. And he did. And well, it was wonderful."

Considering the number of years June had spent denying her body in one way or another, how is it that she was so responsive the first time round? "I don't know," she shakes her head thoughtfully. "I was lucky to find Warren, a man who seemed to have the key to my heart. And to my sexual temperament. On the other hand, maybe I was just ready, for sex and for him. Yet I'm sure the fact that I was able to orgasm so powerfully and so easily—the fact that I discovered my ability to have multiple orgasms—was directly related to how loving he was, how understanding and experienced, too. Sometimes I think that had I not met him, I'd still be a virgin to this day."

June's blunt and exhilarating recollection was unique among the women interviewed. More commonly, these women, and especially the young ones, felt alienated and sometimes embarrassed at the impersonal quality of their first sexual encounters. They were all much more private about the experience than the men had been, and also, not surprisingly, much more reluctant to give details. And when they finally did, their anecdotes were shorter, less enthusiastic, and more to the point. Like Doreen, most women were disappointed in the quality of the experience. Despite birth control and extraordinary state-of-the-art knowledge of the sex act and those currently popular sexual buzzwords such as "S & M," "orgy," and "ménage," most of these young women were not able to orgasm the first time. No, not even in this era of sexual sophistication. How could that be?

"I was simply too young when I lost my virginity," says Allison, who is sixteen and a sophomore at a Chicago university. "Too young to get any pleasure. Too young, almost, to know what was happening. I was thirteen, and it was a time when I was really mixed up. I grew up in Iowa, and as a kid I always did extremely well at school, with the result that they skipped me two grades. So by the time I was in the ninth grade, I was considerably less mature, both physically and emotionally, than everyone else in my class."

At the same time Allison was being pursued by a friend of her brother, a boy of sixteen who was insistent she have sex with him. "Now let me say I idolized my brother, and consequently I adored his friend as well. But Mark kept at me, chipping away and chipping away until finally I gave in."

The experience, however, was far from pleasant or pleasurable. "No, I didn't come," Allison says, her voice cool and emotionless. "I had no sexual feelings whatsoever. I was so physically immature then. My breasts weren't fully developed. I had hardly begun to menstruate. I tell you, I was literally too young to have sexual feelings. But I *wasn't* too young to feel a truckload of guilt. First of all, I was petrified my brother would find out. Second, I was desperately afraid I'd get pregnant. And worst, while I was dying to talk to my parents about it, to seek some kind of comfort from them, I knew I'd done something wrong and figured I had just better shut up. Soon I simply started avoiding both my brother and Mark whenever possible."

Has Allison been able to have satisfying sex since then? She smiles, but her green eyes gaze with great seriousness. "I'm trying," she answers with a candor that belies her age. "Really. But these things take time. I'm not a machine. It's been very tough for me to learn what makes my body feel good. And hell, if I don't know, how on earth can any guy know?" She pauses for a moment. "There's something else that I think is important, too. I didn't really have a lot of feelings for this friend of my brother. In fact, I had none. Since then I've met a boy who I'm seeing, and I like him tremendously. That helps. We also talk about sex a lot, which is very tough for me. I don't know, I get mortified trying to explain to him what pleases me. But he really tries to listen and to make me feel good. Lately I've been on the *verge* of coming with him, and although I can't believe how difficult it is, I just know it's going to happen someday."

Lisa, a Long Island high school student of eighteen, confesses to a somewhat, but

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not much, more positive first experience. "Oh, it was with my tennis pro last summer," she says, running her long, well-manicured fingers through her sleek, well-coiffed, short dark hair. "Oh, I was mad for him, crazy! And frankly, I'd been thinking about getting rid of my virginity since I was fourteen. I'd been masturbating to orgasm since then, and this virginity was like a great big millstone around my neck. I *hated* it. So, one evening after my tennis lesson, when Kip, my pro, started kissing me in the racquet shed at the club, I could hardly resist. I did, though. I pushed away from him with all my resolve. After all, he hadn't even asked me out or seemed seriously interested in me. Still, that night he invited me for a drink. He flirted outrageously, and I fell for it. I don't know what self-destructive impulse propelled me to get drunk, but I did. I guess I just wanted to let go. I was loaded! Bombed! And though that's no excuse, I let Kip make love to me in his Buick."

Did Lisa enjoy it? "I loved it! I wanted to be with him all night. I felt so romantic. I wanted to share the *entire summer* with him. I wanted to *come* with him, just like they do in books."

The reality, however, was startlingly different. "Actually, I didn't come at all," Lisa giggles. "Or at least, not until I went home and was alone. With Kip I was too uptight. I mean, a double standard *does* exist, and I kept worrying that he wouldn't even want to give me a lousy tennis lesson again. I just couldn't concentrate on my orgasm. And, to tell the truth, he didn't seem to be concentrating on it either. Every time I'd be at the brink, he'd move or pull out or straighten up, something to throw me off. Anyway, I guess that in the back seat of an auto, it's kind of difficult."

In retrospect, how does Lisa feel about losing her virginity with Kip? She shrugs. "I wish it had been different," she says. "I didn't mind not coming. I had a great time anyway and figured that we'd have plenty of time to get things perfect. But we didn't. Kip called me once more—I think he was nice enough to feel guilty—but we never actually got together. It was all a pretty cold-blooded affair, I think, which was my own fault—for jumping into bed with him right away. Most annoying of all was the fact that I had to find another tennis pro. Things between us became too tense. Too bad. Kip was a good teacher, more patient on the court than in the bedroom. But I wanted it the other way around."

Three sorority sisters from a West Coast university sit drinking beer at a pub and reflect on their first sexual experiences. As they speak, Deborah, Laurel, and Karen mirror each other's feelings and concerns. Each at the age of eighteen or nineteen sought to lose her virginity because, as with Lisa, she was desperately curious. Each chose a man she was friendly with but not crazy about. Each "submitted" to the experience in the man's apartment or dormitory room, a place where she felt uncomfortable and "on display" for his roommates or pals. And each was too shy to explain to her partner just what pleased and excited her sexually.

"Chuck and I had been seeing each other casually all semester," says Karen of her episode. "Frankly, I never even liked kissing him very much. He was sort of weak in the mouth. I think you can always tell by a guy's kissing if he's gonna be a good lover. And even though, with my nonexistent experience at the time, I *tried* to get him to move to my rhythms and touch me in places that felt good, I failed at it. I'm not very adept at these things, but I've subsequently found out that these men—Chuck was just the first—are very insistent on *thrust*, *thrust*, *thrust*! It's their fantasy of what women love in bed, and it has nothing to do with what makes me excited."

Her friends laugh and voice their agreement. Laurel, a pale-faced brunette, shakes her head ruefully. "I was just too shy to make any demands the first time round," she admits, "and the guy whom I'd chosen for this initiation had come on like gangbusters. But when we got into bed, I found out that *he* was a virgin too. It was a mess. Neither of us really knew what to do. And Ralph was, for my money, a little too squeamish about my body—and his, for that matter. The minute after he came, he had to take a shower. It was as though he was disinfecting himself. Ugh!"

"I know it all takes time," adds Deborah. "But what I regret most of all was the lack of romance. That's what I *really* missed. I'm sorry I was in such a hurry to get rid of my virginity. And I'm sorry I picked a partner so randomly and without waiting until I had strong feelings for him. When it was over, when it was too late, I realized that I'd chosen a man for my first sexual experience the way I might choose a new hat: did it look smart and clean and pretty? It did, but it didn't fit good. And it didn't complement my needs either. I now realize that what I really wanted was to be courted and adored. I wanted to be special. And I wanted 'it' to be special. Everyone takes sex so casually these days, but frankly, the first time round should be more of a celebration than I allowed it to be. If I had another shot at it, I'd wait until I found someone who was really dynamite. And who really thought *I* was dynamite. Caring—that's something they don't tell you about in those modern sex manuals."

Let's face it. First sexual experiences are just as liable to bring disappointment as satisfaction. Yet what's so surprising, if one can extrapolate from the comments made by the young women above, is that they often seem emotionally unprepared for the event. They may know about birth control and about mutual and multiple orgasms. They may even be more aggressive than they were a decade ago about when to give up their virginity and to whom. But in the eighties, an era of media titillation and sexual casualness, these young women seem to have such overblown expectations that the first experi-

ence sours simply because reality can never approach the fantasy of what it might have, could have, or should have been.

Moreover, these young women tend to take the big plunge in order to satisfy their curiosity and not their sexual urges. Often they are unable to communicate to their partners the needs of their own bodies; and their lack of communication is compounded, first, because the girls are still young enough to feel enormous shyness about themselves, and second, because their partners are often only nodding acquaintances at best. And so the adventure engenders little warmth.

Looking at the way young people lose their virginity in the eighties is not unlike looking at that proverbial glass of wine: whether it's half empty or half full depends on your point of view. While only a third of the group surveyed revealed that sex as they'd experienced it the first time round was everything the media and their own fantasies had led them to believe it would be, the truth is that losing it in the eighties is qualitatively a much more rewarding experience than losing it in the seventies, or even the sixties or fifties, ever was.

The chief reason? Today women know so much more. They can bring themselves to orgasm, and do. In fact, most of the women interviewed had been orgasmic prior to losing their virginity, and a quarter of those masturbated to orgasm on a regular basis. These women know, to some extent, what they are looking for, and ought to be able to translate this knowledge during the sex act.

They also expect more, from sex itself and from their partners. Not one woman said, "I didn't come but I loved it anyway!", a way of looking at sex that a decade ago was more popular than most women today care to recall.

In light of all of these complicated new responses from women, it may or may not be coincidence that so many more young men than ever before are seeking out older, more experienced females to initiate *them* into sex. Are these men intuiting women's needs? Are they simply enamored of the new independent and glamorous image of the older woman? Or are they just sensible about choosing partners the first time round who can really show them what they need to know about the female sexual response? It's difficult to pinpoint the exact reason. Whatever, it's clear that now, more so than in the seventies or at any other time in history, there's a real pressure on men to perform and to give pleasure, to understand and truly delight in the female body, the woman's rhythms, the woman's erotic centers. Her mysteries.

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

life—as many good people as bad people, as many professionals as nonprofessionals, as many crooks and robbers as good lawmen. It's just a fact.

Speaking of professionalism, in my business, I'm on the right side of the law. The others, the illegal prostitutes and streetwalkers—too bad they're not educated enough to get off the streets and protect themselves, for a start. Learn how to take care of their bodies. If they're going to be in this business, they should not become nuisances.

We've got to keep wasting the taxpayers' money arresting them. The taxes I pay have to go towards catching those criminals on the street. And think how much tax revenue is lost because their incomes aren't taxed!

Penthouse: What is the difference between your business and the street prostitutes' business?

Wilson: We are pros and they are not. They're not even prostitutes; they are sluts, whores, sleazy streetwalkers. Professional people are on the inside, and they respect the law. My place here is open to any law enforcement agency, commission, or what have you. There's nothing going on here but regular business. The girls out on the street are working against law and nature. Any way you look at it, there's nothing good about what they do. And the American public thinks that all prostitution is like that. How many people know that the state of Nevada has carefully regulated, legalized prostitution? There's no way you're going to stop the world's oldest profession. So each state should find out how it works for us here and then legalize it and get the revenue from it.

Penthouse: Should local communities still have the right to decide *not* to legalize prostitution?

Wilson: Of course. I'm not saying to the other forty-nine states, "Go legalize it." I'm not out here to recruit. As a matter of fact, I'm damn glad there isn't other competition. But I read an article once that said the federal government wanted to allocate some thousands of dollars to study prostitution. *For free* I could tell them what they need to know in ten minutes.

Penthouse: What would be the first thing you'd tell them?

Wilson: My goodness! Number one, there is vice and violence and aggravation and non-taxpaying people who have corrupted everything and made everything despicable to you; they're out there and you can't get rid of them. You can't get rid of prostitution in your state unless you find a way to handle it. Now, you can go around and arrest them and throw them in jail, but before the ink's dry on the arrest warrant, they've got a lawyer and they're back on the street again. You don't want to keep them in jail, because you need the room for the real criminals, the real violent murderers and dopers.

So you would have to impose a sentence on them that would really mean something: first offense, six months; second offense, shave their hair off. Remember, a woman's hair is her crowning glory. The next offense would get her a year and a half, and the next, five years. That's what I would do if I were in law enforcement. I would clean up my streets really fast. Those pimps and whores are dangerous to the prostitute herself, what with all the diseases around. And what about the depraved and the degenerates this world attracts—those who take these poor little boys and little girls and commit sodomy with them and murder them?

Penthouse: Why do you think men seek out prostitutes in the first place?

Wilson: What's the old saying . . . "They make the best wives"? I'll tell you where that comes from. A prostitute is here because she has been injured, or because she *feels* injured. Listen, this is a hard profession for a woman to pick. She might really need and appreciate love and concern—whether it comes from me or from a husband. These girls are wonderful to men. They really listen to the stories that men tell them; they've heard every story in the book.

> What you've got on the streets is not wholesome. Those girls think of every trick to get a man's money, and they can't help it, because they're educated by some stinky pimp.

Penthouse: Do men need women to tell stories to?

Wilson: Sure. They need someone who can listen to them and understand them. A lot of men come in here not to go to bed; they come in here just to talk. That is a fact. They come here to talk because maybe they had a fight at home and they need somebody to relate to. The working girl, the educated working girl, is a very sympathetic listener.

Penthouse: Couldn't men just as easily go to a psychiatrist?

Wilson: Psychiatrists are pretty expensive, aren't they? What's the difference? My girls are not professional, like a psychologist or a psychiatrist, but at the same time they do have compassion. A man knows that. So he'll come and express himself. If a man finds that a woman is a good listener and very good in bed and she really appreciates him . . . she'll make a perfect wife. When a girl has had all these men—and it's a hard life—and she finds one special man and they marry, what a wonderful wife she makes! Because she'll never look at another man. She's had all the sex she wants, and heard all the stories, and she's so happy just to have a nice home. She'll make a fantastic wife. And aside from the husband knowing what she was before they married, who the hell else knows about it? Generally a man does not pick a pig off the street. When I first thought of the working prostitute, I imagined a sloppy, fat girl with a cigarette hanging out of her mouth, hanging out on a street corner—a slut. That's what America thinks the working prostitute is.

Well, let me tell you, they're tall, they're skinny, they're young and mature, they're quiet, they're educated, they're a little wild, you have to tame them—they're human. Once you put them in regular clothing, how would you know the difference between a prostitute and any other woman? Obviously she would act like a lady. And I don't think she would tell her past—"I was a prostitute." No woman would let a man know she had entertained men. A lot of girls get in this business and save their money to pay their way through school. Then, when one finds a husband, she certainly doesn't tell him, "Hey, this is what I was before."

Penthouse: Do you think men unconsciously come here seeking future wives?

Wilson: I think it just happens. They come in looking for company; they're looking for someone to cry the blues on. They're looking for a drink—they're just looking. A bunch of guys will get together and just tee-hee and laugh to death to come to a brothel, and then they walk in the door and they see a lady come out. A *lady*, mind you. "Hello, how are you?" she says. Everyone acts in good taste. They don't sit all over each other and kiss and hug and drink. We don't permit it. The action behind closed doors is nobody's business. Whereas on the street, the whores will be saying all kinds of things. That's where the word *hooker* came from. In the old days, the girls used to hook their arm with a man's and say, "Hello, honey. How are you? Let's go." Nowadays, in the brothel houses of Nevada, the parlor houses, the girls sit there like perfect ladies. They talk softly and after they become friendly and acquainted with a man they ask, "Would you like me to give you a tour?" and they go off to a room. They act like perfect ladies.

Penthouse: Do you think men like not having to be aggressive?

Wilson: I guess so. They can come in and just be themselves. You see, a prostitute is honest. The man doesn't have to come on with fantastic stories about himself and go through the whole rigmarole of courtship. The relationship between a guy and one of my girls is really very straightforward. The guy comes in and the girls say,

"Hello, how are you? My name is so and so."

Penthouse: Why do married men seek out prostitutes?

Wilson: A married man will walk into a grocery store, a married man will walk into a bar. A married man will come here just to have a drink and look around. But if a man comes for something more, I would have to say: (a) he knows there's no disease, (b) he knows he's completely safe, and (c) he knows there's no affair. So who's to know the difference? I once gave a lecture, and a woman said, "Well, I know my husband don't." And I said, "He probably don't, miss. Maybe he don't. Not every married man does—of course not." There are certain people, religious people, who just condemn it, and I would be the last one to try to talk them into it. But I only pose this question to those who are against it: Is it better for men to go to girls on the outside, with all the violence and disease and corruption, than for them to go to a legalized house of prostitution? As long as prostitution exists—and it's the world's oldest profession—you can't shove it in the back closet and pretend it isn't there. It is everywhere. The only difference in the state of Nevada, and in my particular house, is that we've found the way to control it so that it doesn't aggravate anybody. And there's no vice, no violence, no pimps, no dope.

Penthouse: Do you see young people having sexual relations at an earlier age now?

Wilson: Sure. The high school children and the grade school children are very advanced nowadays. They have sex education programs in school. Believe me, if you think they don't go to bed with one another—they do. If you think they're not into dope and drinking, you're absolutely telling just the biggest barefaced lie to yourself. Wouldn't it be better all around—and it has happened—for a father to bring his son to a legalized house of prostitution, where a professional can teach the son the difference between right and wrong? A professional can explain the facts of life much easier to a young person who would be embarrassed with his parents. I have many parents bring their children in. Many. Isn't this education better than having the boy attack his girl friend in school and get her pregnant?

Penthouse: At what age do you think a boy should be introduced to you?

Wilson: Well, who's to say? They all mature at different ages, but I would say sixteen or seventeen years old. At this age, they're thinking about women and sex and they're learning about it in school, and they sure are petting and some are going a little bit further. They love their girl friends and they think love is sex when they're so young. The girl might be smart enough to get on the Pill; maybe she isn't and she gets pregnant. But there's also just an untold rate of disease in the high school. So, when a boy gets curious, it makes sense to bring him to a place where a profession-

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al can teach him all about health and sex. A place like mine.

Penthouse: So you see your service as partly sex education?

Wilson: That's right. But I would never go out and advertise it. If you want my services, you ring my doorbell. Otherwise I'll stay in the background.

Penthouse: Is prostitution just like any other business?

Wilson: Believe me, it's true. If I owned a chain of restaurants or a cleaning establishment or a grocery store, I would have stock. My stock in this business is ladies. And you're always dealing with people's emotions. You're only as strong as the people who work for you. A good newspaper is only as strong as its reporters. So you must have motivation meetings, where you talk about how you could be a litle bit better than the others in the field or could work a little bit harder . . .

Penthouse: How do you motivate your girls?

Wilson: I have sales meetings every day. After all, we are merely sales people. I talk to the girls about the proper attention, interest, desire, commitment, and clothes. I tell them, "You have to be kinder; remember that the customer is always right; that when a man comes in here and is drinking a little bit, naturally the mind says yes but the body says no. You wouldn't want to take his money under those circumstances. You would want to sober him up before he goes out on the road. You want to be fair. You're a good person; you want to give the best service by, first, being really nice to your customers. And, second, by being clean and wholesome and educated."

What you've got on the street is not wholesome. Those girls think of every trick to get a man's money, and they can't help it, because they're educated by some stinky pimp. Or maybe they saw something in their home life, or they ran on the street and saw street things. Not in my house. I'm a wholesome woman; I don't care if the public doesn't think it's the right business. I know that whatever I'm doing, I'm doing it to the best of my abilities. I am a legal business. To get my legal license I had to have an impeccable background. It would never have been issued to me unless I proved to them that I am a businesswoman who respects the law and follows the rules and regulations.

Penthouse: Do men ever seem to need to prove themselves to a prostitute?

Wilson: Oh, there are a lot of guys who come in and have got to have the whole household. Real macho men.

Penthouse: Why would a man feel he must do that?

Wilson: I don't know; something in his background, something in his ego. A fantasy, perhaps. He can just come in here and run from girl to girl like Superman. And the women will accept it. The prostitute does not poke fun at any man that comes in here, whether he is an aggressive man or a meek and mild man.

Penthouse: When you first meet a man, can you tell what he will be like in bed?

Wilson: My business is men and my business is women. I can talk to a man for a few minutes and I know his whole character. I know how he will be sexually in bed. I just know. Just the way he talks, the way he handles himself. When people are out on dates, they're always trying to impress one another. I can look beyond all that.

Penthouse: Seriously, how can you tell how a person will be in bed just from talking to him?

Wilson: Well, let's put it this way. I'm not saying I know about the actual mechanics. I just know the kind of person he is. I think a smart girl does too—knows if the man is meek, if he's soft, if he's gentle, if he's a loudmouth or an old gruff-and-rough.

And you *can* tell. When one of my girls talks to an aggressive man, she will say to him, "Now look, I think you've been drinking a little too much but I promise I won't hurt you if you won't hurt me." There's a lot of men who come in here who are angry and like to take it out on a prostitute. But we have rules and regulations. A girl will sit down and say very nicely, "What kind of a party would you like?" She doesn't get crude and rude when she talks to him. Just "What kind of party would you like?"

> I see a trend of things getting a little sick. Once a man came in and requested a dog. I thought, *Oh wow*. But I didn't laugh at him.

Penthouse: You call the encounter a party?

Wilson: A party. And he will say, "I'd like this and this . . ." If he's a little strong-talking, she'll say, "Look, I'm not going to take your money, because I think you probably wouldn't be satisfied."

Penthouse: What needs in a man do you think are satisfied by sexual acts like bondage?

Wilson: Let's take a man of top-notch power, an executive or someone who's always giving orders, giving orders, giving orders. A man like that might find pleasure in being dominated himself, because he's always the dominating one. That makes sense. Perhaps he wants to be punished by his mother, for some reason in his background. Maybe he wants to be screamed and yelled at. That's okay. It's mostly a talking kind of thing.

Also I've heard stories . . . Oh, I heard a tragic story once. The man was in the war and was tortured, and the only way he could get sexual pleasure was to be tortured again. I've never seen this, but I heard this man liked to be burned with cigarettes all over his body, for pain. Now remember, with bondage and domination, there is pain that goes with it. There are some places that actually do some of the most bizarre types of bondage that you think the human body couldn't endure. Not in my place, though.

Penthouse: Where do you draw the line?

Wilson: I draw the line above theatrics. Theatrics is when a woman puts on a pair of black boots, black panties, garters, the whole outfit, with the whip. My girls do it all verbally rather than having to inflict heavy pain.

Penthouse: What needs of a man are satisfied by a party involving two or three people?

Wilson: You mean orgies? Oh, I think a guy likes to fantasize about being with a couple of women, or a harem of five or six women.

Penthouse: Do your girls do that?

Wilson: Oh sure.

Penthouse: What would an orgy cost?

Wilson: It depends on the number of people. Three or four or more is an orgy. I would never quote a price. I would just say an orgy is a more expensive party. The price depends on the man's fantasy too. I always say, "The Wind, the Rain, and the Lava"—that's any man's fantasy. You may like the wind, you may like the rain, you may like the sunshine, the spring, whatever. And you pay for what you want. I can't discuss prices, because it is a private thing. I'm like a good cook who has a good recipe and won't give it away.

Penthouse: What do you think about the needs of a guy who fantasizes about bestiality?

Wilson: You mean kind of an animalistic man? I don't think any lady would like that kind of a man. It would be destructive to the body.

Penthouse: Bestiality means having sex with animals.

Wilson: Oh, how sick! Oh God! In most states, I think it's a total crime. I love animals. Oh, how beastly! I think anything perverted is wrong. Molesting children. Molesting animals. Those are crimes and should be punishable. A person who does that has to be sick, really. I think anybody who does that really needs help.

Penthouse: Is the need for domination sick?

Wilson: Not if it's just theatrical or a light fantasy. That's okay. As long as it don't hurt anybody physically. That's a pretty common request, bondage and domination. Some men want to be hurt, but not in a legal house of prostitution. Certainly a man could never be hurt by a girl here.

Penthouse: Do men generally want more than one woman? And do women like to stick with just one guy? Is there a difference between the sexes in how they view

their mates?

Wilson: I would say no. I think it's all a matter of the background. If you're brought up very strict and you marry one man, you have one man, you're pretty much that way. It's an individual thing. I think that men are as emotional and beautiful and dramatic as women. There are, again, good men and bad men, soft men and harsh men. There are some hard women. Many women are involved in crime today, too. It never used to be that way. There are many aggressive women around today. That's why you have ERA and women who want equal opportunities. They're human beings. Human beings are all differently motivated by the different ways they're brought up.

Penthouse: What do you think of ERA?

Wilson: I really don't know that much about it. I'm an aggressive woman myself, a real aggressive woman. And yay for them and yay for the other side. Really. My attitude is this, even when it comes to gay people: to each his own. My daughter will come home from school and mention something about gays, and I say, "Honey, you don't poke fun at anything. Know what's what, but don't put anybody down." I'll say it to you this way: "Whoever casts the first stone, let him be without sin."

Penthouse: You've given many lectures. What questions do people ask most frequently?

Wilson: They'll talk about everything. How many times a week should a woman have sex? A man? What about sexual disease? The question they ask most often is "Are you real religious? What do you think about sex and religion?" I say, "I'm as religious as the average person. I believe in God. But my business has nothing to do with my religion. Anything that breaks the Ten Commandments is definitely wrong, and that's all I have to say about religion. The rest of it gets down to pure facts of business.

Penthouse: Now wait a minute. One of the Ten Commandments forbids adultery. Is that correct?

Wilson: An adulterer is a person who would be with somebody else's mate, knowingly. In other words, if a woman went off with her neighbor, that would be adultery. In my business, the guys coming through the door are not going to tell me they're married. It's a question of morals here. The adultery in the Ten Commandments has to do with knowingly harming a person, doing something against God's nature. In the Bible, Mary Magdalene was a working girl. But I don't think Jesus condemned her in any way. In fact, he forgave her: "Let he who is without sin cast the first stone." I got a letter from—honest to God—from a priest once. He commended me. He wrote, "You know, I really wish you and I could get together to teach sex education to the minors. Don't laugh at me," he said. And I still have the letter; it's beautiful.

Penthouse: Are you socially accepted when you venture outside?

Wilson: Of course. I go into town all the time. I have more lady friends in town than I have men. And if I see a man I know from here, I would never acknowledge knowing him. But I've been here a long time. Everyone says, "Hi, Gina, how are you? How's business?" Just like anybody talks about their business. People in this state don't look at it like people from another state might, with that kind of oh-my-goodness attitude. We're just too mature for that. It's all a part of the way of life here. It's the way of life in the West. Wild women, whiskey, and song. Gambling.

Penthouse: Knowing the men that you service, can you make any generalizations about the wives and the girl friends of those men?

Wilson: A lot of men will come out here because they're angry at their women. A lot of them come here after their girl has left them for someone else. A lot of them are divorced.

Penthouse: Do some men come who have wonderful relationships with their wives or girl friends?

Wilson: In all probability, yes. They're male and they want a little bit of variety, and they don't want to get in trouble by running to another girl. Most of my customers right now are servicemen. These men are away from home, away from girls, and they're due to go back overseas soon. Now, what would a young, healthy boy be thinking about? Sex.

Penthouse: What are the requirements for your girls? How old do they have to be?

Wilson: I really like to have them twenty-one to twenty-eight. I feel that a woman matures in her late twenties. The Lolita type, the young working girl, lacks patience. She's not a good working girl for any house. She's still jazzy. And a girl who is very young tends to fall in love. And this is not a business in which you can fall in love every time. To find something nice about everybody is fine, but to really fantasize about marrying one of the naval boys—it doesn't work.

So I say to the girls, "Look, you're a working lady and you have your own lives. Sure, when you fall madly in love, I'd be the first one to give you a wedding. But I know you all; you fall in love every week, with everyone. Why don't you be professional and let them be?"

But sometimes they don't listen and they run off, and it lasts about two days, and they call back and say, "Gina? Can I come home?" After doing that once or twice they shape up completely.

And then I have a set of rules and regulations that pertain to the house, eleven pages of typed rules. And when they break a rule, they must write it again and again. It's like in school, but if they choose to act like they are young Sesame Street children, then I will punish them accordingly.

Penthouse: How would things have been different had your county not legalized prostitution?

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Wilson: I'm next to a naval base. Can you imagine all those sailors unleashed on all the town women? We would have girls running off with navy guys. We would have pregnant little girls. I mean, men are men. From their base here they go overseas. And they're still human. But compare our sexual crime rate with that of any other state in the union. We do not have the problem.

Penthouse: How would you feel about, say, your daughter living with a man before she was married?

Wilson: I would go crazy. I know that in today's society it is acceptable, but my background says no. I would try to tell her that living with a man and being used is against the law of nature. That's why prostitution is not against nature. A man may go out and spend a hundred dollars on dinner and he might never get the end result. He can walk in my door and he knows the end result.

Penthouse: What is the end result?

Wilson: Taking a woman to bed. What is prostitution? When a woman wants something from her husband, she gives a little extra. Maybe that day she's extra nice because she wants this particular thing. I don't justify or condemn or condone or even suggest that anything outside of my business is right or wrong.

Penthouse: Are you saying that some women, knowingly or unknowingly, are prostitutes?

Wilson: Absolutely. They really are. When they want certain things, they go about being coy and what-have-you. They want something and that day they're extra nice. It's just a woman's way of getting things from a man, a man's way of getting things from a woman.

Penthouse: *The Hite Report* says that men prefer oral sex over other kinds of sex. Is that true?

Wilson: Old-fashioned men don't. There was a time when it was a crime to do it. Now it's a crime not to do it! People used to joke about it. But now it is very popular. Has been for the last twenty, thirty years. You see, people are becoming more open with sex in this country.

Penthouse: What is the most bizarre thing that anybody has ever requested?

Wilson: Oh, my God! One guy said to me, "Gina, I would like to be your slave. I would go as far as letting you crucify me." Nails and all! Another time a man came in and requested a dog. I thought, *Oh wow*. But I didn't laugh at him.

Penthouse: What kind of dog?

Wilson: Just any dog. And I think that's a little bit off the beaten track. I think sex is nice. And we have a lot of parties that are absolutely fun—normal, sexy, wonderful. But I don't go for anything bizarre. No legal house of prostitution would. Anything above that can endanger the body. I suppose if that's his thing, fine, there must be some place, somewhere, that he can get that. You see a trend of things getting a little sick.

Penthouse: Were you concerned that he might hurt the dog?

Wilson: It's sick, sad. Pathetic.

Penthouse: What's the most romantic request?

Wilson: Well, it would be hard to say, because many men come in here with roses for the girls. I think that's kind of romantic. They make the girls feel like ladies. They don't treat them, as the word goes, like whores. They don't. We don't call them tricks either. I don't like the name. I have a business. I have customers, and I have ladies.

Penthouse: What's been the most unexpected request you've ever had?

Wilson: One man came in one day and said, "Gina," and he pulled up his pant leg and he had hose on. And then he pulled down his pants and he showed me these little fluttery pants he had on. I said, "Oh, that's nice." And he said, "My new name is Mona." I said, "Okay." And one of the girls took him in and put the polish on his nails and put a wig on him and they called him Mona. He wanted all the girls to come in and tell him how beautiful he looked. So we did it.

Penthouse: Did he leave with the wig and stockings?

Wilson: We took everything off.

Penthouse: Why did he want to be Mona?

Wilson: He wanted to be like a woman and he wanted to do it where only the working girls would see him.

Penthouse: What type of man was he?

Wilson: Big, burly. Six foot two, a lumberjack-looking guy. He was a miner. It was all pretty unexpected. But to each his own, as I say.

Penthouse: How do sexual tastes differ in men with different amounts of money, success, education?

Wilson: They're all the same. They're all just men. You'll find the guy on the street wanting the same thing as the guy who's polished. They may very well have the same kind of fantasies. There are only so many fantasies.

You know, men are men. I like them all. I find something nice about every man, whether it's his nice clothes or the way he combs his hair. There's always something nice about everybody. If you don't think so, you shouldn't be in this kind of business.

Penthouse: Why not?

Wilson: If you don't like the men? Because your business is men. And so when a man walks in, you find something nice about him. If you don't have the patience, you shouldn't be here.

Penthouse: Aren't some men pretty hard to like?

Wilson: No. I find something nice about everyone. They're just different.

Penthouse: What do you think about the

"You can take him off the critical list."

revelations about Alfred Bloomingdale, who died recently, who was said to have had a Marquis de Sade complex?

Wilson: Marquis de Sade. He was kind of sadistic, wasn't he? Well, I'm sure it must have hurt Bloomingdale's wife tremendously. If I had to voice an opinion, it would have been much better if he had come here and kept his business private—you know what I'm saying? He should have been more discreet. Why did it ever have to come out? You see, affairs hurt people. But with prostitution, there are no affairs. I don't think that a man really wants his wife to know that he has something else on the side. He doesn't want to ruin his home.

Penthouse: What would you say makes a woman good in bed?

Wilson: A woman must be giving. She has to be able to take and give back. Not just lie back and accept it. That's the fun, too, you know? Every man thinks he's wonderful and every girl thinks she's wonderful, so if two wonderful people get together, that's good. A lot of women are spoiled. A lot of American women are spoiled.

Penthouse: How can a woman give?

Wilson: Well, personally, I like to talk. I like to say sensuous things; I like to take a long time at it.

Penthouse: Should they talk dirty?

Wilson: No, *sensuous*. Not dirty, but sensuous, sexy. You might say dirty things with it. But I think sensuous and loving.

Penthouse: And what would you say makes a man good in bed?

Wilson: I personally feel the man should be a little aggressive; he should take the lead. But then on some days I want to be the aggressor. We all have different moods for different things.

Penthouse: Why does a woman become a prostitute?

Wilson: Oh, they do it for various reasons. Some are just so inclined; they love sex. Many others, for the money. Some for curiosity. Some of the girls have had some kind of tragedy in life: incest, sexual abuse, some disgrace. Maybe her father has raped her. Now she feels tainted and torn and messed up, and what's left for her, she thinks, but prostitution? There are a lot of girls that come from nice families.

Penthouse: Would you recommend this as a profession?

Wilson: No, absolutely not. I'll say this—I hope that I have taken many a girl and taught her self-respect—and if she can square up and find a new life for herself, I'm all for that. Any life is better than this. Honest, it really is.

Penthouse: You wouldn't recommend it for any type of woman?

Wilson: Well, any woman who is in this type of business, for God's sake, she should get into a legal house of prostitution. Learn the profession right. But if she's not into it, I wouldn't want to talk her into it. You don't want to turn somebody on to this profession. It's a hard profession. It's one of the hardest ways to make a living. But if you're going to do it, do it the best way you can. Legal.

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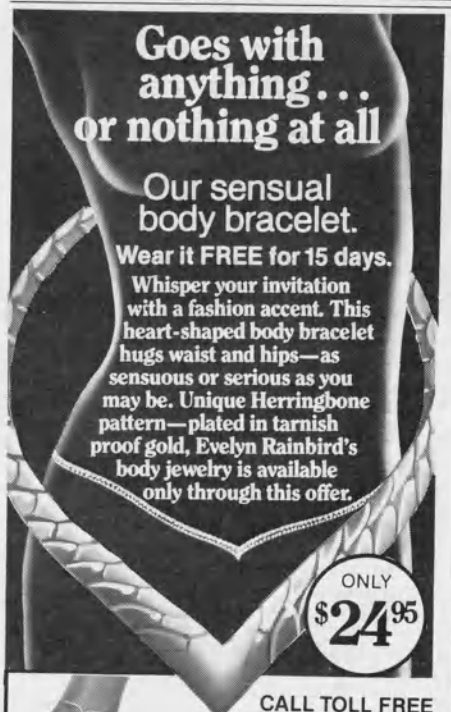
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VETERANS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

find a job. He's sleeping in his car or on friends' couches." Outreach Center counselors in San Francisco and Washington, D.C., report seeing many such clients—men who are in distressed situations but not yet broken by the ordeal of living in the streets.

Unfortunately, the Outreach Centers can do little for men in this predicament beyond referring them to local shelters. As Angel Almedina, who directs the Outreach Center in Manhattan, puts it, "What good is our counseling when the guy's going back out in the cold? Just applying for a job presents difficulties when it's an ordeal trying to stay neat."

Veterans like these may not suffer from major disabilities. Even so, some of their troubles may trace back to military service. If, as a major VA-sponsored study concludes, exposure to combat in Vietnam had a direct relationship to the incidence of stress-related emotional problems among American men, then it is likely that veterans who now find themselves homeless are among those affected. These war-related ills are probably exacerbated during a recession and may be helping to land some of these men on the streets.

Vet counselors Almedina, Duffy, and McCloskey agree that a major program is needed to check the downward spiral of life on the streets for Vietnam veterans. They advocate the opening of halfway houses, where displaced veterans can "chill out" for a few weeks, look for work, obtain counseling, and, when necessary, enroll in substance-abuse programs.

Unfortunately, creation of such a program is unlikely, given the fiscal constraints at the VA. Even the fledgling Outreach Center network barely escaped Reagan's budget ax in 1981. But, as McCloskey points out, the VA may be "penny wise and pound foolish. Preventive care for the homeless veteran will be cheaper in the long run than confronting the problems he'll have later that stem from the conditions he's living in now."

In 1978, the VA stated that "the United States Government believes it owes a special obligation to keep veterans from want and degradation." In 1983, this means taking a careful look at the needs of the thousands of Vietnam veterans who have no place to go home to.

What limited help is currently available to homeless Vietnam veterans can be gotten from the VA's regional offices and its approximately 100 Vietnam Veteran Outreach Centers around the country, which are listed in the telephone books under "Veterans Administration." For a directory of these centers, write the Department of Readjustment Counseling, Veterans Administration, 810 Vermont Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20420.—*Eric Goldstein*

OMNI ON SALE APRIL 21

FICTION

Robert Silverberg, a regular *Omni* contributor, has lived in the San Francisco Bay area for many years. In "Amanda and the Alien," he has achieved the perfect characterization of a certain type of Californian. The striking thing is that this nasty little story was written before "Valley girl" became a familiar term to most Americans. Our other offering, "Vengeance is Yours," marks Pat Cadigan's first appearance in *Omni*. Cadigan, who in real life writes greeting cards for Hallmark, lets her venom out in this cautionary tale aimed at the slick, predatory barflies we all know so well.

INTERVIEW

To Ilya Prigogine time is the forgotten dimension, and he has directed his life toward an understanding of its role in the universe. The Belgian chemist was awarded the Nobel Prize for his theory of "dissipative structures," which describes the workings of open systems—chemical reactions, cities, ecosystems—maintained by flows of energy so intense that the system reorganizes again and again, never returning to its previous state. This irreversibility is the heart of positive growth and change. Find out in the next issue of *Omni* why nothing stands still for Ilya Prigogine.

ATOMIC NIGHTMARE

The test shot that detonated on the Nevada range in the predawn of March 24, 1953, seemed different to sheep rancher Kern Bulloch. The ground shook eerily. The sheep were more frenzied. The mushroom cloud soared, fiery and turbulent, to 40,000 feet. What Bulloch did not realize was that he was becoming an unwitting principal in a tragedy that would span three decades, with echoes sounding in Hollywood, Washington, D.C., and throughout the land. "The Day We Bombed Utah" is not only the harrowing saga of how the AEC's nuclear-testing program shattered hundreds of lives in two rustic Utah towns; it is also a timely exposé of our government's inadequate nuclear-safety standards. Best-selling suspense writer John G. Fuller has crafted a story that brings the tragic lessons of Hiroshima and Nagasaki into our nation's heartland. See the May issue of *Omni* for his heart-rending account of this major government coverup that has endured to this day.

BAROQUE FANTASIES

The paintings of Donald Roller Wilson, notes one art critic, conjure up a "Kurt Vonnegut-like world of plausible improbability." Wilson's pictures are starkly realistic in detail, yet completely unworldly in content, featuring disembodied legs, primates dressed up in baroque costumery, and chain-smoking cats. The characters and props that fill his canvas could have come straight from a haunted house, which probably explains why his work has attracted such collectors as Steven Spielberg, Harrison Ford, and Carrie Fisher. Don't miss Wilson's droll images in the next *Omni*.

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

Then she laughed and said she had a surprise for me. Out of the kitchen stepped Harry, a close friend of hers. I was really embarrassed but so well tied I couldn't move. Audrey stripped and placed herself where I could lap her cunt. I couldn't see Harry, but suddenly I felt the greased head of his huge, hard cock slowly parting my ass. Audrey pulled my head more firmly into her juicy cunt as Harry slowly entered my hungry ass. I couldn't believe how big and hot and hard and strong he felt. At first, when he began to pump slowly in and out, it hurt a bit. But then a warm glow spread through me and I began to beg him to fuck me harder. When we had all gotten off at least once, we all took a shower. That is when I got my chance to feel Harry's beautiful, smooth penis slide over my tongue. I sucked down every drop when he came. Since then I've quit my boring job and the three of us have rented a house out in the country. My job now consists of serving Audrey and Harry as a total slave. I must wear women's clothing and keep my body clean shaven at all times. I just wish I had done my laundry sooner.—*Name and address withheld*

IN BLACK AND WHITE

I wish to relate a memorable experience I had last week. My wife and I have been married for about two years, but since we both have full-time careers, we only have sex every other week or so. Here's how one of our lovemaking sessions went.

I had been out of town for two weeks on business. All told, because of a busy schedule, I hadn't had sex in any form for about four weeks, and I was extremely tense and in need of some relief. My wife, Sandy, and I went out drinking with some friends the day I got back, and I had a hard-on the whole time just thinking about the possibility of a good lay with her that night.

Sandy had a little extra wine, and this made her a little playful all during dinner. It looked like a good time was in store for me. Sure enough, as soon as I climbed into bed that night, she was ready and waiting. Sandy has a great body—blond hair, tight ass, big, full tits with large mauve nipples twice the diameter of silver dollars. I was hard in a second, and we went at it.

Sandy was dripping-wet and I entered her easily. Every so often, I stopped thrusting and she knew why—to prolong the pleasure. Sooner than usual, Sandy gave off a loud cry and froze, and I felt her cunt begin to throb along my shaft. A couple more thrusts and I knew I would shoot gallons. Then, suddenly, as she finished her orgasm, she pulled off of me and fell asleep. This sometimes happened when she had a little too much to drink. I lay there, cock throbbing, balls aching, panting and feeling the desperate frustration of broken-off sex. I knew, as in the past, she would take care of me in the morning, so I tried to calm down and get to sleep.

I did sleep for a while but woke up a few hours later. I was lying on my side, my hard cock touching her naked butt. I must have been thrusting in my sleep because I was leaking pre-come in a steady trickle and my heart was beating like a jackhammer. I reached down and took hold of my member in one hand as the fingers of the other snaked down to bring exquisite pressure to my balls. I pumped my dick, gasping in pleasure. I had such a load to drop! I continued pumping and could feel the long-overdue explosion of sperm preparing in my balls. There was no way I was going to get to sleep now.

Suddenly, I got an inspiration. I poked the head of my cock toward her rosebud-colored ass hole. The head of my cock was slick with juice and the first few inches popped in. I waited a second to see if Sandy was still sleeping. There was even a slight snore. I pumped my cock into her tight bunghole, almost swooning with the rhythmic tug, tug, tug of her sphincter. My bloated testicles could hold their contents no longer. It wanted out too badly. With a massive shudder, I began to come in Sandy's ass. I began to spurt again and again up her milking, holding ass hole. Sandy groaned and I knew she must be waking up, but I couldn't stop, couldn't pull out . . . not when my semen had been finally released from deep in my balls and was flowing so freely. But the booze kept her out and I finished my long-awaited orgasm and pulled my relieved member from her ass. As I did so, I saw some of the sperm, of which I had just rid myself, seep out of her butt and I got a towel and wiped her off real good. It was quite a job. The next morning (I slept out the rest of the night) she asked if I wanted my just rewards. It was then that I told her the events of the night before, but she just didn't believe me. I'm counting on you to print this to prove it to her!—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy, send $2.50 to **Forum Magazine**, P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

PHOTO CREDITS

Pet of the Month Linda Kenton, who appears on page 83, was photographed by Bob Guccione with a Minolta camera and the Cokin Filter System. "Laying Down the Law," appearing on page 65, was photographed by Earl Miller with a Nikon F2 camera, Nikkor 55, 85, and 120 lenses, Harrison filters, and Norman strobes. Allan J. Wash photographed "Live and in Color," which begins on page 106, with a Nikon F2 camera, 85, 135, and 180 Nikkor lenses, and Norman strobes.

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COMING IN THE JUNE PENTHOUSE

DAVID SCHOEN

THE THIRD MAN

Frank holds a master's degree in business administration, and he used to be an accountant. Today he is another kind of specialist—a couples specialist. A professional numero trois. And he makes his living by making love to wives and husbands in an almost dizzying variety of amateur ménages. "I've done hundreds of them," says Frank, with an all-in-a-life's-work shrug. "It's gotten to be almost routine. Generally, the husband just watches. But sometimes they want something more." Tell us about it, Frank.

ATARI INC.

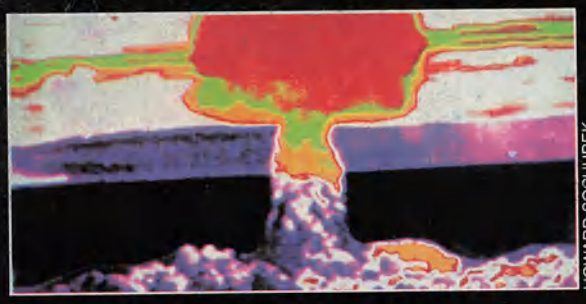
COMPUTERS AND VIDEO GAMES

Next month, *Penthouse* commences a new, exciting column by Ken Uston, one of the world's foremost authorities on the technology and techniques of working with—and playing with—computers and video games. Uston, whose best-selling books include *Mastering Pac-Man* and the *Guide to Buying and Beating the Home Video Games,* will give you inside tips on how best to take advantage of the twenty-first-century science that's available right now. And . . . in a special pictorial feature, you'll see some of the newest, and smallest, electronic products achieved through the miracle of miniaturization, giving you hitherto unheard-of flexibility and convenience.

GARY GERSHOFF/RETNA

CATCH A FIRE

In an exclusive excerpt from the first major biography of reggae music star Bob Marley, *Rolling Stone* writer Timothy White describes the bloody conflict between vicious Jamaican political factions and various cult followers of the Rastafarian music hero, which culminates in a complex and bloody assassination attempt on his life. This exclusive preview of the forthcoming Holt, Rinehart & Winston book is an extraordinary insight into the man who has become famous as the undisputed sovereign of reggae.



HOWARD SOCHUREK

LONG VOYAGE BACK

When a full-scale nuclear war breaks out, the passengers on board the pleasure cruiser *Vagabond* find their trip turning into a flight for survival in a world that will never again be the same. Adrift at sea, cut off from a life that no longer exists, they have no choice but to keep sailing, using their wits to find food and keep themselves safe from marauding pirates. In this exclusive excerpt from the novel *Long Voyage Back* (to be published by Delacorte Press), author Luke Rhinehart convincingly recounts the small group's horror as they sail south in an attempt to find a haven that hasn't yet been destroyed by the ultimate weapon of destruction.

PAUL SCHUMACH

GOURMET FOODSHOPS

Dino De Laurentiis has always done things in a very big way. As a film producer, he made only huge-budget movies: *The Bible, King Kong, Barabbas, La Strada, War and Peace.* So when he decided to go into the food business, it could only be on a luxury scale. Last fall, he opened DDL Foodshow, a $3.6 million specialty-food emporium on Manhattan's West Side. It boasts 4,000 exotic gourmet items, a ten-foot rotisserie grill, a grand copper-hooded hearth, a spectacular atrium, and a round-the-clock staff of 140. It is just the most recent in a series of fantasy food shops that have become the most glamorous addition to the booming American food business. Anthony Haden-Guest profiles the people behind the new popularity of luxury foods for the June *Penthouse.*

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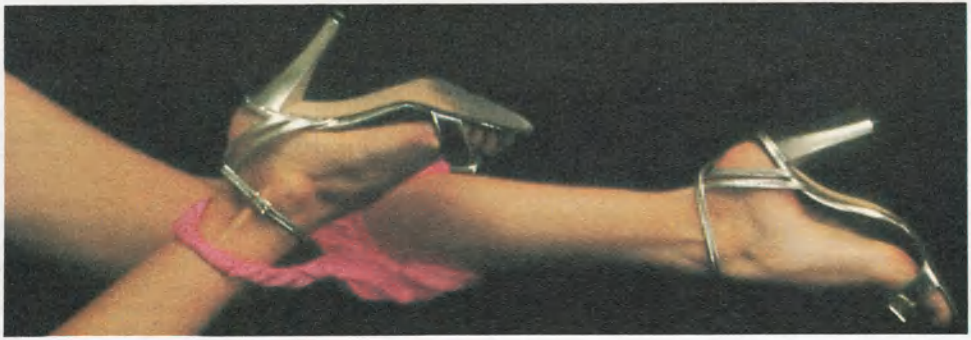

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